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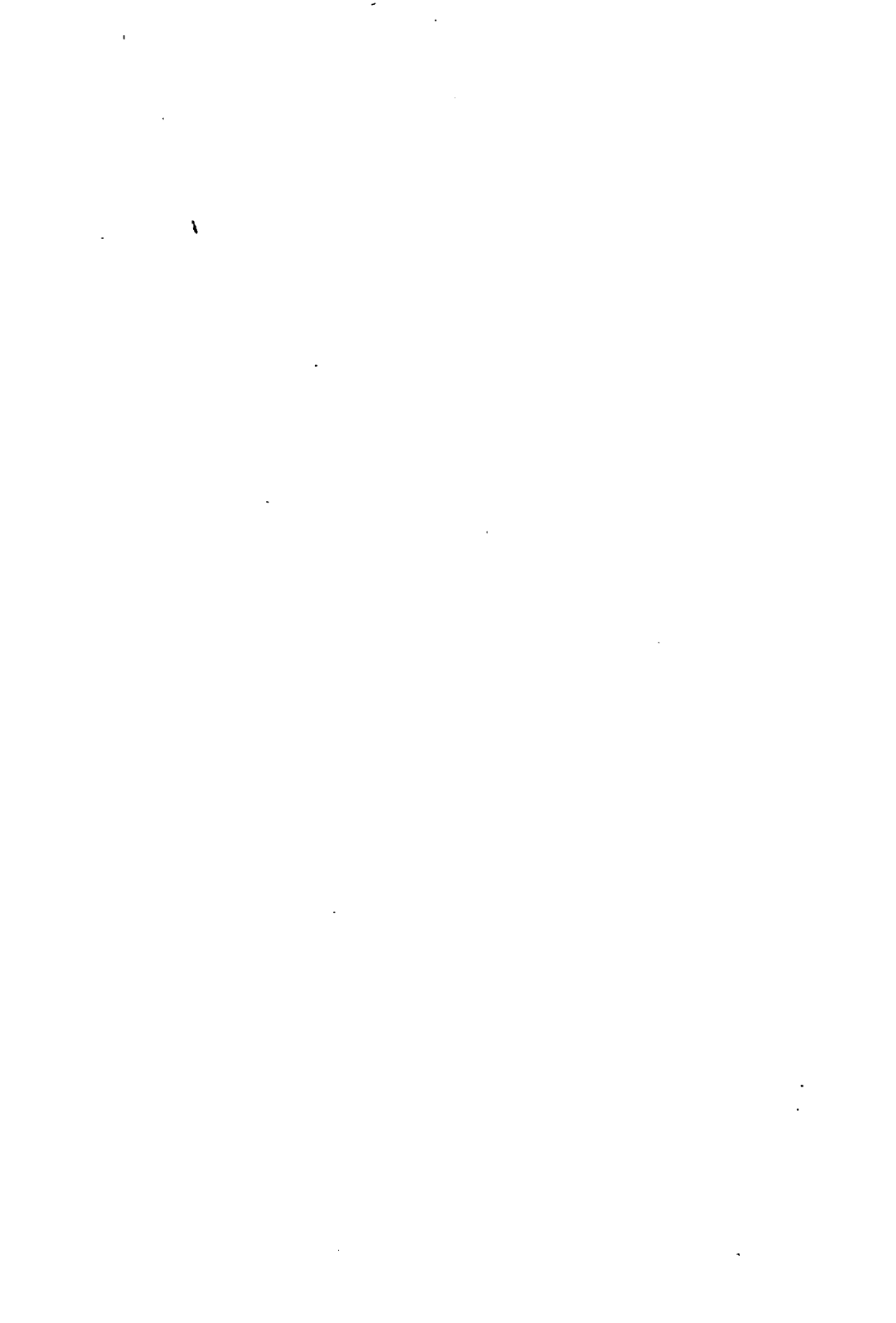
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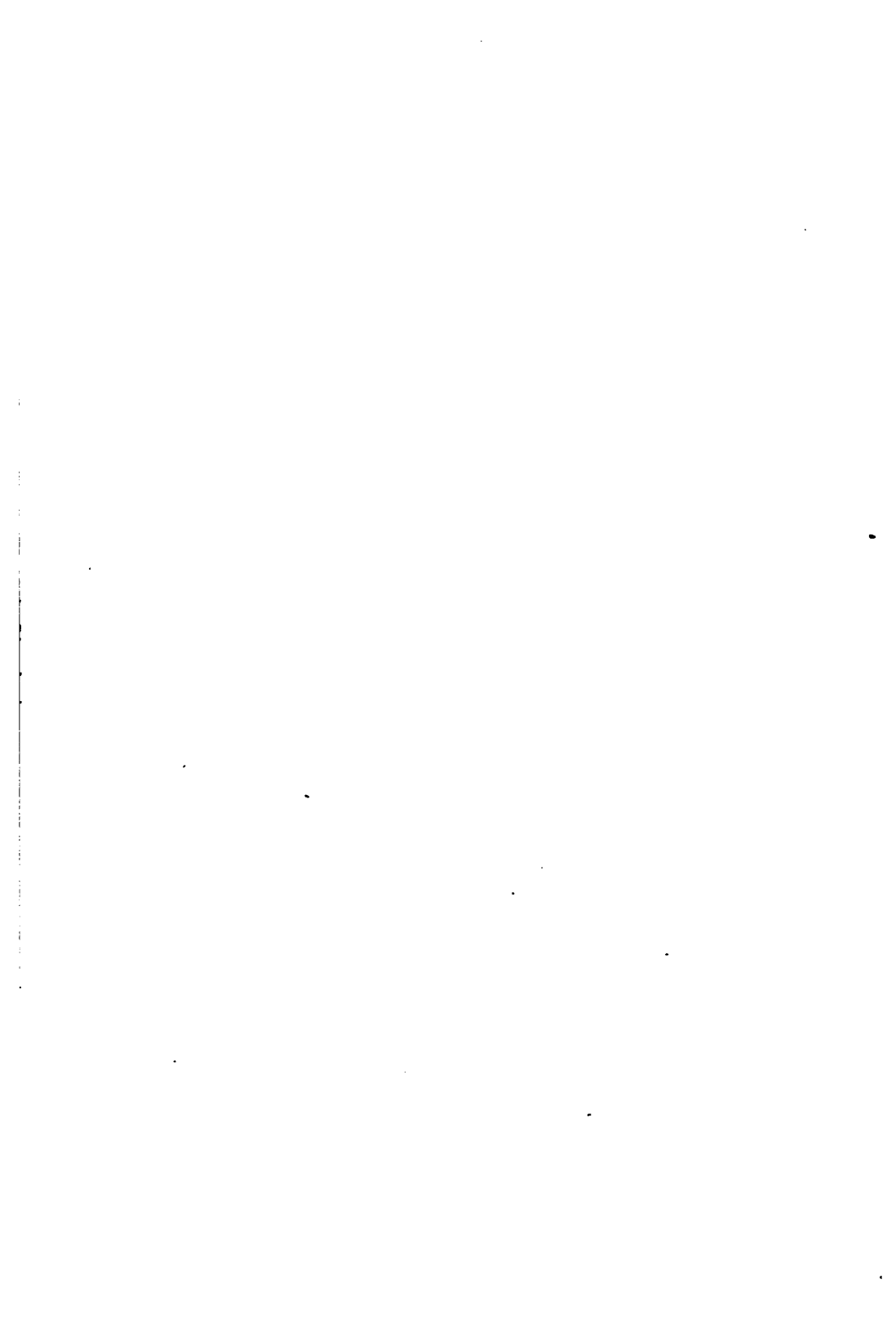


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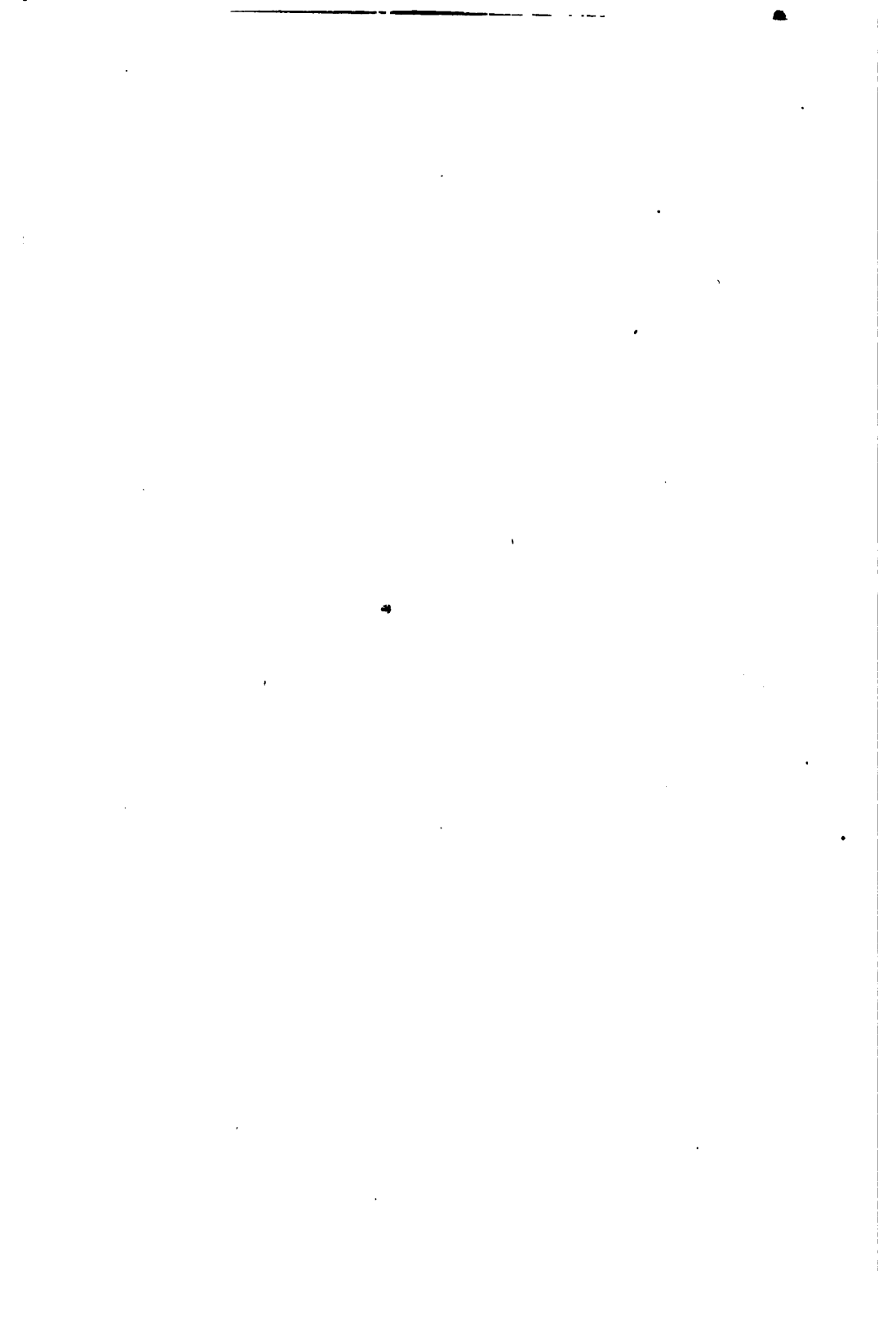
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King Charles II. Landing at Dover.

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THE COURT OF ENGLAND.

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OLIVER CROMWELL.

De Grammont's Visit to the Court of Cromwell—Respect Paid by Foreign Ambassadors to the Protector's Daughters—Cromwell's Love of Hunting—His Intrigues with the Duchess of Lauderdale and Mrs. Lambert—Tact with Which He Ingratiated Himself with Others—Anecdotes—Cromwell's Want of Literary Taste and Information—Unsteadiness of His Religious Principles—His Hatred of a Commonwealth—His Views Regarding an Established Church—Thought to be the Messiah by the Jews—Feared and Respected by Foreign Powers—Mazarin's Dread of Him—Subserviency of the French and Spanish Monarchs—Anecdotes.

VOLTAIRE speaks of *la sombre administration de Cromwell*, and the same epithet may be applied to his court. To the fastidious eye of De Grammont, it certainly presented but few charms. "Cromwell," says Count Hamilton, "was at his highest pitch of glory when he was seen by the Chevalier de Grammont; but the chevalier did not see any appearance of a court. One part of the nobility proscribed, the other removed from employments, an affectation of purity of manners,

instead of the luxury which the pomp of courts displays, — all taken together presented nothing but sad and serious objects in the finest city in the world." Noble tells us that, after Cromwell became Protector, his daughters chiefly resided in apartments in the different royal palaces. Marked attention was paid to them by foreign princes and states; so much so that we are told "that their ambassadors constantly paid their compliments to these ladies, both when they came into, or left the kingdom." From such scattered notices we must form our own opinion of the interior of the Protectorate court.

Cromwell was fond of hunting, and, when residing at Hampton Court, frequently followed the diversion, attended by his guards. Occasionally he used to present a buck to the country people who flocked to gaze upon him, with the addition of some money to spend in drink. Whitelock mentions an occasion of the Protector hunting with the Swedish ambassador at Hampton Court, in 1656.

Another of his tastes was music, of which Heath informs us that he was not only a passionate admirer, but that he maintained several eminent performers in his establishment. Anthony Wood, in his "Life of Himself," mentions an instance of Cromwell's love of the art, which, nevertheless, says but little for his ear. It was related to the antiquary by one James Quin, a student of Christ

Church. "Quin's voice," he says, "was bass, and he had a great command of it. 'Twas very strong and exceedingly trousling, but he wanted skill, and could scarce sing in concert. He had been turned out of his student's place by the visitors; but being well acquainted with some great men of those times that loved music, they introduced him into the company of Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, who loved a good voice and instrumental music well. He heard him sing with very great delight, liquored him with sack, and in conclusion said, 'Mr. Quin, you have done very well, what shall I do for you?' To which Quin made answer with great compliments, of which he had command with a great grace, that 'your Highness would be pleased to restore me to my student's place;' which he did, accordingly, and so kept it to his dying day." In the "*Mercurius Politicus*" (No. 350), we find a further instance of the Protector's taste for music. Having regaled the House of Commons with "a most princely entertainment, and attended two sermons at St. Margaret's, Westminster, his Highness, after dinner, withdrew to the Cockpit, and there entertained them with rare music, both of instruments and voices, till the evening."

It has been asserted that, notwithstanding his professed sanctity, the charms of female beauty, on more than one occasion, tempted the Protector to outstep the bounds of virtue. The beautiful,

witty, eccentric Lady Dysart, afterward Duchess of Lauderdale, is supposed not only to have been greatly admired by him, but also to have conferred on him her favours. It has even been asserted that she made a boast to her husband, after he had been taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, that she saved him from the block by submitting to the familiarities of Cromwell. Bishop Burnet says that "he was certainly fond of her and his intrigues with her were not a little taken notice of." Their intimacy subsequently gave so much offence to the Puritans that the Protector was compelled to relinquish his visits.

Another reputed mistress of the Protector was Mrs. Lambert, the wife of his puritanical friend.¹

¹ In a ludicrous sermon, supposed to be "held forth" by Cromwell, he is made to allude to his unsaintly peccadillos, and to Mrs. Lambert in particular, as follows: "When I lay before Pembroke Castle, my landlady where I quartered, who had once been a malignant, and then but newly crept into the state of grace; she, I say, had a good soul within her; she was brim-full of the spirit, and yet she was very handsome, which is strange, for seldom we find a perfection without an imperfection. Commonly women that are fair without are either false or foul within, but to me she was neither. And yet I do not speak this to condemn beauty, for it is of singular comfort and good use, and those that be fair may be true and good. But this is *secundum majus et minus*, as the logicians cant: some are better than other some; that is the English of the Latin; and, indeed, I have found great difference in women. Then again, when I came into Yorkshire, I met Mrs. Lambert, the espoused of that honourable and valiant saint, Mr. G. Lambert. She, I say, is a woman not very fair, I confess, but of as large a soul, and as full of the spirit, as any I ever yet met with. I profess I never

Heath says, "The voice of the people was that she was more familiar with him than the honour of her sex would allow, and that she had some extraordinary kindnesses for him which she had not for her husband." It was said of the Protector, with some humour, that, though a great saint, he was but a frail vessel. Mrs. Lambert was particularly famous for her godliness, even among the Puritans with whom she lived, and is usually described by them as having been constantly occupied either in praying or singing psalms.

Another instance of the Protector's frailty is confidently related by Gregorio Leti, in his "Life of Cromwell." According to this writer, Cromwell, under promise of marriage, had obtained the affections of a young female at Paris, and became the father of her illegitimate child. As Cromwell, however, never set foot in France, the story requires no further refutation. It may be mentioned, as a singular instance of literary mendacity, that Leti even describes the manner of Cromwell's entertainment by the French court, and also the

knew a woman more endowed with those heavenly blessings of love, meekness, gentleness, patience, and long-suffering, nay, even with all things that may speak her every way deserving the name of a saint; and yet, I say, she was not very beautiful or comely, for she is something foggy and sunburnt, which is strange in that cold country. But what nature had denied her of ornament without, I found she had within her soul, a devout, sweet soul; and God knows, I loved her for it."

details of an imaginary interview he is said to have had with Richelieu.¹

When it suited his purpose, no one knew better than Cromwell how to ingratiate himself with either friend or foe. James the Second tells us, in his Memoirs, that when he fell into the hands of the Parliament at the surrender of Oxford, Cromwell was the only officer present who knelt to him in paying his respects. The gossiping Doctor King relates an amusing anecdote of his studied politeness. When Hillesdon House, near Buckingham, was taken by Cromwell, Sir William Smyth, the governor, stipulated that himself and his garrison should march out with their arms, baggage, etc. As they were passing through the gate, one of the Parliamentary soldiers snatched Sir William's hat from his head. The cavalier instantly complained to Cromwell of the fellow's insolence, and the breach of the capitulation. "Sir," said Cromwell, "if you can point out the man, or I can discover him, I promise you he shall not go unpunished. In the meantime (taking off a new beaver hat from his own head) be pleased to accept this instead of your own."

But the civility which he once showed to his

¹ There exist some well-known volumes, entitled "The Life and Entertaining Adventures of Mr. Cleveland, Natural Son of Oliver Cromwell." It need scarcely be remarked that such a person never seems to have existed; indeed, the work is altogether a mere tissue of impudence, falsehood, and dullness.

uncle and godfather, Sir Oliver Cromwell, a staunch and worthy royalist, terminated somewhat differently. His quarters being in the neighbourhood of Hinchinbrooke, the republican colonel thought proper to pay the old cavalier a visit, accompanied by a strong body of horse. According to Sir Philip Warwick, he at first treated his uncle with great respect, requesting his blessing, and refusing, during the few hours he remained, to keep on his hat in Sir Oliver's presence. The visit ended, however, by his disarming the old gentleman, and carrying away all the plate in the house for the use of the Parliament.

The Protector, it is said, was an excellent physiognomist, and was seldom deceived in an opinion which he had thus formed.

Vast as were his natural powers, Cromwell's literary attainments would appear to have been far from considerable. The composition, both of his speeches and letters, is very commonplace, and as regards wit, science, learning, and the fine arts, he seems to have possessed as little knowledge as appreciation or taste. Probably he was aware of the good policy of enlisting genius on his side, for Milton, Marvell, and Waller were retained near his person. Whitelock tells us that the Protector sometimes amused himself with making verses. The careless trifles of such a man would have been invaluable to posterity, and we should

probably admire him the more, were we certain that he loved the Muses.

Waller's noble "Ode to Cromwell" is unquestionably the finest panegyric poem in our language. The indecent haste with which, after the Restoration, Waller eulogised Charles the Second, in his wretched verses on "His Majesty's Happy Return," is well known. When asked by Charles how it happened to be so inferior to his ode to the Protector, "Your Majesty is aware," he said, "that poets deal best in fiction." The reply is one of the happiest specimens of ready and genuine wit in our language.

According to Burnet, Cromwell was totally ignorant of any foreign language with the exception of a little Latin which he gleaned in his boyhood, and which he spoke "vitiously and scantily." Waller, however, who was frequently in his society, gives him credit for being "very well read in the Greek and Latin story." This passage is brought forward by the sturdy Harris, as a proof of Cromwell's taste for polite literature. He quotes, moreover, the following extract from the "Life of Doctor Manton" as further authority for his belief in Cromwell's scholarship. "When Cromwell took on him the Protectorship in 1653, the very morning the ceremony was to be performed, a messenger came to Doctor Manton, to acquaint him that he must immediately come to Whitehall. The doctor asked him the occasion; he told him

he should know that when he came there. The Protector himself, without any previous notice, told him what he was to do, — *i. e.*, to pray upon that occasion. The doctor laboured all he could to be excused, and told him it was a work of that nature which required some time to consider and prepare for it. The Protector replied that he knew he was not at a loss to perform the service he expected from him, and, opening his study door, he put him in with his hand, and bid him consider there, which was not above half an hour. The doctor employed that time in looking over his books, which he said was a noble collection.”¹ Even supposing this story to be true, the fact of a man possessing a good library, though it may be regarded as a proof of his taste, affords no direct evidence of his scholarship. Carrington says, justly, in his “Life and Death of Oliver Cromwell,” that his greatest “delight was to read men rather than books.”

Much has been said respecting Cromwell’s sincerity in his religious professions ; respecting the

¹ Thomas Manton, D. D., a Presbyterian divine and rector of Covent Garden. Baxter says of Manton, in his “Life of Himself,” “He was a man of great learning, judgment, and integrity, and an excellent, most laborious, unwearied preacher, and of moderate principles.” He was certainly a “laborious preacher ;” for he composed no less than one hundred and ninety sermons on the 119th Psalm, and Archbishop Usher used to style him a voluminous one. He was a moderate politician and a good man. Manton died 18th of October, 1677.

secret worship of his heart, and the form of church government which, had it lain in his power, he would willingly have preferred. That he was unfixed in his religious views, and that, for political purposes, he occasionally assumed a degree of sanctity which he did not feel, is not improbable; but that he was ever the sceptic he has been represented, we believe to be utterly false. There can be no question that the repentance of his youth was a real reformation. Still less reason is there to doubt that he died an enthusiast, for the professions of a death-bed are solemn evidence.

So far, at least, we have an insight into the secrets of his heart. Nevertheless, the world will probably ever question whether Cromwell was, in fact, the sincere Christian which he is said to have been by his friends, or whether he was not the accomplished hypocrite in which light he is painted by his enemies. Even more charitable persons will be inclined to doubt at what particular period he was a dissenter, or at what period a devotee. If we are to believe the former, "his rude cant and spiritual simplicity were downright affectation;" if the latter, he was a pious and consistent Puritan to the last moment of his life.

According to Archbishop Tillotson, who married his niece, "his enthusiasm at last got the better of his hypocrisy, and he believed himself to be the instrument of God, in the great actions of his power, for the reformation of the world."

That Cromwell was actuated through life by deep devotional feelings; that, in the earlier period of his career, he enthusiastically adopted the faith and discipline of the Puritans; that his fanaticism became sobered by his intercourse with the world, and by an extensive intercourse with the good and wise of other sects; that he had the wisdom to perceive that the rigid morality and conventional cant of the puritanical party was incompatible with human nature, and must consequently be merely ephemeral; and, lastly, that he felt the necessity of reorganising an established church, whether puritanical or not,—these we imagine to comprehend a true summary of Cromwell's religious motives and actions; nor were they unlikely to have induced those charges of versatility, and even of infidelity, of which he has been accused.¹

¹ The following anecdotes have been related as evidences of gross hypocrisy on the part of Cromwell. They must be received, however, with considerable caution. It used to be related by Waller, the poet, that "in the midst of their discourse a servant has come in to tell them such and such attended; upon which Cromwell would rise and stop them, talking at the door, where Waller could hear them say: 'The Lord will reveal, the Lord will help,' and several such expressions; which, when he returned to Mr. Waller, he excused, saying, 'Cousin Waller, I must talk to these men after their own way;' and would then go on where they left off. This created in Mr. Waller an opinion that he secretly despised those whom he seemed to court."—*Life of Waller*, p. 30. Oliver St. John also related a story that Cromwell being one day carousing with a party of friends, was told that a person waited to see him on business. He was employed

It is highly to the credit of Cromwell that, though himself almost bigotedly wedded to certain spiritual views, he was nevertheless the advocate of religious toleration. He was civil and obliging to men of all sects and all persuasions. He attached to himself Sir Kenelm Digby, though a Roman Catholic ; and Brownrig, Bishop of Exeter, he ever treated with confidence, kindness, and respect. On Archbishop Usher he conferred a pension, and buried him when he was dead.¹ He certainly was no leveller, and is said to have hated a commonwealth so thoroughly, that, had he succeeded in obtaining the crown, it was conjectured Episcopacy would have been reëstablished. He once said to Sir Philip Warwick and Sir Thomas Chichely, in the House of Commons, "I can tell you, sirs, what I would not have, but I cannot what I would."

So wonderful was his career, and so much did at the time in searching for the cork of a bottle of champagne. "Tell him," he said, "that we are in search of the holy spirit."

¹ "The late Archbishop of Armagh dying about a fortnight ago at Ryegate, his Highness was nobly pleased this day, out of an honourable respect to the memory of so pious and learned a champion of the Protestant cause, to sign a warrant directed to the lords of the treasury, for the sum of 200*l.*, to bear the charges of his funeral, which sum is to be paid to Nicholas Bernard, Doctor of Divinity, who is to see the disbursing of the money. It is conceived he will be interred in Westminster Abbey." The remains of this amiable prelate were conveyed from Ryegate to St. George's Church, Southwark, and thence to Somerset House, where they were met by the friends of the deceased. They were eventually interred in Westminster Abbey.

his extraordinary rise impress itself on the minds of men, that a noted rabbi, Jacob Ben Azabel, was actually despatched to England, in order to institute an investigation, whether he was of Jewish descent, and, if so, whether he were not the Messiah. The object of his mission, however, was discovered by the "saints," and Cromwell was compelled to send the rabbi and his followers out of the kingdom. It may be mentioned that one Dawbeny, in a work published in 1659, draws a solemn and absurd parallel between the Protector and Moses.

It was no idle boast of Cromwell that he would make the name of an Englishman as much revered and feared as had ever been that of the Roman of old. The Spaniard forgot his pride in his subserviency; the French king styled him "cousin," and the crafty Mazarin submitted to his insolence and trembled at his name. It was said in France that the cardinal was in less fear of the devil than of Oliver Cromwell; and yet, when the great Protector was no more, Mazarin is said to have spoken of him as a "fortunate fool." It would seem, however, by the following passage, that the cardinal had dared to use the expression even in the lifetime of the Protector. In a letter from the Marquis of Ormond, dated 28th February, 1656, he writes: "Cromwell hears that the French cardinal, in some discourse, hath called him a successful fool, which provoked him to pas-

sion, and a retort that Mazarin was a juggling knave ; this is spoke seriously."

In Holland a medal was struck, which probably still exists in some of the Dutch cabinets, in which the bust and titles of Cromwell are represented on one side, and on the other Britannia. Cromwell, thrusting his head into her lap, has a part of his person uncovered, which the Spanish ambassador is stooping to kiss, but is kept back by the French ambassador holding him by the arm. On the medal are inscribed the words : "*Retire toi, l'honneur appartient au roi, mon mattre ;*" "Stand back, that honour belongs to the king, my master."

Portugal and Denmark were both treated with great haughtiness by the Protector, and Holland stood in no less awe of his power. Some years after the Restoration, Charles the Second is said to have reminded Borel, the Dutch ambassador, of the treatment he had experienced in Holland during his exile. According to Burnet, Borel replied, innocently : "*Ha ! sire, c'etoit une autre chose : Cromwell etoit un grand homme, et il se faisoit craindre et par terre et par mer.*" The story, however, has reasonably been doubted.

CHAPTER II.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Vigilance of Cromwell, and His Extraordinary Means of Acquiring Information — He Despatches Thurloe on a Mysterious Errand — Informed of All the Secrets of the Court of Charles the Second — Expends Large Sums in Obtaining Secret Intelligence — His System of Employing Spies — He Discovers the Projects of Lord Orrery — His Singular Interview with That Nobleman — He Ascertains that the Marquis of Ormond Is in London — His Liberal Treatment of the Marquis — Anecdote Illustrating the Cautious Policy of the Protector.

IN reviewing the policy of the Protector, few circumstances appear more striking than the extraordinary means by which he made himself master of the secrets of others, and the happy mystery in which he contrived to involve his own. Even his principal confidant, Thurloe, was never enlightened more than was absolutely necessary. Thurloe, on one occasion, received directions from him to repair at a certain hour to Gray's Inn, where he was told he would be met by a stranger, whose person Cromwell minutely described. No words were to be exchanged between them; but Thurloe was to deliver to the stranger an order for no less a sum than thirty thousand pounds,

payable to the bearer at Genoa. Thurloe did as he was desired, but never, to his dying day, discovered either the secret history of his mission, nor the name of the person whom he had so mysteriously encountered.

There was no secret in the little court of Charles the Second which was not immediately known to Cromwell. He once gave permission to a nobleman to travel on the continent, on condition that he should not see the exiled king. On his return, he inquired of the nobleman if he had obeyed his injunctions, to which the other answered in the affirmative. "It is true," said Cromwell, "that you did not see him, for to keep your word with me, you agreed to meet in the dark, and the candles were put out for that purpose." He then related to him the particulars of what had taken place at the interview.

It was one of Cromwell's maxims that no cost should be spared in obtaining information, and accordingly we find it computed that he spent no less than 60,000*l.* a year in carrying on this particular branch of policy. Hume says that "postmasters, both at home and abroad, were in his pay; carriers were searched or bribed; secretaries and clerks were corrupted; the greatest zealots in all parties were often those who conveyed private information to him; and nothing could escape his vigilant inquiry." The secret of his civilities to the Jews consisted, it would seem, in

the private and important intelligence which they were enabled to afford him. "Lord Broghill" (says his chaplain and biographer, Morrice) "could never find out who were Cromwell's spies, till by accident he saw one, who was a Jew, and who came to Cromwell to give intelligence of the Dutch East India fleet. The manner was thus : Whilst Lord Broghill was walking with Cromwell in a chamber hung with arras, he saw a fellow peeping in through the hangings, the ugliest ill-looking fellow that ever he had seen. His lordship happening to espy him first, immediately drew his sword, and was running at him, supposing it to be some rogue who was come to do mischief. Cromwell seeing my lord draw his sword with such a fury, in a terrible fright, asked what he meant ? His lordship told him he saw somebody look into his chamber like a rogue. Upon which Cromwell followed him to the chamber door, and looking over Lord Broghill's shoulders saw who it was, and cried out, 'My lord, a friend !' and then desired his lordship to walk in again, and he would come to him presently. Lord Broghill left them alone together in the outward room, and in a little while Cromwell, having despatched his spy, came to my lord and told him he would only write a line or two, and then would return to his lordship. Accordingly, after he had done his business, he returned, and my lord asked him if he might know who that fellow was, who had

been with him? Cromwell answered that he was one to whom he gave a 1,000*l.* per annum for intelligence, and that he was a Jew who had now brought him word of the Dutch fleet coming up the channel, which would be a great prize. Therefore, upon this intelligence, he had sent orders to Vice-Admiral Blake to set upon them; which he did, and brought a vast treasure to Cromwell."

Although the facts are somewhat differently related, this is probably the same incident which is recorded by Burnet. "The Earl of Orrery told me," says the bishop, "that he was once walking with him in one of the galleries of Whitehall, when a man almost in rags came in view; he presently dismissed Lord Orrery, and carried that man into his closet, who brought him an account of a great sum of money that the Spaniards were sending over to pay their army in Flanders, but in a Dutch man-of-war; and he told him the places of the ship in which the money was lodged. Cromwell sent an express immediately to Smith, afterward Sir Jeremy Smith, who lay in the Downs, telling him that within a day or two such a Dutch ship would pass the channel, whom he must visit for the Spanish money, which was contraband goods, we being then at war with Spain." Smith, it appears, fell in with the vessel and demanded to search it, to which the Dutch captain naturally demurred. Smith told

him that he had set an hour-glass, and if, before the sand had run out, he did not submit to the investigation, he would enforce it by his guns. "The Dutchman," says Burnet, "submitted, and the money was found." "The Jews," adds the bishop, "were sure and good spies for him," especially in his relations with Spain and Portugal.

The accuracy of Cromwell's information, and especially his intimate acquaintance with the most secret intrigues of the French court, are amusingly illustrated by an anecdote of Welwood. By an article in the treaty between England and France, it had been stipulated that, on Dunkirk being taken from the Spaniards, it should immediately be delivered over to the English. During the period that the town was being invested, the Protector sent unexpectedly for the French ambassador to Whitehall. On his coming into his presence, Cromwell publicly charged the court of Versailles with a design of breaking their faith, insisting that they had sent secret instructions to their general to keep possession of the town, in the event of its being yielded up by the Spaniards. The ambassador denying all knowledge of the matter, Cromwell drew from his pocket a copy of the private instructions in question, desiring him immediately to communicate with Mazarin, and to let him know that his treachery had been discovered: "Tell him," he said, "that I am not to be imposed upon, and that if he does not deliver

up the keys of the town of Dunkirk, within an hour after it shall be taken, I will come in person and demand them at the gates of Paris." There are said to have been only four persons who were privy to the existence of these private orders. These were the queen-mother, Mazarin, Marshal Turenne, and a secretary, whose name has not yet transpired. The cardinal at first supposed that the queen might have blabbed the secret to some of her ladies ; after the death of the secretary, however, it was discovered that for several years past he had kept up a secret correspondence with Cromwell. ¹

¹ This anecdote Harris plainly terms a "falsehood," and in order to substantiate the truth of his assertion, quotes the following passage, in a letter from Lockhart to Thurloe, written the day previous to the delivery of Dunkirk to the English: "Tomorrow, before five of the clock at night, his Highness's forces under my command will be possessed of Dunkirk. I have a great many disputes with the cardinal about several things. I have agreed he shall have all the cannon in the town, that have the arms of France upon them; but some things, concerning shipping in the harbour, and the quartering the French guards, and lodging the chief officers of the army, are yet in controversy; nevertheless, I must say, I find him willing to hear reason; and though the generality of court and arms are even mad to see themselves part with what they call *un si bon morceau*, or so delicate a bit, yet he is still constant to his promises, and seems to be as glad in the general, notwithstanding our differences in little particulars, to give this place to his Highness, as I can be to receive it. The king is also exceeding obliging and civil, and hath more true worth in him than I could have imagined." There is nothing, after all, in this extract which can justify the strong epithet which Harris applies to Doctor Welwood's statement. It certainly shows that, when it came to the point, Mazarin was true to his promises; but there is nothing to prove that he had

The Earl of Orrery, then Lord Broghill, was once on his way to the continent to join the court of the exiled king, when, in passing through London, a gentleman called on him on the part of Cromwell (then only lord general), requesting to know at what hour it would be convenient for his lordship to receive a visit from the general. Lord Orrery had obtained permission to travel, on the plea that ill health required him to visit the German baths; while, in fact, his real object was to obtain the king's authority to raise a royalist force in Ireland in order to levy war against the Parliament. Not having had any previous acquaintance with Cromwell, he was not a little surprised and disconcerted at the message. He told the gentleman, however, to present his duty to the general, adding that he could not think of giving him the trouble of coming to his lodgings, but would wait on him himself at any hour he might appoint. While he was still musing on the strangeness of the circumstance, Cromwell himself entered the room. After some commonplace civilities, he proceeded to explain the object of his visit. Expressing a great kindness and regard for Lord Orrery, he assured him that the interest which he took in his welfare was the sole motive for his thus intruding himself. His lordship's designs, he

not previously attempted to make a dupe of Cromwell. It is but fair to add, however, that Welwood's anecdote has been elsewhere called in question on more reasonable grounds.

said, were known to the Council of State: they were fully aware that, instead of proceeding to Spa for his recovery from the gout, he was on his way to the king for the purpose of obtaining a commission to raise men in Ireland, and exciting an insurrection in that country. Cromwell was proceeding in this strain when Lord Orrery interrupted him. He assured him that he had never for a moment entertained so wild a project; and, moreover, that he was incapable of playing such a part. Cromwell, however, told him that he could even show him copies of his own letters in evidence of the fact; and indeed, so clear were the proofs, that the council had actually given orders for his being arrested and sent to the Tower. He had interposed, he said, and not without difficulty had obtained permission to confer in the first instance with his lordship, with a view of endeavouring to avert him from his design.

Lord Orrery, perceiving his secret had been discovered, very prudently thanked the general for his kindness, and requested his advice. Cromwell told him that his former services for the king in Ireland were well known to the council; adding, that if he would change sides, and join the projected expedition against that country, he should have a general officer's command; moreover, he assured him that no oaths or engagements should be pressed upon him, and that he should only be required to fight against the native Irish. Lord

Orrery requested a short time for deliberation. Cromwell, however, plainly told him that he must make up his mind at the moment, it being the determination of the council to send him to the Tower, should he evince the least hesitation in accepting their offers. On this, Lord Orrery closed with the strange overture, and eventually became a firm adherent, and even a personal friend, of the Protector.

The system of obtaining secret intelligence, which was practised by the Protector, is agreeably illustrated by the following anecdote from Budgell's "Memoirs of the Boyles." One day, when in an excellent humour, the Protector intimated, in a significant manner, to Lord Orrery, that an old friend of his had just arrived in London. Lord Orrery desiring to know who his Highness meant, Cromwell, to his great surprise, named the Marquis of Ormond, who, in consequence of his well-known hostility to the existing government, ran considerable risk of losing his head, should his visit happen to transpire. Lord Orrery protesting that he was entirely ignorant of the fact, "I know that, well enough," said the Protector; "however, if you have a mind to preserve your old acquaintance, let him know that I am not ignorant either where he is, or what he is doing." He then named the place where the marquis lodged; on which Lord Orrery, of course, lost no time in making his friend aware of his danger. Ormond,

finding himself discovered, instantly left London, and returned to the king. "Soon after," writes Budgell, "Cromwell, being informed that the Lady Ormond was engaged in several practices against the government, and corresponded with her husband for the better accomplishment of them, had resolved to use her with great severity; and told the Lord Broghill with a frown, the first time he saw him, 'You have passed your word for the quiet behaviour of a fine person; the Lady Ormond is in a conspiracy with her husband against me, though, at your request, I permitted her to stay in London, and allow her £2,000 per annum. I find she is an ungrateful woman, and shall use her accordingly.' Lord Broghill, who saw the Protector was thoroughly provoked, but knew that a soft answer usually appeased him, told him, in the most submissive manner, that he was sorry the Lady Ormond had given his Highness any reason to be displeased with her, but humbly desired to know what ground he had for suspecting her. 'Enough,' says Cromwell. 'I have letters under her own hand which were taken out of her cabinet;' and then throwing him a letter, bid him read it. He had no sooner perused it, than he assured the Protector, with a smile, that what he had read was not the hand of Lady Ormond, but of Lady Isabella Thynne,¹ between whom and the

¹ Isabella, daughter of the unfortunate Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, and wife of Sir James Thynne, of Longleat. She was

Marquis of Ormond there had been some intrigues. Cromwell hastily asked him how he could prove that. Lord Broghill answered, very easily; and showed him some other letters from the Lady Isabella, of whom he told two or three stories, so pleasant as made Cromwell lose all his resentment in a hearty laugh." Morrice, in his "Memoirs of Lord Orrery," records the same story, and adds that Lord Orrery "convinced Cromwell so fully, that his anger was turned in a merry drollery, and the Lady Ormond had her estate and liberty continued to her." We have the authority of Lord Clarendon that it was Sir Richard Willis who informed Cromwell of the Marquis of Ormond being in London.

According to Welwood, Cromwell one night walked into Thurloe's office, for the purpose of discussing some very secret and important business. They had conversed together for some time, when Cromwell suddenly perceived a clerk asleep at his desk. It happened to be Mr. Morland (afterward Sir Samuel Morland), the famous mechanist, and not unknown as a statesman. Cromwell, it is

at Oxford at the time of its surrender; and, according to Aubrey, with her friend, Mrs. Fanshawe, used to attend the chapel of his college "half-dressed, like angels." "Our grove," he says, "was the Daphne for the ladies and their gallants to walk in, and many times my Lady Isabella Thynne would make her entries with a theorbo or lute played before her. She was most beautiful, most humble, most charitable, but she could not subdue one thing."

affirmed, drew his dagger, and would have despatched him on the spot, had not Thurloe, with some difficulty, prevented him. He assured him that his intended victim was certainly sound asleep, since, to his own knowledge, he had been sitting up during two consecutive nights.

CHAPTER III.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Death and Burial of the Protector's Mother — Distressing State of Cromwell's Mind at the Close of His Career — Reflections on His Ephemeral Greatness — His Dread of Assassination — His Custom of Wearing Secret Armour — Conspiracies against His Life — Syndercome's Plot and Untimely Fate — Reward Offered by Charles II. to Whoever Should Take away the Life of the Usurper — Letter from the Duke of York on the Subject — The Pamphlet of "Killing No Murder" — Sickness of the Protector — He Removes from Hampton Court to Whitehall — His Fanatical Enthusiasm — His Last Moments — His Death — The Fearful Storm Which Attended It — Blasphemous Language of His Panegyrists.

ON the 16th of November, 1654, died Elizabeth Cromwell, the mother of one of the most extraordinary men that the world has ever produced. How singular must have been the feelings of that woman! She seems to have loved him with a motherly affection; indeed, we are told that such were her constant fears lest he should fall by the hand of an assassin, that she was never satisfied unless she beheld him at least twice a day. According to Heath, she never heard the sound of a pistol without exclaiming, "My son is shot." Her parting scene with her illustrious son is thus

described by Thurloe, who writes on the 17th November: "My Lord Protector's mother, of ninety-four years old, died last night. A little before her death she gave my lord her blessing in these words: 'The Lord cause his face to shine upon you, and comfort you in all your adversities, and enable you to do great things for the glory of your most high God, and to be a relief unto his people. My dear son, I leave my heart with thee. A good night!'" She shared with her son, though unwillingly, it would seem, the splendours of Whitehall, and was subsequently interred by him in the vault of the Kings of England in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. At the Restoration her remains were dug up, and on the 12th of September, 1661, to the disgrace of those who committed the outrage, were, with the remains of other Cromwellians, flung into a pit dug in St. Margaret's churchyard, Westminster.

It is curious to surmise what would have been the probable fate of the Protector, had he survived his elevation a few years longer. Hume says: "All his arts and policy were exhausted, and having so often by fraud and false pretences deceived every party, and almost every individual, he could no longer hope, by repeating the same professions, to meet with equal confidence and regard." Undoubtedly his government had become weaker, and even the powers of his mind appear to have been impaired.

At the close of his career, sorrows and apprehensions embittered the life of the Protector. He was constantly harassed by the discovery of projected insurrections and intended assassinations; he was deeply involved in debt, and afflicted with a painful and dangerous disease; many of his friends had proved treacherous; he was hated by the Levellers and Millennarians as much as he was feared by the Royalists; while both parties were ready to seize the first opportunity of hurling him from that height of power which they believed he had most nefariously usurped. Moreover, the loss of his beloved daughter, Mrs. Claypole, who died under peculiarly painful circumstances, filled his soul with the deepest affliction.

The terrors of assassination appear to have been constantly present in his thoughts. It would seem that, from the time he had been installed as Protector, he had been in the habit, not only of carrying loaded pistols, but of wearing a coat of mail beneath his clothes. But, at the close of life, his precautions exceeded even his terrors. He surrounded himself with a guard of a hundred and fifty men, whom he carefully selected from different regiments, and whose fidelity he purchased by giving them the pay and appointments of officers. "He took particular notice," says Coke, "of the carriage, manners, habit, and language of all strangers, especially if

they seemed joyful. He never stirred about without strong guards, wearing armour under his clothes, and offensive arms, too; never came back the common road, or the same way he went, and always passing with great speed; had many locks and keys for the doors of his houses; seldom slept above three nights in the same chamber, nor in any which had not two or three back doors, and guards in all of them." These circumstances are repeated by other writers. Heath says, in his "Flagellum," "He began to dread every person or strange face he saw. It was his constant custom to shift and change his lodging, to which he passed through twenty different locks, and out of which he had four or five ways to avoid pursuit. When he went between Whitehall and Hampton Court, it was by private and back ways, but never the same way backward and forward. He was always in a hurry, his guards behind and before riding a full gallop, and the coach always filled, especially the boot, with armed persons, he himself being furnished with private weapons; and was now of more difficult access to all persons." Even the signature of the Protector, for some time previous to his death, exhibits in a forcible manner the tremulousness of his hand; presenting a remarkable contrast to the free and bold characters affixed to the death-warrant of Charles.

As early as February, 1656, the Marquis of Ormond writes: "Cromwell is, at this time,

very ill of the stone, besides great disorders in his mind, and full of fears. The grandees and courtiers have much animosity and discontent, and, it is said, are parting the bear's skin before he be dead, and two or three pretenders to the succession." He adds, in the same letter: "He hath certainly notice given him of a design upon his person. Some say he was to be poisoned, others stabbed; but, sure it is that he doth really apprehend it, and endeavours to secure himself by strong guards; and whereas those that waited on his person formerly had only swords by their sides, they now have pistols also, and so attend him at meals and other times."

On the 13th of March, 1656, Ormond again reverts to the uneasiness of the Protector: "Some say he is many times like one distracted; and in those fits he will run around about the house and into the garden, or else ride out with very little company, which he never doth when composed and free from disorder. Friday last a friend met him in St. James's Park with only one man with him, and in a distempered carriage. If any people offered to deliver him petitions or the like, he refused, and told them he had other things to think of. Fleetwood was in the Park at the same time, but walked at a distance, not daring to approach him in his passion, which, they say, was occasioned by some carriage of Lambert's. This you may give credit to." Such

— according to Ormond and his cavalier friends — was the miserable condition of the mighty Usurper! With the prospect of death, and under the pressure of misfortunes, how different, they argued, had been the demeanour of their royal and persecuted master! Cromwell, they said, though exalted to the pinnacle of human greatness, and with every wish of his heart crowned with success, was nevertheless timorous, wretched, and distrustful. Charles, on the contrary, at once the Christian and the gentleman, though hurled from his throne, deprived of his inheritance, and separated from his children and his friends; though insulted by a rabble, and dragged to an ignominious death, had, nevertheless, displayed as much calmness and dignity before an earthly tribunal as he anticipated with hope and humility his resurrection to a heavenly one.

It was certainly on no slight grounds that the Protector dreaded the stroke of the assassin. "The Cavaliers," says Mrs. Hutchinson, in her *Memoirs*, "had not patience to stay till things ripened of themselves, but were every day forming designs, and plotting for the murder of Cromwell and other insurrections; which, being contrived in drink, and managed by false and cowardly fellows, were still revealed to Cromwell, who had most excellent intelligence of all things that passed, even in the king's closet."

To the royalist, as well as to the republican,

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Photo-etching after the painting by Samuel Cooper.



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Cromwell's delinquencies appeared so palpable and heinous that to have stabbed him to the heart would probably have been regarded as a mere question of interference with the hangman, and been hailed not only as a just, but as an honourable, deed. By the royalist he was regarded as a mere upstart ; the murderer of one sovereign and a rebel to another ; one who, without claim, right, or title, had possessed himself of a hereditary throne ; who, by some circumstances as provoking as they were inconceivable, had driven their royal master and an ancient nobility into poverty and exile ; and who, accordingly, in the event of any great political change, would, as a matter of course, expiate his crimes on the ladder at Tyburn.

The republicans and fanatics, moreover, were no less exasperated against Cromwell. They had wrestled and fought in support of the "good cause ;" they had trodden monarchy under their feet ; they had flattered themselves with fond visions of a perfect government ; and already the political paradise was opening to their view, when suddenly they beheld one of their own homely sect — one of their most frenzied preachers — standing between them and the light ; investing himself with the royal trappings, which were their abhorrence, and with more than the regal power in opposition to which they had so often shed their blood. Of that once formidable puri-

tanical party, whose fanaticism had won for them battle after battle, and who had scrupled not to send their sovereign to the block, there remained but a small though still dangerous remnant. The hypocrites of the party had, of course, hastened to worship the rising men, and many others Cromwell had either fascinated by his eloquence or dazzled by his splendour. The deep fanaticism, however, with which Cromwell had himself inoculated the army, still pervaded its ranks; and among the Fifth-monarchy men, and other wild enthusiasts, of whom it was principally composed, there were only too many Feltons who were ready to join in any wild plot against the life and government of the man whom they naturally regarded as their arch-deceiver.

Against such formidable adversaries, Cromwell could alone present his own searching and wonderful genius, and the command of money, by which he was able to purchase intelligence of the conspiracies of his foes. Scarcely a month passed but plots were discovered and stifled in their birth. The story of some of these projected assassinations is not without interest. "Lord Broghill," says his chaplain, Morrice, "observed that Cromwell, some time before his death, grew melancholy and pensive, and afraid of everybody. At one particular time, when his lordship was riding with Cromwell in his coach, from Westminster to Whitehall, it happened the crowd of

people was so great that the coach could not go forward, and the place was so narrow that all the halberdiers were either before the coach or behind it, none of them having room to stand by the side. While they were in this posture, Lord Broghill observed the door of a cobbler's stall to open and shut a little, and at every opening of it his lordship saw something bright, like a drawn sword or a pistol. Upon which my lord drew out his sword with the scabbard on it, and struck upon the stall, asking who was there. This was no sooner done, but a tall man burst out with a sword by his side, and Cromwell was so much frightened that he called his guard to seize him; but the man got away in the crowd. My lord thought him to be an officer in the army of Ireland, whom he remembered Cromwell had disgusted, and his lordship apprehended he lay there in wait to kill him. Upon this Cromwell forbore to come any more that way, but in a little time after sickened and died."

One Syndercome appears to have been particularly active in hatching plots against the life and government of the Protector, but, fortunately, they had been invariably thwarted. At last, by means of bribing one of the body-guard, he obtained access to the chapel at Whitehall, beneath the floor of which he contrived to deposit a quantity of gunpowder and other combustible matter. His intention was to have set fire to the palace,

in the confusion consequent on which his accomplices were either to have forced Cromwell into the flames, or to have slaughtered him in his attempt to escape. The soldier, however, revealed the conspiracy, and Syndercome was arrested and tried for high treason. The evidence was complete and convincing; and yet, such were the doubts in the minds of the jury as to the legitimacy of Cromwell's right to the supreme power, that it was with some difficulty a verdict could be obtained against the prisoner. On the day appointed for his execution, Syndercome was found dead in his bed. That the suddenness of his death should have attached some suspicion to the government was not unnatural. There can be little doubt, however, that he died by his own hands; Cromwell was certainly no secret assassin. The other conspirators were either never discovered, or the Protector considered it more politic to hush up the affair.

According to Bishop Burnet, one Stoupe having by some means obtained intimation of Syndercome's design, had immediately repaired to Whitehall, in hopes of obtaining an interview with the Protector, and privately forewarning him of his danger. "Cromwell," says Burnet, "being then at council, he sent him a note, letting him know that he had a business of great consequence to lay before him. Cromwell was then upon a matter that did so entirely possess him, that he, fancying

it was only some piece of foreign intelligence, sent Thurloe to know what it might be. Stoupe was troubled at this, but could not refuse to show him his letter. Thurloe made no great matter of it. He said they had many such advertisements sent them, which signified nothing, but to make the world think the Protector was in danger of his life; and the looking too much after these things had an appearance of fear, which did ill become so great a man. 'If we find no such person,' he said, 'how we shall be laughed at.' And Thurloe did not think fit to make any search, or any further inquiry into it; nor did he so much as acquaint Cromwell with it." When the fact that so important a secret had been kept from his knowledge subsequently transpired, the Protector is said to have been so extremely angry as to threaten to dismiss Thurloe from his service. According to Burnet, however, "he was so much in all Cromwell's secrets, that it would have been unsafe to disgrace without destroying him; and this, it seems, Cromwell could not resolve on."

The fact is perhaps not generally known that a proclamation, dated Paris, 3d of May, 1654, was actually issued by Charles the Second, in which he promised an annuity of five hundred pounds to any person soever, and that person's heirs, — as well as knighthood to such person and his heirs for ever, and other advantages, — who should take away the life of the Protector. This remarkable

instrument commences as follows : "Charles the Second, by the grace of God, etc. Whereas it is apparent to all rational and unbiassed men throughout the world, that a certain mechanic fellow, by name Oliver Cromwell, hath, by most wicked and accursed ways and means, against all laws, both divine and human (taking opportunity through the late sad and unnatural wars in our kingdoms), most tyrannically and traitorously usurped the supreme power over our said kingdoms, to the enslaving and ruining the persons and estates of the good people, our free subjects therein, after he had most inhumanly and barbarously butchered our dear father of sacred memory, his just and lawful sovereign. These are therefore in our name to give free leave and liberty to any man whomsoever, within any of our three kingdoms, by pistol, sword, or poison, or by any other way or means whatsoever, to destroy the life of the said Oliver Cromwell ; wherein they will do an act acceptable to God and good men, by cutting off so detestable a villain from the face of the earth," etc.

In addition to this document, there is extant a letter in cipher, addressed by the Duke of York to his brother Charles, dated 14th of May, 1655, in which the projected assassination of Cromwell forms the principal topic. It submits for the consideration of Charles the offer of four Roman Catholics, who, on certain stated conditions, had

sworn to assassinate the Protector. The duke speaks of the conspiracy as "better laid, and resolved on, than any he has known of the kind." The very idea of secret assassination is naturally revolting and horrifying to the mind. There were, however, excuses both for Charles and his brother. Cromwell, by the fundamental laws of his country, had doubtless forfeited his life; and, moreover, it must be remembered that by the royal brothers he was regarded as the deliberate murderer of their father. Such persons as Ormond and Clarendon would never have consented to the issue of such a proclamation, had it not appeared to them both justifiable as well as expedient.

It was not till a somewhat later period that there appeared the famous pamphlet, entitled "Killing no Murder," in which, in the most powerful language, the writer advocated the legality of assassinating the usurper. Spirited and argumentative, this singular production not only created an extraordinary sensation throughout England, but also increased to a painful degree the apprehensions of the Protector. It was originally published in 1657, under the name of William Allen, but its real author was Colonel Silas Titus, a man of note in his time, and groom of the bedchamber to Charles the Second. Though somewhat weakened by the fashionable pedantry of the day, the language is forcible and frequently eloquent. The following passage, with which

Titus concludes his address, issuing as it did so shortly after the discovery of the dangerous conspiracy of the "brave Syndercome," may well have struck awe into the mind of the Protector: "There is a great roll behind, even of those that are in his own muster-rolls, who are ambitious of the name of the deliverers of their country; and they know what the action is that will purchase it. His bed, his table, is not secure; and he stands in need of other guards to defend him against his own. Death and destruction pursue him wherever he goes; they follow him everywhere like his fellow travellers, and at last they will come upon him like armed men. Darkness is hid in his secret places; a fire not blown shall consume him; it shall go ill with him that is left in his tabernacle. He shall flee from the iron weapon, and a bow of steel shall strike him through; because he hath oppressed and forsaken the poor; because he hath violently taken away the house which he builded not. We may be confident, and so may he, that ere long this shall be accomplished. For the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment. Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reacheth unto the clouds, yet he shall perish. They that have seen him shall say: 'Where is he?'" According to Anthony Wood, the pamphlet was privately printed and sold for five shillings, whereas had it been licensed, and treated of any

other subject, it might have been purchased for sixpence. Cromwell took great pains to discover the writer. He escaped his vengeance, however, and the name of the author remained a secret till after the Restoration.

The publication of this memorable work ; the death of his old friend, the Earl of Warwick ; the loss of his amiable and beloved daughter ; the excruciating disease under which he himself laboured ; and the increasing rumours of conspiracies and assassination, appear to have banished all hope of future happiness and tranquillity from the mind of the Protector. During the short interval which elapsed between the death of Mrs. Claypole and his own dissolution, his thoughts are said to have been divided between affliction for her loss and the fear of imaginary dangers. Mrs. Claypole had been a staunch royalist, and, in her moments of delirium, is said to have inveighed against him for the blood he had spilt. From the hour of her death he shunned all society, and was neither seen to smile nor apparently to take the least interest in passing events. If we are to credit the exaggerated statements of his enemies, his once resolute soul had become a prey to the workings of a distempered conscience and to the terror with which he anticipated his own approaching dissolution.

It was only a few days after the death of Mrs. Claypole that the state of the Protector's health

became so serious as to alarm his physicians. The entries in Whitelock's "Diary" at this period are curious :

"August 17. News of the death of Lady Elizabeth Claypole yesterday at Hampton Court. Her death did much grieve her father.

"August 26. The Protector, being sick at Hampton Court, as some thought of an ague, I went there to visit him, and was kindly entertained by him at dinner. He discoursed privately with me about his great businesses.

"September 3. This day, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the Protector died at Whitehall."

According to Ludlow, a humour in his foot had for some time prevented the Protector from taking his usual exercise ; and, in attempting to remedy the disease, his medical attendants had driven it to his heart. According to other and more trustworthy accounts, his illness commenced with a slow fever which shortly afterward changed into a tertian ague. For a week no danger was apprehended. At the end of that time, however, his physicians coming to wait on him after dinner, one of them, after feeling his pulse, remarked that it intermitted. The patient, suddenly apprised of his danger, is said to have turned pale and to have fallen into a cold perspiration. Feeling himself fainting, he desired that he might be carried to bed. Apparently his strength of mind returned in the course of the evening, for being by this

time fully aware of his danger, he caused himself to be supported by pillows, and went through the ceremony of making his will. He then sent for his Bible, which he requested one of the bystanders to read to him. The passage which seemed to give him the most comfort was in the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians, vers. 11, 12, and 13.

His fever increasing, the Protector, at his own request, was removed from Hampton Court to Whitehall. Although attempts were made to conceal his danger from the knowledge of the public, the fact had now become generally known, and accordingly long fasts were held and prayers offered up for his recovery. So confident were the fanatic preachers that he would be ultimately restored to health, that, even when he was at the very point of death, they returned thanks to the Almighty for having listened to their prayers. "God," they said, "had declared he shall recover." For a short time, their imaginary revelations from heaven produced a similar sanguine conviction on the mind of Cromwell. His physicians, however, knew better; nor could they conceal their uneasiness from their patient. One of them coming early one morning into his chamber, the Protector asked him why he looked so sad. The other, replying that the importance of his office was sufficient to cause anxiety, "You physicians," he said, "think I shall die: I tell you

I shall not die this bout, I am sure of it." The bystanders being requested to retire, holding his wife's hand in his own, he again reverted to the subject. "Don't think that I am mad," he said; "I speak the words of truth upon surer grounds than your Galen or Hippocrates furnish you with. God Almighty himself hath given that answer, not to my prayers alone, but also to the prayers of those who entertain a stricter commerce and greater interest with him. Go on cheerfully, banishing all sadness from your looks, and deal with me as you would do with a serving-man. Ye may have a skill in the nature of things, yet nature can do more than all physicians put together, and God is far more above nature." Such is the curious account of his physician Bates, whose testimony is supported by other evidence. Fleetwood, the Protector's son-in-law, writes to Henry Cromwell: "His Highness hath made very great discoveries of the Lord to him in his sickness, and hath had some assurances of his being restored and made further serviceable in this work."

Notwithstanding the illusion which he entertained that he should recover, he appears, during his illness, to have been constantly and earnestly engaged in prayer. To Godwin, a popular preacher, he put a remarkable question. "Was it possible," he said, "that a person, who had once been in a state of grace, could fall again from it and suffer

the reprobation of the damned?" On being assured that such was impossible, "Then I am safe," he exclaimed, "for I am sure that once I was in a state of grace."

The following account bequeathed to us by Major Butler, who attended the Protector in his last moments, will be read with interest. Cromwell, it seems, had at length become convinced that his recovery was hopeless. "After his return to Whitehall, his sickness increasing upon him, he was observed to be in a very spiritual frame of heart, and full of holy expressions, caught up by one or other fearing God that were present, as a hungry man doth meat. A little whereof it was my comfort to meet with, the very night before the Lord took him to his everlasting rest, which were to this purpose following, viz., 'Truly God is good, indeed he is, he will not' — there his speech failed him, but as I apprehended it was, 'he will not leave me.' This saying, that God was good, he frequently used all along, and would speak it with much cheerfulness and fervour of spirit in the midst of his pain. Again he said, 'I would be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and his people, but my work is done; yet God will be with his people.' He was very restless most part of the night, speaking often to himself. And there being something to drink offered him, he was desired to take the same, and endeavour to sleep: unto which he answered, 'It is not my

design to drink or to sleep, but my desire is to make what haste I can to be gone.' Afterward, toward morning using divers holy expressions, implying much inward consolation and peace, among the rest he spake some exceeding self-debasing words, annihilating and judging himself; and truly it was observed that a public spirit to God's cause did breathe in him (as in his lifetime) so now to the very last." The assertion that Cromwell, at the close of life, reviewed his past career with terror, appears to be without foundation. Ludlow tells us that he expressed no kind of remorse on his death-bed, but rather exhibited a strange fear lest the world should throw obloquy on his name.

The great Protector breathed his last on the 3d of September, 1658, about four o'clock in the afternoon,¹ at the age of fifty-nine years and about four months. Whatever may have been the feel-

¹ The night before he died he is said to have breathed the following prayer: "O Lord, I am a miserable creature, yet I am in covenant with thee through grace; and I may, I will come unto thee for thy people. Lord, thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do some good, and thee service; and many of them had too high a value of me, though others would be glad of my fall. But, Lord, however thou disposest of me, do good to them. Give consistence of judgment, one heart, and mutual love unto them. Let the name of Christ be glorious throughout the world. Teach those who look with much affection to thy Instrument to depend more upon thee. Pardon such as delight to trample upon the ashes of a worm; for they are thy people too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer, even for Jesus Christ His sake."

ings of others, there can be no doubt that his loss was deeply lamented by his own family. When the sobs of his children reached the ears of Sterry, a silly fanatic preacher, "Weep not," he said, "but rather rejoice; for he, who was your protector here, will prove a far more powerful protector now that he sits with Christ at the right hand of the Father."

About a week after Cromwell's death, Bishop Tillotson, hearing accidentally that the household of the new Protector were maintaining a solemn fast, sauntered, out of curiosity, into the presence-chamber at Whitehall. Seated on one side of the table were Richard Cromwell and the rest of the Protectoral family, and on the other were six of the most popular Puritan preachers. "He heard," says Bishop Burnet, "a great deal of strange stuff, enough to disgust a man for ever of that enthusiastic boldness. God was, as it were, reproached with Cromwell's services, and challenged for taking him away so soon. Goodwin, who had pretended to assure them in a prayer that he was not to die, which was but a very few minutes before he expired, had now the impudence to say to God, 'Thou hast deceived us, and we were deceived.'" The impious adulation of Carrington is even more offensive. "He died," says Carrington, "in a bed of bucklers, and on a pillow of caskets; and though the wreaths of the imperial laurel which environed his head did wither at the

groans of his agony, it was only to make place for a richer diadem, which was prepared for him in heaven." Richard Cromwell was doubtless compelled to play his part on the occasion ; otherwise he had little taste for such blasphemous buffoonery.

That Cromwell made his will at Hampton Court is certain from the united evidence of several writers ; and yet, after his death, the instrument was nowhere to be found. It was whispered at the time that, having nominated Fleetwood his heir and successor, one of his daughters, from selfish motives, had thought proper to commit it to the flames. According to Bates, it was missing before the death of the Protector, who caused a search to be made for it in his closet and elsewhere, but to no purpose. "It was thought," says Bates, "that he had either burnt it himself or that it had been stolen by others." Whether the Protector in that document had nominated his successor, of course cannot now be ascertained. In his last extremity, when paroxysm was succeeding paroxysm, and when it was but too evident that his hours were numbered, the council of state waited at his bedside, and endeavoured to elicit from him the name of the individual whom he would wish to fill his place. Apparently he was too exhausted to make any reply. Some one, however, inquiring whether he intended it should be his son Richard, he either replied in the affirmative, or at all events showed sufficient signs of

approbation to justify the measures which were subsequently taken by the council.

The fearful tempest which howled around the death-bed of the Usurper was listened to with superstitious awe by those who were aware of his great extremity. By his frenzied worshippers it was regarded as a supernatural and divine attestation of his extraordinary powers, — a symbol that a master-spirit was being snatched from the earth. His enemies, of course, interpreted it differently. They even heard the voices of demons in the roaring of the hurricane, and believed that, amidst the clashing of the elements, their arch-enemy had been whirled away by a spirit scarcely more dreaded or accursed than himself. Of the violence of the storm we have many records. Ships were dashed against the shore ; houses were torn from their foundations ; trees were uprooted in vast numbers, and especially in St. James's Park, close to the apartments where the Protector lay expiring. To this circumstance Waller alludes in the opening of his fine monody on the death of Cromwell :

“ We must resign ! Heaven his great soul doth claim,
In storms as loud as his immortal fame.
His dying groans ; his last breath shakes our isle,
And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile ;
About his palace their broad roots are tost
Into the air. So Romulus was lost !
And Rome in such a tempest lost her king,
And from obeying, fell to worshipping.”

CHAPTER IV.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Cromwell's "Fortunate Day" — Magnificent Ceremony of His Lying in State — His Splendid Funeral — His Body Exhumed and Exposed at Tyburn — Other Accounts of the Disposal of His Remains — The Body of Charles Supposed to Have Been Substituted for That of Cromwell — Barkstead's Singular Narrative — Descendants of the Protector — Reflections on His Character and Conduct.

THE third of September had always been regarded by Cromwell as his "fortunate day." On the two successive anniversaries of that day he had gained his famous victories of Dunbar and Worcester; and yet subsequently on that very day, agreeably with a strange prophecy of Colonel Lindsey, the Protector breathed his last.¹

¹ In a curious pamphlet, printed in 1679, and entitled "Day-fatality, or some Observations of Days Lucky and Unlucky," several similar evidences are carefully brought together. "On the sixth of April," says the writer, "Alexander the Great was born; upon the same day he conquered Darius, won a great victory at sea, and died the same day. Neither was this day less fortunate to his father, Philip; for on the same day he took Potidea; Parmenio, his general, gave a great overthrow to the Illyrians; and his horse was victor at the Olympic games. Upon the thirtieth of September Pompey the Great was born; upon that

The funeral of the late Protector, as well as the ceremony of lying in state, were conducted with a pomp and magnificence which have rarely been exceeded. According to Heath, the two pageants cost the enormous sum of sixty thousand pounds,¹ more than double what had ever been expended on the obsequies of any of our legitimate sovereigns. Noble, however, reduces the real expenditure to twenty-eight thousand pounds.

The ceremony of lying in state took place in the great hall at Somerset House. On the twenty-sixth of September, about ten at night, the coffin, attended by the private domestics of the late Protector, was conveyed thither in a mourning coach. A few days afterward, the public were admitted to the memorable sight. Passing through three rooms, covered with black and lined with soldiers, they were introduced into the principal apartment. The ceiling, as well as the walls of this room, were hung with black velvet, ornamented with escutcheons. About five hundred candles threw a brilliant light over the trappings of woe. Under a black canopy was placed a couch covered with crimson velvet, on which lay a waxen image of the deceased,

day he triumphed for his Asian conquest; and on that day died." There are numberless other instances from which the author deduces his fantastic theory.

¹ Walker, in his "History of Independency" (part iv., p. 32), places the expenses at twenty-nine thousand pounds.

with a sceptre in one hand and a globe in the other. The effigy was clad in robes of purple and crimson velvet, ornamented with ermine and lace of gold. A cap of purple velvet and ermine covered the head. On a high stool of gold tissue lay an imperial crown, and near it a suit of complete armour. At the feet of the figure was to be seen the crest of the deceased. The gorgeous pageant was surrounded by railings hung with crimson velvet, with which costly material the floor was also carpeted. At each corner of the rails stood upright pillars, on the summits of which were lions and dragons, holding streamers in their paws. Banners, on which were the armorial bearings of the Protector, were affixed on each side of the bed, around which stood the attendants bareheaded.

After a few weeks the aspect of the ceremony was somewhat altered. The effigy was removed to another and not less splendid apartment, where, instead of being placed in a recumbent posture as before, it was made to stand on a raised dais, under a canopy of state. With the exception of the cap being exchanged for a crown, the figure was robed as before, and the ornaments and devices were nearly the same. The Protector, in this stage of his apotheosis, was intended to be represented as in a state of glory, the light having been so concentrated as to form a celestial halo around his effigy. Ludlow informs us that "this folly and

profusion so far provoked the people, that in the night they threw dirt on the escutcheon that was placed over the great gate of Somerset House."

From the day of the Protector's death to that of his public interment, nearly twelve weeks were allowed to elapse. We learn, however, both from Bates and Carrington, that, owing to natural causes, it had been found necessary to inhumate his remains long previous to the public performance of his obsequies. The twenty-third of November was appointed for the funeral. On that day, the streets between Somerset House and Westminster Abbey were railed in and strewed with gravel, and on each side of them were a line of soldiers, in red coats and black buttons, with their colours enclosed in cypress. The procession having been formed, the waxen effigy was carried by two gentlemen, who had belonged to the household of the late Protector, to an open hearse or chariot, which had been constructed for its reception. The figure was still habited in the robes of royalty, with a crown on its head, and the globe and sceptre in its hands. The hearse, which was adorned with plumes and escutcheons, was drawn by six horses in trappings of black velvet. A gentleman of the bedchamber took his seat at the head of the effigy, and another at the feet. A velvet pall, extending over the carriage, was borne by several persons of distinction. The procession to the abbey, as far as we can glean

from the relations of Heath, Carrington, and other contemporary writers, appears to have been in the following order :

- A Knight Marshal and his Deputy.
- Thirteen men to clear the way.
- The poor men of Westminster, in mourning gowns and hoods, marching two and two.
- The Servants of Persons of Rank attending the Funeral.
- The Servants of the late Protector.
- His Bargemen and Watermen.
- The Officers and Servants of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London.
- The Servants of the Ambassadors and foreign Ministers.
- The Poor Knights of Windsor in gowns and hoods.
- The Clerks, Secretaries, and other Officers of the War Office, Admiralty, Treasury, Navy Office, and Exchequer.
- The Officers in command of the Fleet.
- The Officers in command of the Army.
- The Commissioners of the Excise, of the Army, and the Navy.
- The Commissioners for the approbation of Preachers.
- The Officers, Messengers, and Clerks of the Privy Council, and of the two Houses of Parliament.
- The Physicians of the Household.
- The Chief Officers of the Army.
- The Officers and Aldermen of the City of London.
- The Masters in Chancery, and the Protector's Council at Law.
- The Judges of the Admiralty, the Masters of Requests, and the Judges in Wales.
- The Barons of the Exchequer, the Judges of both Benches, and the Lord Mayor of London.
- The Relatives of the Protector, and the Members of the House of Commons.
- The Ambassadors and Ministers of Foreign Courts.

The Ambassador from Holland, his train borne by four Gentlemen.

The Ambassador from Portugal, his train borne by four Knights of the Cross.

The French Ambassador, his train borne by four Gentlemen.

The Commissioners of the Great Seal.

The Commissioners of the Treasury.

The Members of the Privy Council.

The Chief Mourner.

The Members of the House of Lords in deep mourning, accompanied by drums and trumpets; each attended by an assistant bearing his standard, and having his horse of state covered with black velvet, a gentleman leading him, and two grooms following behind.

The Hearse, having on each side six banner-rolls borne by Gentlemen.

The Armour of the late Protector, borne by eight Officers of the Army, and attended by a Herald and a Gentleman on each side.

Garter King of Arms, attended on each side by a Gentleman bareheaded.

The horse of honour, in trappings of crimson velvet, adorned with plumes of white, red, and yellow, and led by the Master of the Horse.

The guard of Halberdiers.

The Warders of the Tower.

The procession having stopped at the west entrance to the abbey, the effigy was carried by ten gentlemen under a canopy of state, to the eastern end of the pile, where a magnificent couch of wax had been prepared for its reception. Here, surrounded with plumes, escutcheons, banners, gilded armour, and other splendid devices, — the

whole enclosed by gilt railings and curiously wrought pillars,—the effigy remained till the Restoration. It must have been a strange fancy which could decorate the grave of the Puritan with such idle paraphernalia. The dress of the figure itself could hardly have been exceeded by the fantastic trappings of an Elizabethan fop. "The shirt of fine Holland, laced," "the doublet and breeches of Spanish fashion with great skirts," "the silk stockings, shoe-strings, and gaiters suitable," "the black Spanish leather shoes," "the surcoat of purple velvet, richly laced with gold lace," "the rich crown," "the stones of various colours," "the cordings and bosses of purple and gold," "the bands and ruffs of best Holland," and "the royal robe of purple velvet," are all minutely described by contemporary writers, and must have presented a striking contrast to the substantial and time-honoured monuments which frowned on them around. In the cloistered gloom of night, imagination might almost picture to itself a Henry or an Edward rising from his marble tomb, and opening his iron arms to grapple with the intruder.

The disgraceful treatment to which the remains of the Protector were subjected after the Restoration is well known. On the 8th of December, 1660, a vote passed the House of Commons, that the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw should be taken up and exposed on the common

gallows. In Henry the Seventh's chapel, underneath the spot where the tomb of the Duke of Buckingham now stands, the sergeant of the House discovered a magnificent coffin, with a copper plate, double gilt, affixed to it, on which were inscribed the name and honours of the Protector. The inscription ran :

"*Oliverius Protector Reipublicæ, Angliæ, Scotiæ, et Hiberniæ, Natus 25° Aprilis, Anno 1599°. Inauguratus 16° Decembris 1653; Mortuus 3^{do} Septembris, Anno 1658°, hic situs est.*"

The bodies of Cromwell and Ireton were, accordingly, exhumed on the 26th of January, 1661, and on the twenty-eighth were carried in separate carts to the Red Lion Inn, Holborn. The following day, the anniversary of the death of King Charles, they were borne on sledges to Tyburn, and, after hanging there till sunset, were cut down and beheaded. Their bodies were flung into a hole at the foot of the gallows, and their heads, having been fixed upon poles, were placed on the roof of Westminster Hall. The body of Bradshaw suffered the same fate, but, owing to its decomposed state, it had been found necessary to remove it at once to Tyburn. According to a bystander, the corpse of the Protector was wrapped in green cerecloth, and was "very fresh embalmed."

Such is the common and, undoubtedly, the true relation of the disposal of Cromwell's re-

mains. His admirers, however, indignant that so gross an insult should have been offered to his memory, invented all kinds of stories to get rid of the stain. By some it was insisted that the corpse of the great Protector had been buried in the sand at Whitehall; by others, that it had been sunk in the Thames. But a far more remarkable version of the story was current at the period. Cromwell, it was asserted, foreseeing that the restoration of monarchy was inevitable, and that, consequently, every kind of insult would probably be offered to his remains, had desired, in his last moments, that his body should be privately interred on the field of Naseby, and that the remains of Charles the First should be transferred to the vacant coffin. Had there been any truth in this story, it was, of course, the body of Charles, and not that of Cromwell, which was subsequently gibbeted at Tyburn. Among others, however, who insisted on its truth, was one Barkstead, a son of the regicide, who openly declared, in the coffee-houses of London, that he himself had been present, when a boy, at the interment of Cromwell's body in Naseby field. It was buried at midnight, he said, in a grave about nine feet deep, and, by the express injunction of Cromwell, in that part of the field where the battle had been most fiercely contested. Barkstead himself put forth an advertisement that he frequented "Richard's Coffee House within Temple Bar," where,

if required, he was ready to assert personally what he had so publicly averred. The story is, undoubtedly, altogether a fiction; and yet, had it been true, how noble a subject would it not have afforded to the poet and the painter. The body of the great Usurper borne in stealth and darkness to the grave, smuggled into the very ground, over which, amidst all the circumstances of pomp and pride, he had so lately trod and triumphed,—the quiet contrast to the tumult of battle, and the grief of the solitary mourners,—we almost regret that, by invalidating the truth of the relation, we should involve the destruction of so striking a moral.¹

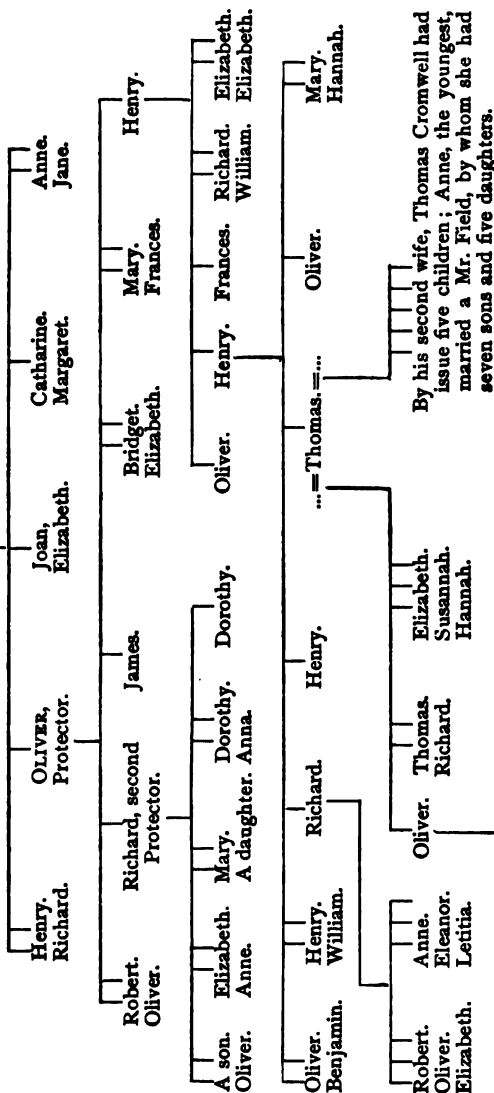
This account of Barkstead's, which was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* about a century since, seems to have been borrowed from a MS. in Lord Oxford's collection, which has since found its way into the Harleian Miscellany. According to the writer of this MS., the features of the corpse which was gibbeted at Tyburn actually bore a close resemblance to those of the unfortunate Charles. "Some," he says, "whose curiosity had brought them nearer to the tree, observed with horror the remains of a countenance they little had expected there; on tying on the cord

¹ It may be remarked that the report of the substitution of Cromwell's body for that of his royal victim is dwelt upon by Soubière, in his "*Voyage into England*," published shortly after the Restoration.

there was a strong seam about the neck, by which the head had been, as was supposed, immediately after the decollation, fastened again to the body." The whole story is evidently a fiction. Had any evidence, however, been required to the contrary, the fact of the discovery of King Charles's coffin at Windsor, in 1813; the likeness which the features of the corpse it contained presented to the beautiful portraits of Charles by Vandyke; and, also, the anatomical evidence adduced that the head had been severed from the body by a heavy blow and a very sharp instrument, would alone have been sufficient to prove the absurdity of the story, and the audacity of the invention.

Numerous as was the issue of the Usurper, and of his children, he has left not a single descendant who bears his name. The last male representative of the Protector was a Mr. Oliver Cromwell, who died during the present century without leaving an heir. With the annexed genealogical table, deducing the descent of the Cromwells from the father of Oliver to the last male descendant of their line, we will conclude our memoir of the great Protector.

Richard Cromwell, father of the Protector.



CHAPTER V.

ELIZABETH CROMWELL, WIFE OF THE PROTECTOR.

Abuse Heaped on Her by the Cavaliers — Her Lineage — Introduced to Charles I. at Hampton Court — Her Want of Beauty — Her Thriftiness — Behaviour at Her Elevation — Pasquinades of the Period — Her Character, and Want of Influence with the Protector — Her Flight at the Restoration — Endeavours to Secrete Pictures and Other Valuables Belonging to the Royal Family — Her Residences and Death.

THE abuse which was heaped on her dreaded husband was naturally shared by his homely lady. The cavaliers not only styled her contemptuously "Joan," but even accused her of every manner of vice, among which drunkenness and adultery were the most prominent. The charges, as far as we have been able to discover, were the mere malignant inventions of a discomfited party.

The Protectress was daughter of Sir James Bouchier, Knight, of Felsted in Essex. Harris speaks of the Bouchiers as "an ancient family;" but Noble, who was better informed, is of a different opinion. It was only in 1610, he tells us, that Sir James obtained a grant of arms; and he adds that the only occasion when the arms of the Bouchiers were quartered with those of the Protector

was at his funeral, when they appeared on the escutcheons. There exists some doubt as to the exact year in which the Protectress was born; however, as she was married on the 22d of August, 1620, when Cromwell was only twenty-one, we may form a tolerable conjecture as to her age. She is known to have been introduced to Charles the First, at the time that the unfortunate monarch was a prisoner at Hampton Court, and when he was on good terms with her husband. Ashburnham, taking her by the hand, presented her to the king, by whom, together with the ladies of Ireton and Whalley, she was afterward entertained.

In person, the Protectress is said to have been exceedingly plain, in allusion to which Cowley, in his "Cutter of Colman Street," puts the following passage into the mouth of Cutter: "He [Worm] would have been my Lady Protectress's poet. He writ once a copy in praise of her beauty; but her Highness gave for it but an old half-crown piece in gold, which she had hoarded up before these troubles, and that discouraged him from any further applications to court." She is said to have had a defect in one of her eyes; and, as even Waller neglected to celebrate her beauty, we consider there can be little question as to her want of comeliness.

The passage we have just quoted from Cowley contains a double satire. The hoarding of the

half-crown piece has evidently reference to her supposed thriftiness. "She very frugally housewifed it," says Heath, "and would nicely and finically tax the expensive unthriftiness (as she said) of the other woman [Henrietta Maria] who lived there before her."

A rather curious pamphlet, entitled "The Court and Kitchen of Mrs. Joan Cromwell," has been already quoted in the memoir of the Protector. This work would appear to have been the production of some disappointed denizen of the royal kitchen, who, mingling the decline of cookery with the decline of the empire, sighs over the economy of the Protectoral entertainments, compared with former banquets and past magnificence. Altogether, the work comprises little more than an insignificant and scurrilous attack on the private character and household dispensation of the Protectress, against whom the author apparently bears a strong personal pique. It is consequently valuable in no other light than as a literary curiosity. "If anything," says the writer, "could be observable by her for state and charge, it was the keeping of a coach, the driver of which served her for caterer, for butler, for serving-man, and for gentleman-usher, when she was to appear in any public place. And this coach was bought at the second hand out of a great number, which then lay by the walls, while their honouring owners went on foot."

The abuse is shortly afterward repeated. "Much ado had she at first to raise her mind and deportment to this sovereign grandeur; and very difficult it was for her to lay aside those impertinent meannesses of her private fortune; like the bride-cat, by Venus's favour metamorphosed into a comely virgin, that could not forbear catching at mice, she could not comport with her present condition, nor forget the common converse and affairs of life. But like some kitchen-maid, preferred by the lust of some rich and noble dotard, was ashamed of her sudden and gaudy bravery, and for awhile skulked up and down the house, till the fawning observance and reverences of her slaves had raised her to a confidence, not long after sublimed into an impudence." Her behaviour, however, on her elevation is somewhat differently represented by Ludlow. The republican, who knew her personally and well, informs us that, when her husband changed his residence from the cock-pit at Whitehall to the royal palace, she was at first anything but gratified with the splendid change in her domestic arrangements. That malignant writer, Heath, on the contrary, asserts that "she was trained up and made the waiting woman of Cromwell's providence, and lady rampant of his successful greatness, which she personated afterward as imperiously as himself."

In a scurrilous pasquinade of the period, entitled

"The Cuckoo's Nest at Westminster," there is introduced the following ludicrous dialogue between the Protectress and Lady Fairfax.

"*Queen Fairfax.* — Pray, Mrs. Cromwell, tell not me of gowns or lace, nor no such toys! tell me of crowns, sceptres, kingdoms, royal robes; and if my Tom but recovers and thrives in his enterprise, I will not say pish, to be Queen of England. I misdoubt nothing, if we can but keep the wicked from fetching Nebuchadnezzar from grass in the Isle of White. Well, well, my Tom is worth a thousand of him, and has a more kingly countenance. He has such an innocent face and a harmless look, as if he were born to be an emperor over the saints.

"*Mrs. Cromwell.* — And is not Noll Cromwell's wife as likely a woman to be Queen of England as you? Yes, I warrant you is she: and that you shall know if my husband were but once come out of Wales. It is he that hath done the work; the conquest belongs to him. Besides, your husband is counted a fool, and wants wit to reign: every boy scoffs at him. My Noll has a headpiece, a face of brass full of majesty, and a nose will light a whole kingdom to walk after him. I say he will grace a crown, being naturally adorned with diamonds and rubies already: and for myself, though I say it, I have a person as fit for a queen as another.

"*Queen Fairfax.* — Thou a queen! Thou a

queen! Ud's foot, minion, hold your clack from prating treason against me, or I will make Mrs. Parliament lay her ten commandments upon thee. Thou a queen! A brewer's wife a queen! That kingdom must needs be full of drunkards when the king is a brewer. My Tom is nobly descended, and no base mechanic.

"*Mrs. Cromwell.* — Mechanic! Mechanic in thy face. Thou call me mechanic! I am no more a mechanic than thyself. Marry, come up, Mother Damnable, Joan Ugly; must you be a queen! Yes, you shall: Queen of Puddledock or Billingsgate; that is fittest for thee. My Noll has won the kingdom, and he shall wear it in despite of such a trollop as thou art. Marry, come up here, Mrs. Wagtail!

"Enter a servant running."

"*Servant.* — Oh, madam, cease your contention and provide for your safeties. Both your husbands are killed, and all their forces put to the sword; all the people crying like mad, Long live King Charles!"

This broadside was printed in 1648, some years previous to Cromwell's inauguration in the Protectorship. Its principal value consists in exhibiting how early and how generally the usurper's views of personal aggrandisement were seen through by his contemporaries. In his estimate of Lady Fairfax's character the writer is entirely mistaken.

The two charges, of intemperance and a love of intrigue, which have been brought against the Protectress, rest almost entirely on the authority of an indecent and scurrilous pamphlet, entitled "News from the New Exchange." Its venomous absurdities are unworthy of notice, and, moreover, the details are too indelicate for insertion.

The Protectress may have had her petty meanness as well as private virtues, but otherwise there seem to have been no marked features in her character, nothing in fact which raised her above any ordinary woman. Lilburne evidently implies that she possessed a certain influence over her husband, since he accuses her of having disposed of military appointments during his generalship. "It has been asserted," says Granger, "that she was as deeply interested herself in steering the helm, as she had often done in turning the spit; and that she was as constant a spur to her husband in the career of his ambition, as she had been to her servants in their culinary employments." All that we know, however, of the life and character of the Protectress would tend to exonerate her from these charges. She seems to have laudably confined herself to the details of domestic life, nor is there any authenticated instance of her having exercised the slightest political influence over her husband. Cromwell was of too stern a nature to allow himself to be influenced by women, and too cautious to entrust them with his secrets. He appears,

therefore, to have been by no means forward in making her a sharer in his power ; and, moreover, we find that not one of her relations was a partaker of her greatness. Cromwell's behaviour to her appears to have been rather that of a man who respects his wife as the mother of his children, than for any mental or personal qualifications of her own.

The fact is undoubted, that she endeavoured to persuade her husband to recall the young king. As most of her offspring were royalists, and as children are more frequently biassed by the example and opinions of the mother, she was probably but little gratified with the usurpation of her husband. What we really know of the Protectress inclines us to take part with her panegyrists. She has, at least, the negative praise of not having outstepped the modesty of her sex, by obtruding her name unnecessarily on the public.

Only one of her letters is said to be extant. It was found among Milton's State Papers, and is addressed to the Protector. It is merely the affectionate epistle of a homely wife to her absent husband, and is scarcely worth transcribing. The orthography is wretched, even for the period in which it was written. We must not omit to mention, as a favourable trait in her character, that the Protectress maintained, at her own expense, six daughters of clergymen, whom she constantly employed at needlework in her own apartments.

After the abdication of her son Richard, when the Cromwells had ceased to retain the least influence in affairs of state, the army paid her the compliment of considering her wants, and compelled the Parliament to settle on her a suitable maintenance. The Restoration, however, following shortly afterward, she found it necessary to seek safety in flight, and, with this view, collected a large quantity of valuables, several of them belonging to the royal family, with the intention of getting them conveyed out of the kingdom. Her design, however, becoming known to the council of state, she was obliged to depart without even such insignificant remains of her former greatness.

The seizure of these articles is thus announced in the journals of the period. "Whitehall, May 12, 1660. Information being given that there were several of his Majesty's goods at a fruiterer's warehouse near the Three Cranes, in Thames Street, London, which were there kept as the goods of Mrs. Eliz. Cromwell, wife to Oliver Cromwell, deceased, sometimes called Protector, and it being not very improbable that the said Mrs. Cromwell might convey away some such goods, the council ordered persons to view the same."

"May 16, 1660. Amongst the goods that were pretended to be Mrs. Cromwell's, at the fruiterer's warehouse, are discovered some pictures and other things belonging to his Majesty: the remainder lay attached in the custody of Lieut.-Col. Cox."

Granger was assured that, after the downfall of her family, the Protectress resided for some time in Switzerland. The fact, however, is unsupported by other evidence. She certainly retired for a short period into Wales, where she remained till the excitement incident on the Restoration had in some degree subsided. She then removed to the house of her son-in-law, Claypole, at Norborough in Lincolnshire, where she remained till her death, on the 8th of October, 1672. She was probably upwards of seventy when she died. Her remains were interred at Norborough.

CHAPTER VI.

RICHARD CROMWELL.

Character of Richard — His Love of Field Sports — His Attachment to the Pleasures of the Table — Opposed to the Measures of His Father — Intercedes for the King's Life — His Marriage — Lives in Retirement at Hursley — Initiated in State Affairs — Succeeds His Father — His Brief Government and Abdication — In Danger of Being Arrested for Debt — Lives Abroad under a Feigned Name — His Singular Interview with the Prince de Conti — Anecdotes — Richard's Personal Appearance — His Death and Burial.

RICHARD CROMWELL has generally been described as either a philosopher or a fool. In all probability he was neither one nor the other. Without enterprise or ambition, he seems to have accepted sovereignty, partly from the temptation of its glitter, and partly because it was thrust upon him. He was so far a philosopher that he enjoyed it as long as it was agreeable, and discarded it as soon as it became burdensome.

In all the relations of private life, the younger Protector was unquestionably estimable and charming. Attached to domestic pleasures and country pursuits; joyous, social, and kind-hearted, carrying a delightful freshness of feeling to extreme

old age; he gained the love and respect of his own circle of friends, and, by his quiet virtues and the strange vicissitudes of his fortune, has excited the interest, and obtained the respect, of posterity.

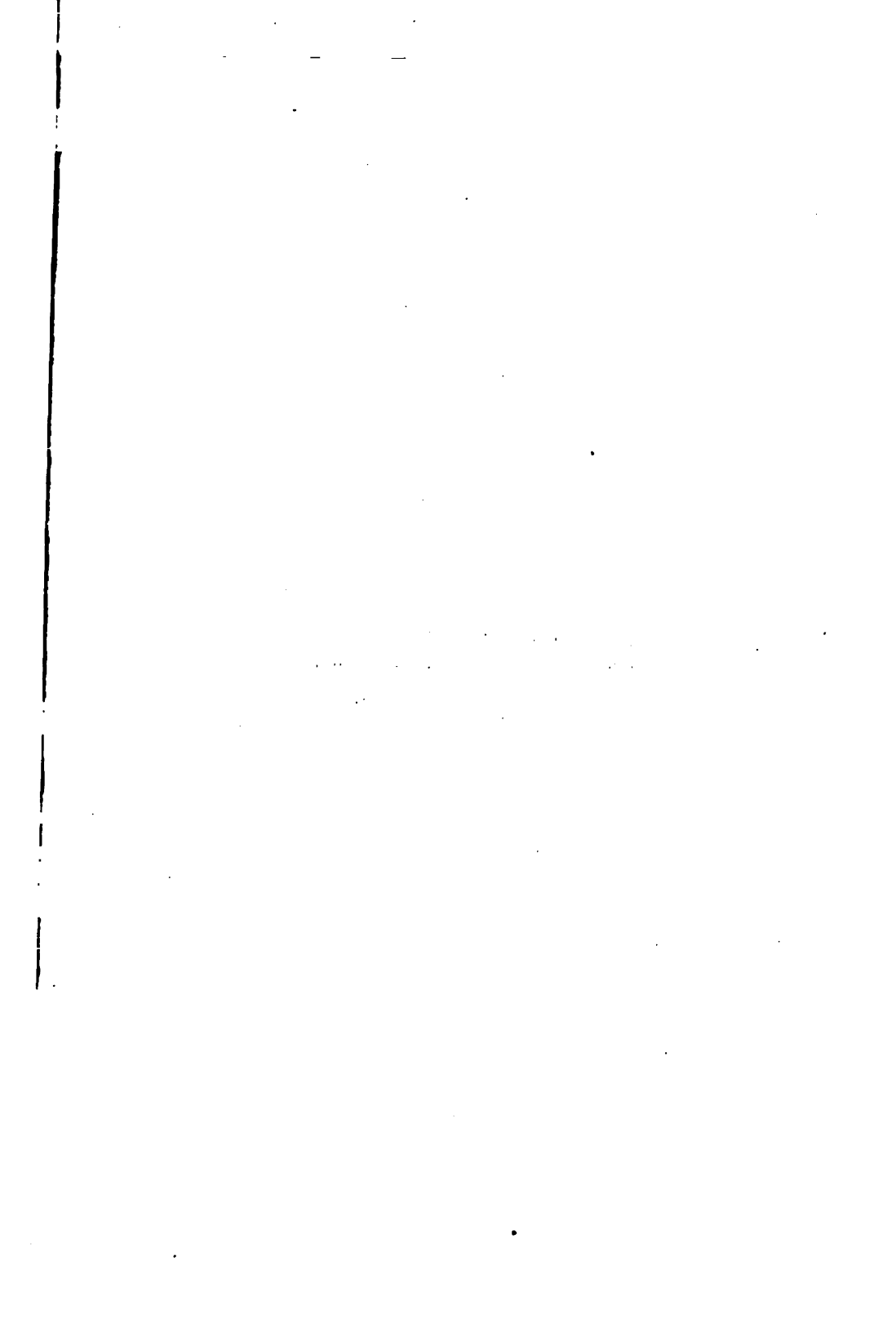
Richard Cromwell, the third son of the Protector, was born at Huntingdon on the 4th of October, 1626. Of his two elder brothers, Robert, the first-born, died when a child, and Oliver, the second brother, was killed in an engagement with the Scots, at the commencement of the civil wars.

Richard was for some time at school at Felsted, in Essex, where he was immediately under the eye of his maternal relations. On the 27th of May, 1647, he was admitted a student of Lincoln's Inn, where he remained about two years. During this period it is evident that he preferred the pleasures of the table to the dry details of the law. While his father was reducing kingdoms and wading through blood, Richard was either quietly enjoying the sports of the field, or secluded in his peaceful chambers, in the society of men of pleasure like himself. "During the civil war," says Neve, "he was bred in the country, and led a life that delighted much in hunting and other rural sports."

Richard Cromwell was at heart a confirmed royalist, and was strongly opposed to the measures of his father. He believed they would end in infamy and disgrace; and it is even asserted that he gave credit to an idle prophecy that his father

would be hanged. He was a friend of the cavaliers, and lost no opportunity of assisting those who had suffered in the royal cause. Even after the execution of the king, he used to broach the cavalier toast, the health of our landlord. When the sentence was passed on Charles, he is said to have fallen on his knees before his father, and to have implored him in a passion of grief to save the life of the king.

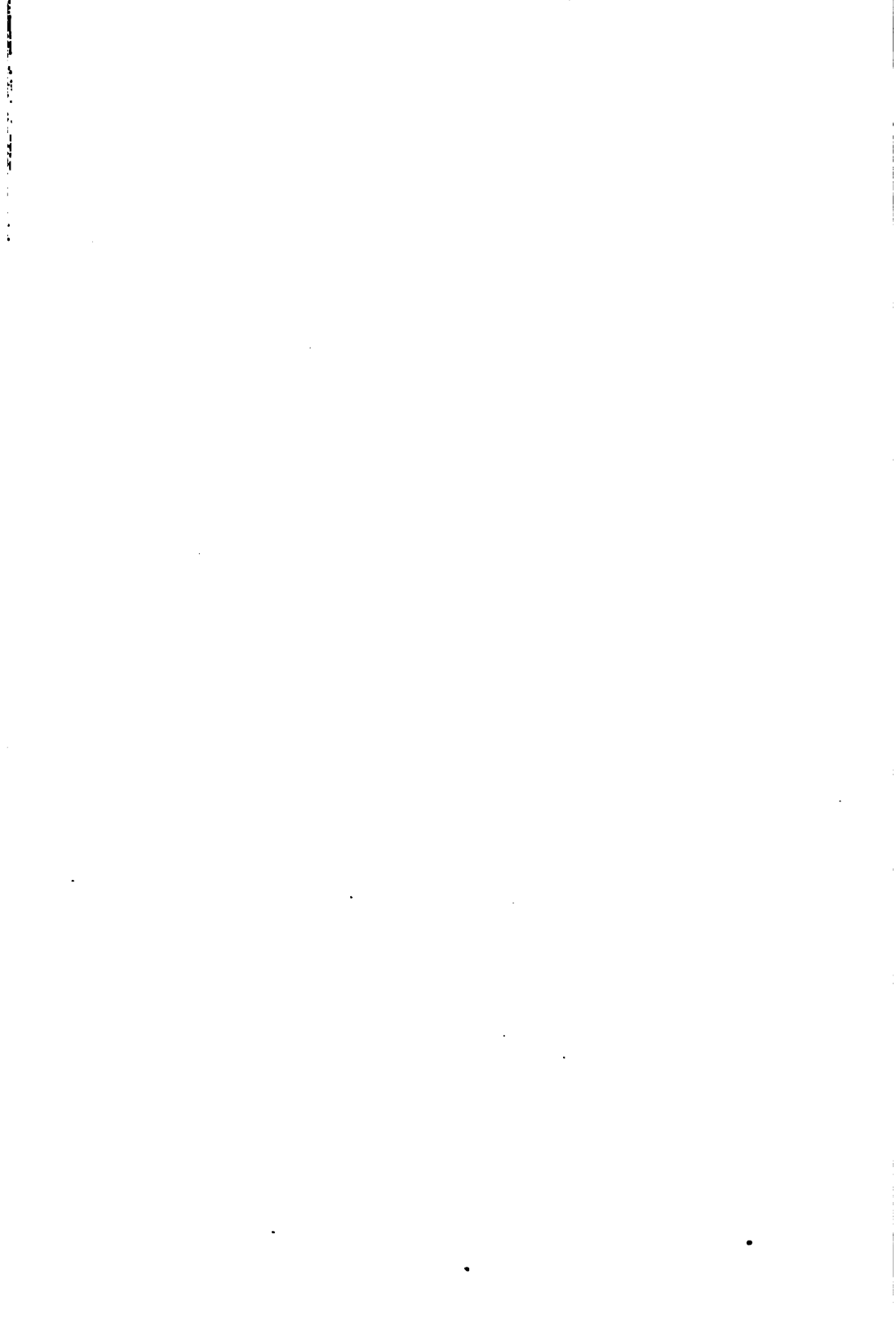
On the 1st of May, 1649, he married Dorothy, daughter of Richard Maijor, Esq., of Hursley, in Hampshire, with whom he received a considerable fortune. Of this lady little is known. Oliver, however, seems to have been extremely fond of his daughter-in-law. In his letters to her father, which are still extant, he frequently mentions her with affection, and desires him in a playful manner to scold Doll for not having written to him more frequently. There is no evidence of her having, on more than on one occasion, been at court during the usurpation of her father-in-law; and even then, from a comparison of dates, it must have been but for a short period. At the time of her husband's resignation of the Protectorship she was resident at Whitehall, and is said to have been much affected with their change of fortune. She died on the 5th of January, 1676, in the forty-ninth year of her age, and was buried in the chancel of Hursley Church. Her conduct was probably irreproachable, inasmuch as it



Richard Cromwell.

Photo-etching from an engraving made in 1659.





has escaped even the aspersions of political malignancy.

From the period of his marriage to that of the elevation of his father to the Protectorship, Richard principally resided in retirement at Hursley. He was much attached to the pleasures of the field, and continued to keep a pack of harriers even in his old age. The elder Protector appears to have entertained something like contempt for his indolent and unambitious son, and in his letters to Mr. Maijor frequently complains of his idleness. The world, however, must judge between the wisdom of the two. The one was provoking the hatred of a nation ; the other was contenting himself with the love of his neighbours. In one of his letters to Mr. Maijor, the Protector alludes, though not harshly, to his son having exceeded his income. Richard was never a good manager, and his hospitality seems to have been unusually expensive.

Whether it was that Cromwell was unwilling to alarm the republicans, or whether it was his policy to flatter others with the prospect of succession, certain it is that he was at first quite as desirous of keeping his son from court as the latter was willing to remain away. When the Protector, however, had become more settled in his despotism, we find him sending for his son to Whitehall, and endeavouring to initiate him into the affairs of government. Accordingly, in 1654,

Richard was returned to Parliament both for Monmouth and Southampton. In 1655 he was made first lord of trade and navigation, and in 1656 was returned for the county of Hants and the University of Cambridge.

In 1657, on the Protector resigning the chancellorship of Oxford, the university created Richard a Master of Arts, and elected him their chancellor. He was installed with great state at Whitehall, and shortly afterward was sworn a privy councillor, appointed a colonel in the army, and placed at the head of the new House of Lords, with the title of the right honourable the Lord Richard, eldest son of his Serene Highness the Lord Protector.

However displeasing to him may have been his father's usurpation, he rejected not the means of aggrandisement when offered to himself. The story of his government, which lasted but seven months and twenty-eight days, may be chronicled in a few words. Mankind had long anticipated that the death of Cromwell would entail the entire annihilation of that extraordinary fabric of which he was the sole architect. They beheld, therefore, with extreme astonishment, the peaceable advancement of his inoffensive son. Partly owing to the terror attached to his father's name, and partly to the various political cabals into which the country was divided, not a hand was raised to oppose his elevation. The council admitted his claims; condolences were addressed to him by

foreign princes, and the most fulsome addresses poured in from the people.

The necessity of obtaining supplies rendered it imperative on Richard to call a Parliament. He met it on the 27th of January, 1659, with the same state and solemnity which had been used by his father. His speech on the occasion was pertinent in matter, and clear and almost elegant in language. It was much commended at the time, and bore a favourable comparison with that of the keeper of the great seal, Commissioner Fiennes, who spoke after him. Of his father, Richard spoke with pride and affection. "He died," he says, "full of days spent in sore and great travail. Yet his eyes were not waxed dim, neither was his natural strength abated. As it was said of Moses, he was serviceable to the last. As to these nations, he left them in great honour abroad, and in full peace at home, all England, Scotland, and Ireland dwelling safely; every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, from Dan even to Beer-sheba. He is gone to rest, and we are entered into his labours. And if the Lord hath still a blessing for these lands, as I trust he hath, as our peace hath been lengthened out to this day, so shall we go on to reap the fruit and gather the harvest of what his late Highness hath sown and laid the foundation." There are Scriptural allusions throughout the whole speech, which bear the evident stamp of Puritanism. Considering,

however, the character of the assembly which he addressed, they were rendered not only politic but necessary.

According to Neal, in his "History of the Puritans," though Richard Cromwell had little taste for the fashionable cant of the period, yet he was a person who feared God and respected his word. A story, however, related by Ludlow, appears to have rendered him anything but popular with the Puritans. He had shown much favour to the royalists, a circumstance naturally murmured at by the opposite faction. One of the zealots publicly accusing him of the partiality, "Would you have me," he said, "prefer none but the godly? Here is Dick Ingoldesby, who can neither pray nor preach, and yet I will trust him before you all."

For a short period the situation of the new Protector was all smiles and prosperity. His troubles, however, were fast approaching. In the House of Commons he could reckon but an insignificant majority against a violent opposition. In the army, affairs were still worse. A powerful cabal, of which his own relations, Fleetwood and Desborow, were the principal movers, was arrayed against him. The private soldiers, moreover, consisted chiefly of millennarians and fifth-monarchy men, whom the mere text-word of the good old cause would at any moment have excited to point their bayonets against the new Protector. At

length the meeting of the officers of the army at Wallingford House, to which Richard so unadvisedly gave his sanction, was a death-blow to his hopes of retaining the supreme power. It was voted that the command of the army should be committed to a single individual, and no one could doubt but that Richard was the very last person whom they would select for the trust. The Protector applied to his council for advice, and was referred by them to the Parliament. Accordingly, a vote was passed against the proceedings of the army, and an ordinance issued that no meeting should hereafter be held by its officers without the express orders or permission of the Protector. Affairs were thus brought to a rupture. The army insisted that the Parliament should be dissolved; the officers besieged his palace, and assailed his ears with their clamour; and finally Desborow, entering his apartment with an armed retinue, had the insolence to threaten him with violence should he refuse their demands. Richard had neither the means, the inclination, nor, perhaps, the ability to resist. After considerable hesitation, he dissolved the Parliament, and shortly afterward signed his formal abdication of the supreme authority.

For his conduct at this period, Richard has been accused of feebleness and pusillanimity. Mrs. Hutchinson says, in her *Memoirs*: "He was a meek, temperate, and quiet man, but had

not a spirit fit to succeed his father, or to manage such a perplexed government." Certainly, had he plunged the nation in a war, and had he put to death two or three of his most factious opponents, he might possibly have remained in power for a longer season. But, surrounded by false friends and powerful enemies, unacquainted with the arts of government, without even the impulse of ambition, and without money, it was impossible he could have long resisted the powerful combination by which he was opposed. He entertained, moreover, a strong disinclination to shed blood; and, rather than owe his aggrandisement to the sacrifice of human life, retired peaceably to the private station from whence he had sprung, and to the enjoyment of those calmer pleasures and pursuits for which his nature was peculiarly adapted. To Colonel Howard, when he vainly endeavoured to rouse him to more rigorous measures, "Talk no more of it," he said, "my resolution is fixed: violent councils suit not with me; and all you can persuade me to by what you now give, is, that it proceeds from a true friendship, for which I am thankful." The history of Richard, as well as that of his father, exemplifies how frequently the fortunes of a whole nation are dependent on the genius and dispositions of single individuals.

To the cavaliers and republicans, the course adopted by Richard was naturally a subject of

ridicule. Such terms as "Queen Dick," "tumble-down Dick," and the "meek knight," were plenteously bestowed upon him. Heath styles him a "milk-sop," Lord Clarendon a "poor creature," — and Bishop Warburton a "poltroon." Of his true character and of the real motives of his conduct, historians probably will ever remain divided in opinion. There is reason to believe that he was not constitutionally a coward, for when the army deserted his fortunes, observing Whalley's regiment (which was the last left on the ground) filing off before his face, he opened his breast to the weapons of the soldiers, and passionately implored them to end his sorrows and his life. Even Harris rises above his usual stiffness of style in defending the motives and character of Richard. "In the name of common sense," he says, "what was there weak or foolish in laying down a burthen too heavy for the shoulders? What, in preferring the peace and welfare of men to blood and confusion, the necessary consequence of retaining the government? Or what, in a word, in resigning the power to such as by experience had been found fully equal to it, and intent on promoting the common welfare? Ambition, glory, fame, sound well in the ears of the vulgar; and men, excited by them, have seldom failed to figure in the eyes of the world; but the man who can divest himself of empire for the sake of his fellow men must, in the eye of rea-

son, be entitled to a much higher renown than the purple hero who leads them to slaughter, though provinces or kingdoms are gained to him thereby."

It may be argued that, with Richard's bias in favour of a monarchical form of government, he should never have accepted of the sovereign power; indeed, it has been insisted that he should immediately have declared for the rightful heir. But dominion is a splendid temptation, and, undoubtedly, the greatness which devolved upon him was the more palatable, from its being unpurchased by blood. Besides, at this particular crisis, a declaration in favour of Charles would have proved anything but beneficial to the royal cause. The extreme wariness which Monk, subsequently, even with a large army at his back, found himself compelled to adopt, is a sufficient argument against the policy of such a step.

The republicans, while they insisted that Richard should for ever quit the palace at Whitehall, not only agreed to pay his debts, but settled a liberal allowance on himself and heirs. They were advantages, however, of which the political changes of the period precluded a protracted enjoyment. Even before he quitted Whitehall, his creditors became insolent and pressing. According to Heath, within a day or two after he had resigned the Protectorship, instead of his guards, Whitehall was besieged by half the bailiffs of Westminster,

who were actually armed with a writ against the unfortunate Richard.

It is certain that, as the national troubles increased, there existed a party who would willingly have restored Richard to power. On the 29th of April, 1660, Ignatius White writes to the Marquis of Ormond: "My Lord St. John, Pierpont, Thurloe, and all the Protectorians, used great endeavours to try if they could bring in Richard again. One of the greatest reasons they alleged was that, supposing the king to be the most accomplished, the wisest, best-natured prince in the world, and the most religious observer of his word, his party, which consists altogether of indigent men, partly by their own luxury, and partly by their ill success in the wars, will become powerful by little and little, and so considerable that, in spite of all the industry that can be used to prevent it, they will force the king to break any engagement he can now make, though never so binding; and since the nation is so violent for a single person, there is none who may so conveniently comprehend all interests as Richard." Among those who would have recalled him was Lambert. He endeavoured to enlist Ingoldesby in the cause, but the latter had already made his peace with the king. One of the most difficult to be gained over would probably have been Richard himself.

During the period he was power, there occurred but one incident of a private nature worth record-

ing.¹ "Richard," says Heath, "still followed his old game of hawking; and, being one day with his horse-guard engaged in a flight, the eagerness of the sport carried him out of their sight; and his horse floundering or leaping short, threw him into a ditch, where by the help of a countryman he was taken out and preserved. He had carried himself very quietly hitherto to all about him. This disaster and accident made him angry, and to charge them roughly with this neglect, telling them he expected more service and respect, and would have it from them." Noble says it was the only occasion on which the good-humoured Richard was ever known to be displeased with his attendants.

A short period before the recall of Charles the Second, Richard retired unmolested to Hursley, from whence, as he could no longer support the interests of the university, he sent in his resignation as Chancellor of Oxford. About the middle of 1660 he sailed from England in the same vessel

¹ We must add, however, amongst the domestic occurrences of his Protectorship, the loss of one child and the birth of another. These events are formally announced in the public journals of the period.

"December 14, 1658. — This day came sad news of the death of an illustrious infant lady, the Lady Dorothy, second daughter of his Highness, who died at Hursley, in Hampshire, and the loss is entertained by their Highnesses with much sorrow of mind."

"Whitehall, March 27th. — This night it pleased God, that her Highness was safely delivered of a daughter."

with Ludlow. Lord Clarendon tells us that he went abroad less from fear of the government than from a dread of his creditors. His debts amounted to about 30,000*l*.¹

With the exception of two visits to Geneva, the period of his exile was passed in obscurity, and under a fictitious name, at Paris. We have on record an amusing story, related both by Lord Clarendon and Voltaire, of a circumstance that occurred to Richard in one of his journeys to Geneva. In passing through Languedoc, he happened to make some stay in the town of Pezenas, near which place the Prince de Conti, the governor of the province, had a palace. Being told it was the custom for all strangers to pay their respects to the governor, who, it was added, treated Englishmen with particular civility, Richard, under his fictitious name, hastened to wait on the prince.

¹“ July 16, 1659. — The house had this day under consideration the debts of Richard Cromwell, eldest son of the late Lord General Cromwell, and have resolved the same to be 29,640*l*. and have ordered a way for the satisfaction thereof. Resolved, that the said Richard Cromwell, eldest son of the late Lord General Cromwell, shall be, and is hereby acquitted and absolutely discharged from payment of the said debt of 29,640*l*. and every part thereof, and of and from all actions, suits, and demands, for or by reason thereof, by the creditors; and that the state will satisfy the persons to whom the same is due. It is referred to a committee to examine the true yearly value of the estate of the Lord General's eldest son, in order to the settling on him a comfortable and honourable maintenance.” — *Public Intelligencer*, July 11 to 18.

“He received him,” says Clarendon, “with great civility and grace, according to his natural custom ; and, after a few words, began to discourse of the affairs of England, and asked many questions concerning the king, and whether all men were quiet, and submitted obediently to him ; which the other answered briefly according to the truth. ‘Well,’ said the prince, ‘Oliver, though he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, and was worthy to command ; but that Richard, that coxcomb, *coquin, poltron*, was surely the basest fellow alive. What is become of that fool ? How was it possible he could be such a sot ?’ He answered, that he was betrayed by those whom he most trusted, and who had been most obliged by his father ; so, being weary of his visit, quickly took his leave, and the next morning left the town, out of fear that the prince might know that he was the very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned so kindly. And within two days after the prince did come to know who it was whom he had treated so well, and whom before, by his behaviour, he had believed to be a man not very glad of the king’s restoration.” “Richard,” says Lord Clarendon, “lived some years in Paris, untaken notice of, and, indeed, unknown ; living in a most obscure condition and disguise, not owning his own name, nor having but one servant to attend him.” According to Oldmixon, he adopted at this period the surname of Wallis.

Richard remained abroad till 1680, by which time he had nearly freed himself from his pecuniary difficulties. On his return, he settled under the name of Richard Clarke at Cheshunt. Here, with the exception of exchanging occasional visits with a few friends, he passed the remainder of his long life in peace and seclusion. Doctor Watts, who was one of his most favoured intimates, used to mention that only on one occasion had he heard any allusion from the recluse to his former greatness, and then but in an indirect manner.

In the early period of his life, Richard had neither been an enemy to the fascinations of beauty nor the pleasures of the table. "In his younger days," says Neal, "he had not all that zeal for religion as was the fashion of the times ; but those who knew him well in the latter part of life have assured me that he was a perfect gentleman in his behaviour, well acquainted with public affairs, of great gravity and real piety ; but so very modest that he would not be distinguished or known by any name but the feigned one of Mr. Clarke." One, who knew him well, observed that he had never discovered or heard of any blemish in his character, with the exception of too great an admiration of the fair sex. Thomas Pengelly, who was afterward knighted, and became lord chief baron of the exchequer, was supposed to have been his natural son, and there are many circumstances which lend weight to the supposition.

Allusion has been made to the many fulsome addresses which were poured upon the new Protector, on his first accession to power. "They flew to him," says Anthony Wood, "from all parts of the three nations, to salute and magnify his assumption to the sovereignty, wherein he was celebrated for the excellency of his wisdom and nobleness of his mind, for the lovely composition of his body," etc. There are one or two interesting anecdotes, which have reference to these addresses. On his expulsion from Whitehall, Richard showing particular anxiety about the safety of two old trunks, a friend, somewhat surprised, inquired the reason of this extraordinary interest. "They contain," said the ex-Protector, "no less than the lives and fortunes of the people." The fact is, they were the addresses which he had received in the zenith of his glory, in which he was spoken of as the saviour of his country, and as the person on whom alone depended the lives and liberties of the three kingdoms.

Richard, after his abdication, was extremely particular in the choice of his companions, and would admit none to his table but such as were alike distinguished by their cheerfulness, their conversational qualities, and strict probity. One of these agreeable persons gave the following account of his introduction to the house of Richard Cromwell. He had previously been warned to refrain

from making any observations on whatever might meet his eye, and to take as little notice as possible of the eccentricities of the recluse. After an hour or two spent in conversation over their wine, Richard suddenly started from table, and, seizing hold of a candle, quitted the room. The rest of the company, who, with the exception of the individual last admitted, were aware of what was about to take place, caught hold of the bottle and glasses, and hurried after their host. They ascended to a dirty garret in which there was nothing but a little round hair trunk. Drawing it into the middle of the room, and seating himself astride on it, Richard called for a bumper of wine and drank prosperity to old England. The example was followed by every one present. Richard, calling on the newcomer to follow their example, desired him to sit lightly, for beneath him, he said, were no less than the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England. The trunk was then opened, and the original addresses were produced amidst much laughter. This, we are told, was Richard's invariable method of initiating a new acquaintance.

By the death of his son, Richard, in his old age, became the possessor of a life estate at Hursley. His daughters, however, affirming that he had become superannuated, refused to allow him to take possession, and offered him a small annuity in its stead. A lawsuit was the consequence,

which was tried at the Court of King's Bench. The ex-Protector appeared personally in court ; his sister, Lady Falconberg, having sent her carriage to conduct him thither. His venerable appearance, and the memory of the exalted station which he had formerly held, excited the greatest interest in the bystanders ; while the conduct of the presiding judge was such as we cannot sufficiently admire. He had him conducted into a private apartment, where refreshments were in readiness. A chair was brought into court for his convenience ; and he insisted that, on account of his age, he should remain covered. When the counsel on the opposite side objected, for some reason, to the indulgence of the chair, the judge said, "I will allow of no reflections to be made, but that you go to the merits of the cause." It was given in favour of Richard. Queen Anne, in whose reign the circumstance occurred, had the good feeling to appreciate, and the good taste to applaud, the conduct of the judge on the occasion. Sir Nathan Wright, Sir Thomas Trevor, and Sir Simon Harcourt have severally been mentioned as having been the presiding judge on this occasion. Lord Chancellor Cowper has also had the credit, but dates are unfortunately against him.

There is another well-known anecdote of Richard on this occasion, which appears to be tolerably well authenticated. Curiosity, or a desire to visit a spot fraught with so many and such strange asso-

ciations, had induced him, while his cause was pending, to wander into the House of Lords. A stranger, mistaking him in all probability for a mere gaping country gentleman, inquired of him if he had ever before beheld such a scene. The old man pointed toward the throne. "Never," he replied, "since I sat in that chair."

To the last, Richard enjoyed good health, and at eighty years of age used still to gallop about the country. He died at Cheshunt, in the house of Sergeant Pengelly, his supposed son, on the 12th of July, 1712, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. Shortly before his departure, "Live in love," he said to his daughters, "for I am going to the God of love." He was buried with some magnificence in the chancel of Hursley Church, where one of his daughters afterward erected a monument to his memory.

Richard Cromwell appears to have had a due sense of religion, without any of the puritanical austerity of the age in which he lived. According to the account of an old inhabitant of Hursley (one Peter Colson, who was the bearer of a torch at his funeral), the ex-Protector and his family were constant in their attendance at the parish church. Service being restricted at Hursley to once every Sunday, he used to attend alternately the Established Church, and an anabaptist meeting at Romsey.

The face of Richard Cromwell is said to have

been handsome and thoughtful ; his appearance graceful, and his manners engaging. He was the father of nine children, but left no male heir to perpetuate his name. During his lifetime, however, one of his sons, Oliver Cromwell, had been extremely active at the Revolution, and even offered to raise a regiment for King William, for service in Ireland, on condition that he should be allowed to nominate his own captains. There existed an apprehension, however, that his name might render him too popular in a disturbed country, and the offer was consequently declined.

CHAPTER VII.

HENRY CROMWELL.

His Resemblance to His Father, the Great Protector—His Military Services—His Amiable Character—His Marriage—Appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland—His Admirable Administration in That Country—His Recall—Lives in Retirement after the Restoration—Visited by Charles II.—His Last Illness—The King Interests Himself in His Sufferings—His Death and Burial—Encomiums on His Character—His Descendants.

HENRY CROMWELL was the second surviving son of the great Protector. Had he been the first-born of his father, probably Charles the Second would never have succeeded to the throne of his ancestors. He is said to have borne a strong resemblance to his father, not only in person but in mind.

Henry was born at Huntingdon, on the 20th January, 1628, and was educated at Felsted school in Essex, in the neighbourhood of his mother's relations. He entered the Parliamentary army at the age of sixteen, and before he was twenty obtained a troop in Fairfax's life-guards. In 1649, having attained the rank of colonel, he accompanied his father in his expedition to Ireland.

In 1650, we find him surprising Lord Inchiquin's quarters, in company with Lord Broghill, and killing and taking prisoners a large body of the enemy. He was present at the siege of Limerick in 1651, and in the "Barebones Parliament," which assembled in 1653, was returned as one of the members for Ireland.

It would be difficult to conceive a more estimable character than that of Henry Cromwell. His enemies have proved nothing against him, and his friends have said everything in his favour. Granger styles him a "great and good man," and the encomium appears to be merited. He was religious, honourable, and warm-hearted; possessed a clearness of intellect and a strength of mind which bordered closely on genius; and made himself beloved by all ranks and under all circumstances. No one, as well on account of the name which he bore, as of the high station which he afterward filled, could have been more open to calumny, and yet the ill-natured sneers of a few party writers are all that can be discovered in his disfavour.

About the year 1653 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Russell, Bart., of Chippenham, in Cambridgeshire. Noble, who speaks of this lady as "exemplary in her conduct and elegant in her manners," informs us that she was for many years remembered by the people of Wicken (in which place she had long resided) as the "good lady Cromwell." She died on the

7th of April, 1687, and was buried close to her husband in Wicken Church.

In 1654, the University of Cambridge returned Henry Cromwell as their member, and the following year he was sent to Ireland with the intention of appointing him lord deputy. For fear, however, of alarming the republicans, he bore at first merely the rank and commission of a major-general of the army. In passing through Anglesea, on his way to Ireland, being shocked to find that there were only two ministers of religion in the whole island, he immediately applied to the government to increase their number. At Dublin he was received with enthusiasm. "Upon his arrival in the bay," says Ludlow, "the men-of-war that accompanied him, and other ships in the harbour, rang such a peal with their cannon, as if some great good news had been coming to us." He was respectfully received on his landing by the civil and military officers of the town.

Intricate as was the game which he had to play, Henry Cromwell, by his engaging manners and politic conduct, soon paved the way to popularity and success. "In Ireland," writes Baxter, in his "Life of Himself," "they were grown so high, that the soldiers were many of them re-baptised as the way to preferment; and those that opposed them they crushed with much uncharitable fierceness. To suppress these, Cromwell sent thither his son Henry, who so discountenanced the Anabaptists, as yet to

deal civilly with them, repressing their insolences yet not abusing them, or dealing hard with them ; promoting the work of the gospel, and setting up good and sober ministers ; and dealing civilly with the royalists, and obliging all ; so that he was generally beloved and well spoken of. Major-General Ludlow, who headed the Anabaptists in Ireland, was fain to draw in his head."

Henry eventually produced his commission as lord deputy, and was quietly invested with the office. The wisdom of his administration in Ireland has never been questioned. Under his auspices, that unhappy and distracted kingdom progressed rapidly toward civilisation and happiness. The Irish loved and blessed him ; the moderate of all parties applauded the equity of his measures ; and, inclined to be a royalist himself, he acquired the friendship even of the cavaliers. Lord Clarendon, who certainly entertained no kindly feeling toward the name of Cromwell, more than once alludes to the manner in which Henry was beloved. "By his exercise of that government," says the noble historian, "by the frankness of his humour, and a general civility toward all, and very particularly obliging some, he had rendered himself gracious and popular to all sorts of people."

On the death of his father, whom he appears to have deeply lamented, Henry's influence in Ireland occasioned his brother Richard being peace-

ably acknowledged as Protector in that country. But troubles were fast pressing on both. The enemies of their family, conceiving, if they robbed the title, by which Henry ruled Ireland, of a portion of its dignity, that his authority would be undermined in that country, altered the wording of his patent from lord deputy to lord lieutenant. So hurt was Henry at this, and at some other more important restrictions, that he wrote warmly to Thurloe on the subject. Perceiving, shortly afterward, the extreme weakness of his brother's government, and probably disgusted at the manner in which his services had been rewarded, he expressed his desire either to resign or to be allowed to return for a short period to England. He was anxious, moreover, to refute some unfounded charges which had been brought against him. His request was refused; the republicans were in the midst of their intrigues against the government of Richard, and were naturally unwilling that Henry's capacity and firm character should be called into play at Whitehall. As soon as the downfall of his brother was known to be inevitable, rather than Ireland should fall into the hands of the republicans, he prepared to hand over his government, should an opportunity offer, to Charles the Second. His plans, however, being suspected by the Parliament, they voted that Ireland should be governed by commissioners, and summoned Henry to their tribunal. So little

care had he taken of his own interests, that he wanted even sufficient money to carry him to England.

He immediately obeyed the summons of the Parliament. "Ireland," says Walker in his "History of Independency," "had been delivered up wholly and quietly into their power, by that pitiful cowardly imp, Henry Cromwell, who had already attended their pleasure at the Commons' bar; for which good service they stroked him on the head and told him he was a good boy, for which kindness he kissed his hand, made a leg, and exit." Such is the version of one of the most prejudiced of party writers. Henry, having made his peace with his employers, retired into the country, equally gratified at his own freedom from restraint, and at the prospect of the restoration of that regal form of government to which in his heart he was secretly attached. On the 9th of April, 1662, he addressed a manly letter to Lord Clarendon, expressing his gratitude at being permitted to remain unmolested, and wishing "prosperity and establishment" to his Majesty's government.

Mrs. Hutchinson, in her Memoirs, speaks amusingly of Henry Cromwell and his brother Richard, as "two debauched ungodly cavaliers." The strong epithets of the republican lady we are not to receive in their more offensive sense. The moral character of Henry stands free from reproach,

though there is a passage in an affectionate letter addressed to him by his sister, Lady Falconberg, which has been supposed to throw some doubt on his immaculacy. This epistle is dated 7th December, 1655. "I cannot," she says, "but give you some item of one that is with you, which is so much feared by your friends that love you, is some dishonour to you and my dear sister, if you have not a great care; for it is reported here that she rules much in your family; and truly it is feared that she is a discountenancer of the godly people; therefore, dear brother, take it not ill that I give you an item of her, for truly if I did not love both you and your honour, I would not give you notice of her." It has been conjectured that the lady alluded to by Lady Falconberg was rather the mistress than the friend. Nothing can be more unfair, however, than to impugn the character of a good and high-minded man, merely on the score of an isolated and conjectural passage in a family letter.

During the first years which succeeded his retirement from public life, Henry resided principally at Chippenham, at the house of his father-in-law, Sir Francis Russell. From hence he removed to his own estate of Spinney Abbey, a retired spot, near Soham in Cambridgeshire, where he devoted himself almost entirely to the pursuits of agriculture and husbandry. His estate is said to have produced him between five

and six hundred a year. He remained at Spinney till his death.

A story is related by Neve and other writers, of Charles the Second having paid a visit to Henry Cromwell, in one of his journeys from Newmarket to London. Neve relates that, as the king and his retinue entered the front door, Henry (feeling acutely the change in his circumstances) refused to perform the rites of hospitality, and walked out at the back. The king, he says, saluted Mrs. Cromwell, who performed the honours of the house entirely to his satisfaction.

Noble gives another version of the story, which he received, he says, from the Rev. Edward Turner, a resident in Cambridgeshire, and a connection of the Cromwells. The king, it appears, in returning from Newmarket with Lord Inchiquin, happened to express a desire for some refreshment, when his lordship observed there was a friend of his, a country gentleman, who resided in the neighbourhood, who would feel himself honoured by a visit from his Majesty. Charles readily giving his consent, Lord Inchiquin led him to Henry's farmyard (in which the latter happened to be employing himself at the time), and, taking up a pitchfork and placing it on his shoulder, strutted before their host with an affectation of dignified solemnity. The king naturally expressed his astonishment at such buffoonery,

and demanded an explanation. "Why, Sir," said his lordship, "this gentleman is Henry Cromwell, before whom I had the honour of being mace-bearer when he was lord lieutenant of Ireland." Cromwell, says Noble, was confounded ; but "the ease of the sovereign dissipated all disquietude ; the hungry company were treated with what the hospitable Henry had, and departed with good humour and pleasure on both sides."

There is a discrepancy in both versions of this singular story. Supposing we admit Neve's version, is it likely that a man of sense and of the world, such as was Henry Cromwell, should, like a spoiled child, have permitted his wife to do the honours to the king ? On the other hand, if Noble's story be true, it is evident that either Lord Inchiquin was sadly deficient in good breeding, or that Henry's reputation for good nature must have been pretty generally established.

The death of Henry Cromwell was caused by that excruciating disorder, the stone. Charles was at Newmarket at the time, and not only sent to make inquiries as to his health, but expressed a strong sympathy for his sufferings. The king, who had some knowledge of physic, and had his own laboratory, would even seem to have prescribed for the dying man. Neve says, "He once asked if they had not given him his drops, and seemed to have a real concern for him." Henry breathed his last on the 23d of March, 1673, and

was buried beside his mother, within the communion rails of Wicken Church. A black marble stone was placed over him, with the following inscription :

Henricus Cromwell, de Spinney, obiit **xxiii.**
die Martii Anno Christi **MDCLXXIII.**
Annoq. *Ætatis* **XLVII.**

Though he conformed to the doctrines of the Church of England, and died in that communion, he never lost sight of such nonconformists as had formerly been his friends ; indeed, most of his descendants became dissenters. Encomiums have been heaped on him from various quarters. "You may have many," writes Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, "who love his Highness's son, but I love Henry Cromwell were he naked, without all those glorious additions and titles, which, however, I pray may continue and be increased." "He was a truly good man," said Speaker Onslow, "and might pass for a great man in those days." Even Cardinal Mazarin expressed his admiration of his character. "All historians," writes Rapin, "are unanimous in their praises of him, and generally believe that if he had been Protector instead of his elder brother, the officers would have met with their match, or not attempted what they undertook against Richard." Hume also is not backward in his praise.

There is a passage in one of Henry's letters to

his brother Richard, which sufficiently marks the high character of his mind, and with which we will conclude our notices of this interesting person. "I will rather," he says, "submit to any sufferings with a good name, than be the greatest man upon earth without it." He was the parent of seven children, of whom the last male descendant died in the present century.¹

¹ We find in the Obituary for 1821: "Aged seventy-nine, Oliver Cromwell, lineal descendant from Oliver Cromwell, being great-grandson of Henry, the fourth son of Oliver Cromwell, and Lord Deputy of Ireland. He practised as a solicitor for some time; he died at Cheshunt."

CHAPTER VIII.

BRIDGET CROMWELL, MRS. IRETON.

Her Republican Principles — Her Sanctity — Her Marriage with Henry Ireton — Her Second Marriage (with Fleetwood) — Anecdote — Her Death and Burial.

BRIDGET CROMWELL, the eldest daughter of the Protector, was baptised at St. John's Church, Huntingdon, on the 4th of August, 1624. She was a gloomy enthusiast, and so bigoted a republican that she even grudged her father the title of Protector. Mrs. Hutchinson speaks of her as being "humbled and not exalted" by her accession of greatness; Carrington styles her a "personage of sublime growth;" and by a contemporary, she is described as "a woman acquainted with temptations and breathing after Christ."

On the 5th of January, 1647, she was married, at Norton, near Oxford, to the saintly Henry Ireton, Lord Deputy of Ireland, and, after his death, to the simpleton Fleetwood, who afterward held the same high appointment. She seems to have cherished as much admiration for her first husband as she entertained contempt for her second. To

Fleetwood, however, her advice and strong sense proved of the greatest assistance.

The wife of a republican may possibly be as proud and punctilious as the lady of a Spanish grandee. "There went a story," says Mrs. Hutchinson, in her *Memoirs*, "that as my Lady Ireton was walking in St. James's Park, the Lady Lambert, as proud as her husband, came by where she was, and as the present princess always hath precedence of the relict of the dead, so she put by my Lady Ireton, who, notwithstanding her piety and humility, was a little grieved at the affront." The story, related as it is by a third republican lady, is not without its point.

Mrs. Ireton died at Stoke Newington, and was buried at that place on the 5th of September, 1681.

CHAPTER IX.

ELIZABETH CROMWELL, MRS. CLAYPOLE.

The Favourite Daughter of the Protector — Her Amiable Disposition — Her Royalist Principles — Her Marriage — Cromwell's Buffoonery on the Occasion — Notice of Mrs. Claypole's Husband — Mrs. Claypole Befriends the Oppressed Royalists — Recovers the MS. of the "Oceana" for its Author — Her Last Illness — She Reproaches Her Father for His Crimes — Her Death, and the Grief of the Protector — Andrew Marvel's Lament — Her Burial.

ELIZABETH CROMWELL was the second and favourite daughter of the Protector. This amiable and sweet-tempered woman, gentle, charitable, and unaffected, obtained the love and respect of all who knew her. Though as firmly attached to the cause of the Stuarts as she was opposed to the measures of her father, she was ever the darling child of her father. The opinions of her husband were also at war with her own; and yet they lived happily together, and, when she died, he lamented her loss with the deepest affliction.

Elizabeth Cromwell was christened at St. John's, Huntingdon, on the 2d of July, 1629. About the beginning of the year 1646, she was married to John Claypole, Esq., of a respectable family in

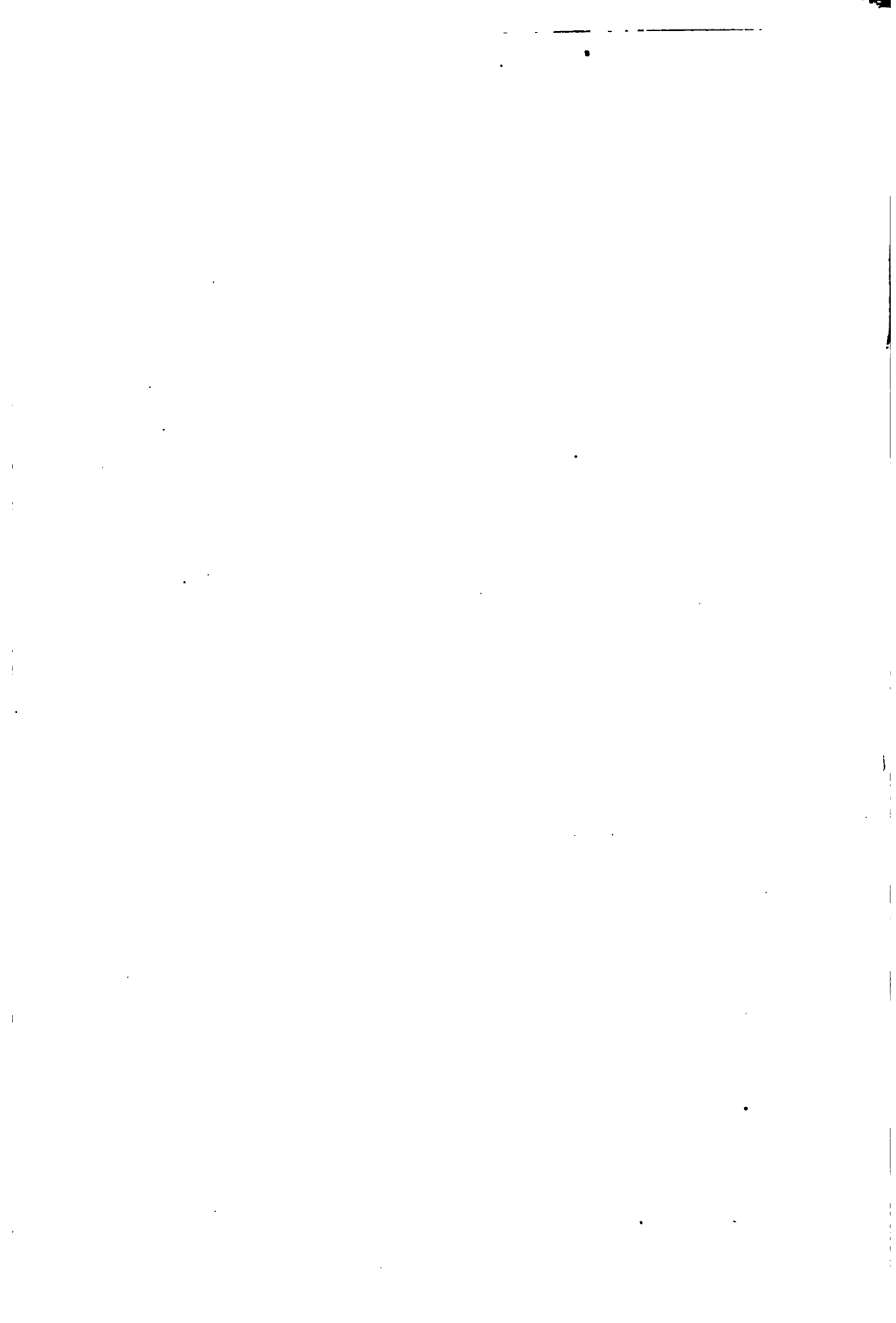
Northamptonshire, who afterward became master of the horse both to Oliver and Richard. The Protector is said to have made himself extremely merry at the marriage feast, "buffeting with cushions, and flinging them up and down the room."

Respecting the husband of Mrs. Claypole, it may be desirable to say a few words. He was a mild and amiable character, altogether unfitted to take an active part in the stirring times in which he lived. Cromwell appointed him therefore to such situations as were only important from the emoluments which they produced, such as master of the horse, a lord of the bedchamber, clerk of the hanaper, and ranger of Wittlebury Forest, all which appointments he held under the Protectorate. In 1647, he was one of the Parliament Committee for Northamptonshire, and, in 1654 and 1656, was returned for that county. In 1657, the Protector created him a baronet, and the same year called him to the upper house as one of his mushroom peers. Although his military services in the field have not been chronicled, we find him, in 1651, obtaining permission to raise a troop of volunteers.

At the installation of Cromwell in the Protectorate, he held the horse of state, and walked bareheaded by the side of the coach; at the second and more solemn inauguration he stood immediately behind the Protector. Many years after the death of his amiable wife, he united himself to Blanch

Stanley, the widow of a London merchant. They lived on bad terms, and eventually separated. Soon after this he formed an illicit connection with one Anne Ottee, who acquired great influence over him, and whom he constituted his sole executrix. He is said to have had a taste for mathematics, and Sir Christopher Wren was his friend. He was improvident in money concerns, and lived and died a Presbyterian. As he had injured no one during the dynasty of his father-in-law, he was left unmolested at the Restoration. However, some years afterward, he was accused of being a leader of one of the absurd plots of the period, and sent to the Tower. The accusation was ridiculous, and he was shortly afterward discharged. He died on the 26th of June, 1688.

But we must return to a more delightful character. Mrs. Claypole was invariably the friend of the oppressed, and especially exercised her gentle influence over the Protector, in favour of the suffering royalists. When the famous "Oceana," then in the press, was seized, on the supposition that it contained arguments against Cromwell's government, it was to Mrs. Claypole, though altogether unknown to him, that its author, Sir James Harrington, flew for assistance and advice. While he was waiting to see her, her only daughter, Martha, then a child, came into the room. The political visionary had drawn the little lady into conversation, and was endeavouring good-naturedly



Elizabeth Cromwell.

Photo-etching after the painting by Kneller.



to amuse her, when Mrs. Claypole herself entered. "Madam," he said, "it was lucky that you came at this nick of time, or I should certainly have stolen this pretty little baby." "Stolen her," replied her mother, "and for what purpose, for she is too young to become your mistress!" "Madam," he said, "it would have been revenge." "Revenge," replied Mrs. Claypole, "why, what harm have I done that you should steal my child?" "None at all," said Harrington, "but you might have been prevailed upon to induce *your* parent to restore *my* child whom he has stolen." Mrs. Claypole, of course, demanded an explanation, on which he told her it was the child of his brain. She was naturally pleased with the manner in which he had introduced himself, and, as he assured her the work contained no treason, she kindly exerted her influence, and the manuscript was restored.

We should admire Mrs. Claypole less were her character more prominent. There was nothing of brilliance in her career, but she possessed that feminine loveliness of character which we look for in the sister or the wife, and which we associate with the happy scenes of domestic life. Carrington, in his curious history of her father, lingers enthusiastically over the recollection of her virtues. "How many of the royalist prisoners got she not freed? How many did she not save from death whom the laws had condemned? How

many persecuted Christians hath she not snatched out of the hands of the tormentors, quite different from that Herodias who could do anything with her father." "Cromwell," adds the same writer, "ravished to see his own image so lively described in those lovely and charming features of that winning sex, could refuse her nothing ; insomuch, that when his clemency and justice did balance the pardon of a poor criminal, this most charming advocate knew so skilfully to disarm him, that his sword falling out of his hands, his arms only served to lift her up from those knees on which she had cast herself, to wipe off her tears, and to embrace her."

Her last illness was a severe and afflicting one. The execution of Doctor Hewett, who died for his attachment to the royal family, and for whose pardon she had passionately interceded with the Protector, is supposed to have hastened her death. But the loss of one of her children, her third son, Oliver, who died a short time before her, is more likely to have aggravated her sufferings. Her own death-bed must have been a distressing scene ; nor can we conceive anything more painful than Cromwell watching the dissolution of his beloved daughter. During her illness she is said to have frequently remonstrated with him on the course which he was pursuing. But, "in her hysterical fits," says the physician Bates, "she much dispirited him, by upbraiding him sometimes with

one of his crimes, and sometimes with another, according to the fancied distractions of her disease." "That," says Lord Clarendon, "which chiefly broke the Protector's peace, was the death of his daughter, Claypole, who had been always his greatest joy, and who, in her sickness, which was of a nature the physicians knew not how to deal with, had several conferences with him, which exceedingly perplexed him. Though nobody was near enough to hear the particulars, yet her often mentioning, in the pains she endured, the blood her father had spilt, made people conclude she had presented his worst actions to his consideration. And though he never made the least show of remorse for any of those actions, it is very certain that either what she said, or her death, affected him wonderfully." "The Lady Claypole," says Heath, "died at Hampton Court, August 6th, of a disease in her inwards, and being taken frantic, raved much against the bloody cruelties of her father, and about the death of Doctor Hewett, for whom 'tis said she interceded."

Mrs. Claypole breathed her last at the palace of Hampton Court on the 6th of August, 1658, in the twenty-ninth year of her age. "She died," says Carrington, "an Amazonian-like death, despising the pomps of the earth, and without any grief, save to leave her father perplexed at her so sudden being taken away." Andrew Marvell, in his "Ode on the Death of Cromwell," dwells

pathetically on the affection of the bereaved parent :

“ With her each day the pleasing hours he shares,
And at her aspect calms his growing cares,
Or with a grandsire’s joy her children sees,
Hanging about her neck, or at his knees :
Hold fast, dear infants, hold them both or none ;
This will not stay, when once the other’s gone.”

Her remains were conveyed by water to Westminster, where they lay in state in the Painted Chamber, and were afterward buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. On some alterations being made in Henry the Seventh’s Chapel, in 1725, her coffin was discovered by the workmen. An attempt was made by them to wrench off the silver plate which was attached to it, but their purpose was defeated and the memorial restored. It may be mentioned that Mrs. Claypole was a member of the Church of England. In the retiring character and simple story of this amiable lady, we take a far greater interest than in the annals of half the heroines and authoresses who have thrust themselves into publicity. The one, it is true, may command our attention, but the other obtains the homage of the heart.¹

¹ The death of Mrs. Claypole is thus announced in the *Mercurius Politicus*, from August 5th to 12th. “ Hampton Court, August 6th. This day, about three o’clock in the morning, it pleased God to put a period to the life of the most illustrious lady, the Lady Elizabeth, second daughter of his Highness the

Lord Protector, to the great grief of her lord and husband, their Highnesses, the whole court, and of all that have had the honour to be witnesses of her virtue, being a lady of an excellent spirit and judgment, and of a most noble disposition, eminent in all princely qualities; which being conjoined with the sincere love of true religion and piety, had deservedly placed her nigh the hearts of her parents, her husband, and other near relations; and procured her an honourable mention in the mouths both of friends and enemies, as was observed in her lifetime, and hath already been abundantly testified since the time of her death."

CHAPTER X.

MARY CROMWELL, COUNTESS OF FALCONBERG.

The Protector's Third Daughter — Her Character — Her Marriage — Curious Anecdote Connected with It — Her Personal Appearance — Her Resemblance to the Protector — Her Spirited Disposition — Anecdotes — Changes Her Principles at the Restoration — Defoe Visits Her in Her Old Age — Her Death.

MARY CROMWELL, the Protector's third daughter, was baptised on the 9th of February, 1637. She was possessed of considerable beauty and strength of mind ; appears to have passed through life without enemies ; and is spoken of as having been virtuous, charitable, high-spirited, and warm-hearted.

On the 18th of November, 1657, the Protector married her to Thomas Bellasyse, Viscount and afterward Earl of Falconberg. The ceremony (which is celebrated by Andrew Marvell in two pastoral eclogues of indifferent merit) was performed publicly at Hampton Court,¹ by one of the

¹ "Yesterday afternoon, his Highness went to Hampton Court, and this day the most illustrious, the Lady Mary Cromwell, third daughter of his Highness the Lord Protector, was there married to the most noble lord, the Lord Falconberg, in the presence of their Highnesses and many noble persons."

Protector's chaplains, with great pomp and magnificence; Doctor Hewett, however, had already united them in private, according to the rites prescribed by the Church of England. Lord Clarendon considers that this previous ceremony took place with the privity of Cromwell, who "pretended," he says, "to yield to it, in compliance to the importunity and folly of his daughters." "Probably," says Granger, "he might be fearful, if any revolution should take place, and his family suffer a reverse of fortune, that the husbands of his daughters might wish as much for a separation as they then courted the honour of their alliance. Perhaps Oliver was of the same opinion as Marshall, an Independent minister, who gave as the reason for marrying his daughter with the ring and Common Prayer Book, that the statute for establishing the Liturgy was not yet repealed, and he was loath to have his daughter turned back upon him, for want of a legal marriage."

There is, in Hume's Letters, an amusing passage, connected with Lady Falconberg's marriage, which must be given nearly in the words of the writer. "Jeremy White was Oliver's chaplain, and he was, besides, the chief wag and joker of his solemn court. As the Protector condescended to be very merry with Jerry, he said to him one day, 'You know the Viscount Falconberg?' 'Perfectly well,' said Jerry. 'I am going to marry my daughter Mary to him: what do you think of the mat-

ter?' 'I think, sir?' said Jerry, — 'that the match will not prolong your race.' 'I am sorry for that, Jerry; why, how do you know?' 'Sir,' said Jerry, 'I speak in confidence to your Highness; there are certain defects in Lord Falconberg, that will always prevent his making you a grandfather, let him do what he can.' As this discovery was not made only to the old Protector, it did not at all retard the completion of the match, which Oliver found, in all outward respects, suitable and convenient. So he left the lord and lady to settle the account as they might.

"Not long after, Oliver, in a bantering way, told the whole secret, with which White had entrusted him, before company, which Lord Falconberg turned off with a joke as well as he could, whilst his heart in secret was waxing exceeding wroth against Jeremiah the prophet. Instigated by this wrath, Lord Falconberg sent a message next day to Jerry to desire his company; with which invitation Jerry immediately complied, never suspecting that Oliver had betrayed the secret. Lord Falconberg received him in his study, the door of which he first locked, and then with much anger in his countenance, and a stout cane in his hand, he accosted Jerry, 'You rascal, how dare you tell such mischievous lies of me as you have done to the Protector, that I could never make him a grandfather. I am determined to break every bone in your skin: what can you say for

yourself? what excuse can you make?' All this while the cane kept flourishing over Jerry's head; who, instead of a day of dainties which he hoped to find at my lord's table, would have been glad to save the drubbing on his shoulders by going away with an empty belly. 'What can you say for yourself?' cried Lord Falconberg. 'My lord,' said Jerry, 'you are too angry for me to hope for mercy; but surely you cannot be too angry to forget justice: only prove, by getting a child, that I told the Protector a lie, you may then inflict the punishment with justice, and I will bear it with patience; and if you want exercise for your cane, you may lay it over the Protector's shoulders, if you please, for betraying me.' My lord, who knew in his conscience that Jerry had told only an unseasonable truth, laughed and forgave him."

Noble, in his "Memoirs of the Cromwells," endeavours to relieve Lord Falconberg from Jerry's scandal. "For the credit," he says, "of his lordship's manhood, I must declare that this lady was once in a likely way of being a mother, if she was not actually so;" and then, to substantiate his assertion, he gives two extracts from a letter of Lord Falconberg to his brother-in-law, Henry Cromwell, dated 26th of February, 1657-8. They are as follows: "My lord, this place is at present distract from the death of Mr. Rich, especially my dame, whose condition makes it more dangerous than the rest." And his lordship breaks off,

"My Lord, I am just now called to my poor wife's succour; therefore, I most humbly entreat your lordship's leave to subscribe myself sooner than I intended, my lord, your lordship's," etc. etc. Noble's defence is ingenious; but unfortunately both for Lord Falconberg and himself, it happens that this letter was written only three months and eight days after the solemnisation of the marriage; that event having taken place, as before stated, on the 18th of November, 1657.

The portrait of Lady Falconberg,¹ by Cornelius Jansen, is said to denote delicacy of constitution, and she has elsewhere been described as "pale and sickly." This hardly agrees with the description of Swift, who was well acquainted with her, and who observes that she resembled the pictures he had seen of her father. Lord Ilchester, who was her godson, and well remembered her, assured Granger that, if she was ever "pale and sickly," it must have been late in life; for such was certainly not her natural complexion.

Of her spirited disposition, in which she probably far more resembled the Protector, than in the mere features of her face, more than one anecdote is recorded. About the period that the body of

¹ According to Noble, the picture bears the initials C. J. 1638. Either he must have transcribed the date incorrectly, or it must be a portrait of some other person. Lady Falconberg was not baptised till 1636-7; and though the date of her birth is not known, it must have been but shortly before.

the Protector was exposed at Tyburn, "Madam," said an unfeeling courtier, "I saw your father yesterday." "What then, sir?" "He stunk most abominably." "I suppose he was dead then?" "Yes." "I thought so, or else I believe he would have made you stink worse." The story (which has been variously related, but without any material discrepancy) is said to have been repeated to King Charles, who laughed heartily at the discomfiture of his acquaintance.

She was a "wise and worthy woman," says Bishop Burnet, "more likely to have maintained the post than either of her brothers; according to a saying that went of her, that those who wore breeches deserved petticoats better; but if those in petticoats had been in breeches, they would have held faster." The bishop was personally acquainted with her. Lord Dartmouth adds, in a note to Burnet's encomium: "After her husband's death, she desired Sir Harry Sheers to write an inscription for his monument, and would have it inserted, that in such a year he married his Highness the then Lord Protector of England's daughter; which Sir Harry told her he feared might give offence. She answered that nobody could dispute matters of fact; therefore insisted that it should be inserted. I do not know," adds Lord Dartmouth, "if it were ever erected, but Sir Harry told me the story, with some encomiums on the spirit of the lady."

She was much affected at the death of her father, but apparently still more so at the decline of the greatness of her family. On the 7th of September, 1658, the fourth day after the death of the Protector, Lord Falconberg, in a letter to Henry Cromwell, affords a painful picture of her distress. "My poor wife!" he writes, "I know not what to do with her; when seemingly quieted, she bursts out again into a passion that tears her heart to pieces." Some days afterward he again writes: "Your sister is weeping so extremely by me, that I can scarce tell you in plain terms — that I am going eighty miles out of town to-morrow." However, the lady did not long waste her time in useless grief, but, on the abdication of her brother Richard, commenced busily exerting herself in favour of the Restoration. After that event, her husband becoming a courtier, she divested herself entirely of her puritanical prejudices, and entered heartily into the gay scenes of social life. In 1663 Pepys saw her at the theatre. "Here," he says, "I saw my Lord Falconberg and his lady, who looks as well as I have known her, and well clad; but when the house began to fill, she put on her vizard, and so kept it on all the play; which of late is become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides their whole face."

Defoe mentions his having seen her in her old age, at Sutton Court, Lord Falconberg's seat at Chiswick. "I saw here," he says, "that curious

piece of antiquity, the daughter of Oliver Cromwell, still fresh and gay, though of great age." Lady Falconberg died on the 14th of March, 1712, a few months before her brother Richard, apparently in the seventy-sixth year of her age. She left everything in her power away from her husband's relations, and, among other things, the London residence of the family, Falconberg House, in Soho Square.¹ Some interesting relics, however, descended to the last heir of the Falconbergs, among which was the sword worn by the Protector at the battle of Naseby.

Lady Falconberg, like most of her brothers and sisters, appears to have been at heart a royalist ; and, though it is evident by her letters that she had imbibed some of the fashionable cant of Puritanism, yet she probably despised it in her heart. Later in life she is said to have despised even her father. Granger was informed by one who knew her that, when in London, she attended the Established Church at St. Anne's, Soho ; and when in the country, went to church at Chiswick. She was, throughout her life, attached to the Church of England, and after the Restoration professed herself one of its members.

¹ At the back of the east side of Soho Square are still retained (1839) the names of Falconberg Street, Falconberg Mews, etc., denoting that Falconberg House must have been in the immediate vicinity.

CHAPTER XI.

FRANCES CROMWELL, MRS. RICH.

Charles II. Her Suitor—The Protector Refuses His Consent to Their Union—The Duke d'Enghien Another of Her Suitors—Cromwell Wishes to Marry Her to the Duke of Buckingham—Courtship of Jerry White, the Protector's Chaplain—Her Marriage with Robert Rich—Cromwell's Practical Fooleries on the Occasion—Death of Rich—Her Second Marriage (with Sir John Russell)—Her Numerous Offspring—Her Death.

THIS lively lady, the youngest daughter of Oliver Cromwell, was baptised at St. Mary's, Ely, on the 6th of December, 1638. We know little of her personal appearance, but, as she was courted by many, she was probably handsome. Burnet, who knew her late in life, represents her as a "very worthy person."

Probably no private gentlewoman, if such we may style the daughter of the Protector, ever received so many splendid offers of marriage as this young lady. The first in rank was Charles the Second himself. "Now the fresh reports are," says the writer of a letter in Thurloe's "State Papers," "that it's lowly spoken in the court that

he (Charles) is to marry one of Cromwell's daughters, and so to be brought again to his three lost crowns." Lord Broghill, afterward Earl of Orrery, was the mediator on this occasion, and with such success that he gained the consent of the king, as well as that of the lady and of her mother. The concurrence, however, of the Protector was a more difficult matter, and, moreover, the topic was a delicate one to introduce. Lord Broghill, however, having prepared the way by causing a rumour of such an event to be spread abroad, one day entered Cromwell's closet, for the purpose of sounding him on the subject. The Protector, commencing to pace up and down, as appears to have been his habit, inquired where he had been? Lord Broghill answered, in the city, where he had heard strange news. Cromwell inquiring what it was, his lordship repeated, hesitatingly, and with a smile, that it was strange news indeed. The Protector growing curious, and desiring him to speak out, the other expressed his fears that he might incur his Highness's displeasure. Cromwell, whose patience could endure no longer, assured him that, whatever might be the nature of his communication, he would not be offended, and insisted on his coming to the point. Lord Broghill then told him of the report in the city, that he was about to marry his daughter Frances to the king. "And what do the fools say of it?" said Cromwell, laughingly. The other answered that every one

seemed pleased with it, and believed, were he able to accomplish it, that it would be the most politic step he could take. "And you," said the Protector, suddenly stopping short, and looking steadfastly into Lord Broghill's face, "do you believe so, too?" Lord Broghill, expressing his own opinion that it was the wisest measure he could adopt in order to secure himself, Cromwell for some time walked thoughtfully up and down the room, and then, recurring to the subject, inquired his reasons for advising such a measure. His lordship having so fair an opening afforded him, made use of every argument in his power to advance his object. He represented how little the Protector could trust his own party; that the very persons who had assisted him to rise had become the most anxious for his downfall; that he might now make his own terms, and that the royalists would eagerly join with him; that probably he would have grandchildren who would be heirs to the throne, and possibly that he might still retain the principal power in his own hands. Whereas, on the other side, he could never expect to continue the succession in his own family, and in all probability might see his greatness end even in his own lifetime.

Cromwell continued pacing the apartment, full of thought. "No," he said, abruptly; "the king would never forgive me the death of his father." Lord Broghill requested him to select a mediator

who would sound the king on the subject. "No," he repeated ; " he could never forgive me ; besides, he is so damnably debauched he cannot be trusted." On this Lord Broghill left him, and shortly afterward, meeting the young lady and her mother, acquainted them with the result of his negotiation. They both promised to use their best endeavours to alter the Protector's decision ; however, he continued firm in his opposition, and the project fell to the ground. To the Protectress, when she afterward introduced the subject, Cromwell repeated his former conviction, that Charles would never be such a fool as to forgive him the death of his father.

The Duke d'Enghien, eldest son of the Prince de Condé, was another reputed suitor for the hand of Frances Cromwell. It was said that a portion of the Netherlands was to be conquered, and formed into a principality, for the new married couple. The latter part of the story is too extravagant to be true, though the report is said to have caused some uneasiness at Versailles.

That the Protector wished the young Duke of Buckingham to marry his daughter is far more certain. The duke, however, disappointed his views by uniting himself to the daughter of Lord Fairfax. Speaking of the recent marriage of his child, "None of the council," says Fairfax, "seemed to dislike it, but such as pretended their opinion to be that the duke should be a fit match

for one of the Protector's daughters." Cromwell was exceedingly enraged at the frustration of his project, and immediately committed Buckingham to the Tower.

But the most notable suitor of Frances Cromwell was Jerry White, the Protector's facetious chaplain. There seems to be some doubt whether the joyous lady merely amused herself with the protestations of the reverend Puritan, or whether her affections were not actually engaged. That Cromwell entertained some anxious doubts on the subject, is evident from his causing them to be carefully watched by one of his own spies. The person thus employed one day hurried into the Protector's presence, with the information that the Lady Frances and his spiritual adviser were together in her private apartments. Cromwell hastened to the spot, and, unluckily for the parties, discovered Jerry on his knees kissing his daughter's hand. Demanding angrily the meaning of such a posture, "May it please your Highness," said Jerry, with admirable presence of mind, "I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail. I was, therefore, humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me." The Protector turned to the waiting-maid and demanded the reason of her obduracy. As she was far from being displeased with the prospect of improving her condition, she answered, with a curtsy, that if Mr. White in-

tended the honour, she had no wish to oppose him. Cromwell, in his prompt way, instantly sent for a clergyman, and, as it was too late for Jerry to recede, they were actually married on the spot. The Protector, however, sweetened the dose by presenting the bride with a dowry of five hundred pounds. Oldmixon, who was acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. White, heard the anecdote related in the presence of them both. The lady, he says, frankly admitted that there was something in it.

The familiar name of Jerry, and his ministry at a fanatical court, may perhaps lead the reader to form a contemptible opinion of the hero of this amusing tale. Jerry White, however, was in person extremely handsome, and had nothing of the Puritan in his manners, though he probably affected it in the pulpit. He was also a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and an author. At the Restoration he was left unmolested, and enjoyed to an advanced age the society of the many friends whom his wit and social qualities attracted around him. In a pamphlet, printed in 1703, we find him represented as saying grace at one of those meetings of vulgar infamy and buffoonery, the Calves' Head Club. This may have been a mere libel, although in all probability the principles of Jerry and the club were nearly the same. He died in 1707, at the age of seventy-five.

The Protector had for some time set his heart on marrying his daughter Frances to William

Dutton, Esq., of Sherborne, in Gloucestershire (one of the greatest fortunes in England), whose father had been his friend. This favourite project was, however, defeated by the lady falling in love with Robert Rich, grandson and heir to Robert, Earl of Warwick. The Protector, although the old earl was his most trusted friend, was strongly opposed to their union. It appears by a letter from Lady Falconberg to her brother, Henry Cromwell, dated 23d of June, 1656, that his objection arose from the profligate life which Rich was supposed to have led; although Doctor Gauden, in his funeral sermon on the death of his former pupil, observes that he was ever desirous of instruction both in piety and prudence. Whatever may have been his virtues or his vices, the lady took upon herself to defend her lover's character, and Cromwell at length gave a reluctant consent to their marriage.

They were united (according to Lord Clarendon, with great splendour) on the 11th of November, 1657, the Protector settling 15,000*l.* on his daughter.¹ We have a ludicrous account of Crom-

¹ "Nov. 11. This day the most illustrious lady, the Lady Frances Cromwell, the youngest daughter of his Highness the Lord Protector, was married to the most noble gentleman, Mr. Robert Rich, son of the Lord Rich, grandchild of the Earl of Warwick and of the Countess Dowager of Devonshire, in the presence of their Highnesses and of his grandfather and father, and the said countess, with many other persons of high honour and quality."

well's behaviour at the marriage feast. One of his jocularities on the occasion was to snatch off his son Richard's wig, which he pretended to throw into the fire, though it appears he contented himself with merely sitting on it.

These practical fooleries were on the point of having a fatal termination. One of the guests was Sir Thomas Billingsley, a formal old courtier, who had once been gentleman-usher to the Queen of Bohemia. He was exhibiting, in his cloak and sword, in one of the stately dances of the period, when one of four buffoons, who had been hired to amuse the company, "made the knight's lip black like a beard." The knight, it is said, "drew his knife, missing very little of killing the fellow."

The happiness of the bride was of a short duration, her husband, only three months after their marriage, being attacked by an illness which proved fatal. He had often observed that the period of his life would not exceed that of his mother, who had died at the age of twenty-seven; he himself died at twenty-three. During his sickness he is said to have received much comfort from religion, his young wife reading the Scriptures to him by his bedside, as well as her tears would permit. Sometimes he requested her to read particular verses once or twice over, and then begged her to pause while he pondered them in his mind. Occasionally he broke forth into expressions of hope and thankfulness, that "God had given us

poor creatures such gracious promises to lay hold on." He died at Whitehall, on the 16th of February, 1658, three months and five days after his marriage.¹ When his death was told to his grandfather, the Earl of Warwick, "They had better," he said, mournfully, "keep the grave open for a short time, and they might then bury them together." His words proved almost prophetic, for in two months he followed his favourite grandson to the grave.

Mrs. Rich subsequently united herself to her relation, Sir, John Russell, Bart., who died many years before her, leaving her with a numerous offspring. From the period of her second marriage, her name is scarcely ever mentioned in the annals of the times. Mrs. Rich survived all her brothers and sisters, dying on the 27th of January, 1721, at the almost patriarchal age of eighty-four.

¹"Feb. 16. This day died the most noble gentleman, Mr. Robert Rich, son of the Lord Rich, grandchild of the Earl of Warwick, and husband of the most illustrious lady, the Lady Frances, youngest daughter of his Highness, a young nobleman of great hopes and virtues, answerable to the nobleness of his extraction."

CHAPTER XII.

CHARLES II.

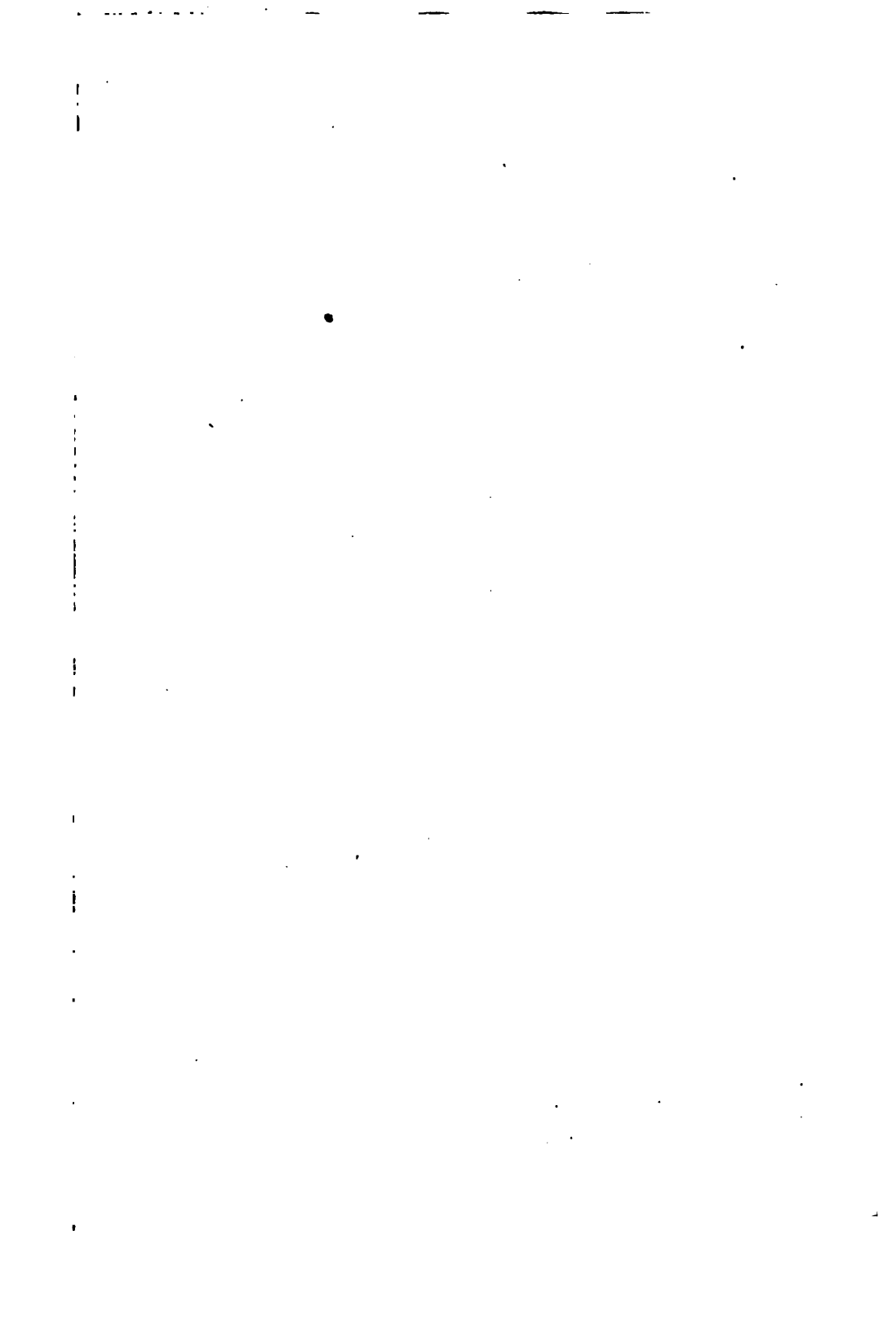
Birth of Charles — Remarkable Constellation — Ceremony of His Christening — Anecdotes of His Childhood — Juvenile Letters — His Guardians — Charles Witnesses from an Eminence the Battle of Edgehill — Parts with His Father for the Last Time — Sent into the West of England with the Title of General — Retreats before Fairfax — Retires to Scilly — Passes over to Jersey — Visits The Hague — Invited to Scotland after the Execution of His Father — Proceeds to Paris — Again Lands at Jersey — Quits That Island for Breda — Arrives in the Frith of Cromarty — Hard Conditions Imposed upon Him by the Scots — His Misery and Privations — Crowned at Scone — Frequently reprimanded for His Levity — Battle of Dunbar — Charles Takes the Command of the Scottish Army — Marches into England — Admirable Conduct of His Soldiers.

A PROFESSED apology, either for the character or conduct of Charles the Second, might almost be considered as an insult to virtue. Morality has passed its sentence on the good-humoured sensualist, and whether that sentence be too severe we will not now pause to inquire. There is a charm, however, in all that concerns the "merry monarch," which has served to rescue from entire reprobation the name of the libertine Charles. Fortu-

nately, on the darker field of politics we are not called upon to trespass. But, in pursuing the personal history of this monarch, let us hope that some better traits, some few redeeming qualities, may present themselves ; tending alike to rescue his character from entire obloquy, and to justify, however partially, that peculiar interest with which the wit, the frolics, and the easy temper of Charles have invested both the sovereign and his court.

Prince Charles, the eldest surviving son of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, was born at St. James's on the 29th of May, 1630, at one o'clock in the afternoon. About the same hour there appeared a singular light in the heavens, which was of course regarded by the superstitious as a presage of his future greatness.¹ Fuller, indeed, from whom something more rational might have been expected, speaks of "two notable signs" in the firmament. "The star Venus," he says, "was not only visible the whole day, but also during the two which followed ; besides which there was an eclipse of the sun, about eleven digits, observed by the greatest mathematicians." But the reverend divine, not content with giving his own nonsense, quotes the solemn absurdities

¹ "On the twenty-ninth of May, Prince Charles was born, a little before one of the clock in the afternoon ; and the Bishop of London had the honour to see him before he was an hour old. At his birth there appeared a star visible, that very time of the day when the king rode to St. Paul's Church to give thanks to God for the queen's safe delivery of a son."



Charles II.

Photo-etching after an old engraving made in 1660.



of another, whom he styles "a most ingenious gentleman," — "To behold this babe, heaven itself seemed to open one eye more than ordinary ; such asterisks and celestial signatures attached to times," etc. These presumptuous inferences are, of course, followed by encomiums equally out of place. "He was a prince," says Fuller, "whose virtues I should injure if I endeavoured to contract them within a narrow scantling. And yet I cannot pass over that wherein he so much resembleth the King of Heaven, whose vicegerent he is. I mean his merciful disposition ; doing good to those who spitefully used and persecuted him." What wretched absurdity ! Could admiration of power or hope of preferment carry adulation to a more ridiculous extreme ?

We have the authority of Lilly, as well as Fuller, that the star which appeared at the birth of Charles was no other than the planet Venus, which not unfrequently presents itself in the open day. Certainly, the fact that Venus happened to be the particular luminary which presented itself, was a singular coincidence, and was at least typical of the subsequent libertinism of his career. Dryden, in his "*Annus Mirabilis*," alludes to the circumstance :

"That bright companion of the sun,
Whose glorious aspect sealed our new-born king."

And again, in his poem on the Restoration :

“That star that at your birth shone out so bright,
It stained the duller sun’s meridian light.”

Waller, also, has celebrated the appearance of the planet, in some heavy panegyrical verses.

On the 30th of May, 1630, the Earl of Dorchester thus announces the birth of a Prince of Wales to De Vic, the English resident at Paris :

“Yesterday, at noon, the queen was made the happy mother of a Prince of Wales. Herself, God be thanked, is in good estate, and what a child can promise that reckons yet but two days is already visible, as a gracious pledge from Heaven of those blessings which are conveyed and assured to kingdoms in the issue of their princes. As this hath set on work here whatsoever may serve to speak the fullness of our hearts in the language of public rejoicing, so his Majesty hath thought fit to communicate his contentment to the King and Queens of France by his own letters, whereof Mr. Montague is the bearer; and hath commission to invite that king and the queen-mother to join with the King of Bohemia, in christening of the young prince. And so in haste I rest,

“Yours to be commanded,

“DORCHESTER.”

The University of Oxford, occasionally loyal even to absurdity, celebrated the birth of the

prince with "printed poems." Cambridge neglected to pay the same homage, and we find the omission giving offence at court.

The baptism of a Prince of Wales comprises, of course, an important ceremony. In a letter of the period, dated 2d July, 1630, and addressed by Mr. Samuel Meddus to Mr. Joseph Meade, the event is thus recorded :

"WORTHY SIR :— Prince Charles was baptised last Lord's day, about four in the afternoon, at St. James's, in the king's little chapel there, not the queen's, by my lord of London, dean of the chapel, assisted by the Bishop of Norwich, almoner. The gossips were the French king, the palsgrave, and the queen-mother of France. The deputies, the Duke of Lennox, Marquis Hamilton, and the Duchess of Richmond, which last was exceedingly bountiful. The ordnance and chambers at the Tower were discharged ; the bells did ring ; and at night were in the streets plenty of flaming bonfires.

"The duchess was sent for by two lords, divers knights and gentlemen, six footmen, and a coach with six horses, plumed, all the queen's ; and alighted, not without the gate, but within the court. Her retinue were six women, and gentlewomen I know not how many. But all, of both sexes, were clad in white satin, garnished with crimson, and crimson silk stockings.

"I hear not of any presents from the gossips ; but the duchess, for her own particular, presented to the queen, for the prince, a jewel estimated at 7,000*l.* or 8,000*l.* ; to the Welsh nurse, a chain of relics estimated at 200*l.* ; to the midwife and dry-nurse, store of massy plate ; to the six rockers each a fair cup, a salt, and a dozen of spoons. All the lords also gave plate to the nurse. Besides, the duchess gave to every knight and gentleman of the queen's, who came for her and brought her back to her house in the Strand, fifty pieces ; to the coachman, twenty ; and to every one of the six footmen, ten pieces. There were neither lords or knights made that I hear of, as was said there would be.

Yours assured,

"SA. MEDDUS."

Shortly after his birth, Charles was declared Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. In the month in which he completed his eighth year, he was knighted, received the order of the Garter, and was installed with the usual ceremonies at Windsor.

In a curious little work, published after the king's death, the following anecdote is related of his childhood : "When he was but very young he had a very strange and unaccountable fondness to a wooden billet, without which in his arms he would never go abroad nor lie down in his bed ; from which the more observing sort of people

gathered, that when he came to years of maturity, either oppressors and blockheads would be his greatest favourites ; or else that when he came to reign he would either be like Jupiter's log, for everybody to deride and contemn, or that he would rather choose to command his people with a club than rule them with a sword."

It would seem that, at a very early age, Charles had imbibed that love for the ridiculous, and that aversion to present inconvenience, to which fortune, fame, and empire were afterward made subservient. This is amusingly illustrated by the following brief correspondence. The queen's note is of itself a curiosity, as being one of the few letters of Henrietta, in the English tongue, which have been handed down to us. It is written entirely in her own hand.

"CHARLES :— I am sore that I must begin my first letter with chiding you, because I hear that you will not take physic. I hope it was only for this day, and that to-morrow you will do it, for if you will not I must come to you and make you to take it, for it is for your health. I have given order to my Lord Newcastle to send me word to-night whether you will or not ; therefore, I hope you will not give me the pains to go ; and so I rest,

Your affectionate mother,

"HENRIETTE MARIE R.

"To my dear Son the Prince."

We can scarcely doubt but that Charles had his mother's remonstrance in his thoughts, when he addressed, about the same period, the following note to his governor, the Earl of Newcastle. It is written in the child's own hand, with lines ruled in pencil above and below.

"MY LORD :— I would not have you take too much physic, for it doth always make me worse, and I think it will do the like with you. I ride every day, and am ready to follow any other directions from you. Make haste to return to him that loves you.

CHARLES P.

"To my Lord of Newcastle."

The nobleman to whom this note was addressed, was William Cavendish, Earl, and afterwards Duke, of Newcastle, a stately and foolish personage, if we may judge from the inflated encomiums of his duchess, but sufficiently respectable in the field of arms. Charles was committed to his care on the 4th of June, 1638, by an instrument which will be found in Rymer's *Fœdera*. He was then eight years old. Among the instructions to the earl, it is curiously enough inserted that no "lewd or suspected person shall presume to haunt near the abode where at the time the prince may happen to be." On the 10th of August, 1641, Charles was removed to the charge of William, Marquess of Hertford, with similar especial injunctions. How

far these noblemen discharged the duties imposed upon them, the subsequent habits of Charles may lead us somewhat to question. His last tutor was Thomas Howard, Earl of Berkshire, a man remarkable only for weakness and folly. He appears, by a passage in Lord Clarendon's History, to have been his governor at least as late as 1644.

Charles was in early life a witness of the miseries of his father and the troubles of the period; and, when only twelve years old, beheld from an eminence the battle of Edgehill. The Earl of Lindsey, as he passed to the battle, regarded him with great interest. "There," he said, "is a child born to end that war which we now begin." The king's body-guard having requested permission to charge in front of the line, the prince, and his brother, the Duke of York, were left almost entirely unattended. During the action they were entrusted to Dr. William Harvey, the celebrated physician, and discoverer of the circulation of the blood. Harvey, having withdrawn them under the cover of a hedge, is related by Aubrey to have taken a book from his pocket, and, heedless of the roar of battle and the great stake which was being played in his neighbourhood, to have speedily become completely lost in meditation. A cannon-ball, however, grazing the earth beside them, the philosopher shifted his position. "When the king," says Lord Clarendon, "discovered how doubtfully things stood, he

commanded the Prince of Wales and Duke of York, who were both very young, to withdraw to the top of the hill, attended only by his company of pensioners, and commanded Mr. Hyde to wait upon them and not depart from them. The preservation of those two princes was a great blessing of that day; and they had not been long upon that hill, before the king sent order that they should go to Edgeworth, where his Majesty had laid the night before."

James the Second, many years afterward, refers to his brother and himself having been present during the battle. In a letter to the first Lord Dartmouth, dated 11th of December, 1679, he writes: "The old Earl of Dorset, at Edgehill, being commanded by the king, my father, to go and carry the prince and myself up a hill out of the battle, refused to do it; and said he would not be thought a coward for ever a king's son in Christendom." This was Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorset, so well known from his famous duel with his friend, Lord Bruce. He particularly distinguished himself at Edgehill, by the recovery of the royal standard, which had been captured by the enemy. So affected was he by the execution of the king, that he never afterward quitted his house in Salisbury Court, London,¹ but re-

¹ Dorset House, Fleet Street, previously the London residence of the Bishops of Salisbury. It was destroyed by the "Great Fire" in 1666.

mained there a solitary recluse till his death, in 1652.

Charles was scarcely fourteen years old, when, with the title of general, he was sent by his father into the western counties, with instructions that, if closely pressed by the enemy, he should immediately fly to the Continent. On a wet and gloomy day, the 4th of March, 1644, Charles parted with his unhappy father at Oxford, for the last time. The young prince had scarcely arrived in the West, when he found himself surrounded by dangers. Fairfax, with unexampled rapidity, was carrying his victorious arms into Devonshire and Cornwall; and, accordingly, Charles, in obedience to the injunctions of his father, retired in the first instance to Scilly, where he remained about six weeks, after which he passed over to Jersey, and eventually joined his mother at Paris in 1646. His residence at the French court was of short duration. He soon retired to The Hague, where he remained till the fears of the States' government compelled them to insist on his departure.

After the execution of Charles the First, the Scots, who had never advocated the justice of that terrible retribution, proclaimed his son the successor to the throne, and invited him to Scotland with protestations of affection, and promises of support. Much as they disliked royalty, they hated the English Independents still more.

Taking leave of the Dutch court in May, 1649, the young king passed through Rotterdam, Breda, Antwerp, and Brussels, and again joined his mother at Paris. But the terror of the English Parliament had, by this time, extended itself over the Continent, and the French showed themselves quite as uneasy at his visit as had formerly been the good-natured Dutch. It was determined, therefore, that he should quit Paris, and, previously to his proceeding to Scotland, that he should pay another visit to the loyal Island of Jersey, which still acknowledged his sovereignty. He arrived there in September, 1649, with a retinue of three hundred persons; having, on his quitting Paris, had only three hundred pistoles, with which to defray the expenses of his journey. His residence at Jersey was necessarily brief. The Parliament was diligently preparing a powerful fleet to reduce the island to obedience, and the young king was therefore again compelled to seek safety in flight. After a narrow escape from a storm, he landed in France, from whence he proceeded to Breda.

At Breda, in March, 1650, he met the Scotch commissioners, and cold as was their invitation, and hard as were the conditions which they imposed upon him, he felt himself bound to accept them. Accordingly, he took his departure from Breda on the sixteenth of June, and, about three weeks afterward, arrived without interruption in

the Frith of Cromarty. The celebrated Dutch admiral, Van Tromp, attended him to the ship which conveyed him to Scotland, and is said to have shed tears on bidding him farewell. Charles, it may be mentioned, was compelled to sign the covenant before the Scots would allow him even to set his foot on shore.

The temper and habits of the young king were but little in unison with the rigid morals and austere manners of his Scottish subjects. Moreover, his situation was in many other respects an unenviable one. He was treated rather as a state prisoner than an independent sovereign; his own friends, as well as those who had been the faithful adherents of his father, were removed from his person; his gaiety and good-humour were construed into the most heinous crimes; he had to play his part in daily prayers and fastings; sermons were usually preached before him six times a day; and, moreover, his parents were denounced in his presence, the one as a bloody tyrant, and the other as an infamous idolatress. Burnet says, "He was not so much as allowed to walk abroad on Sundays, and if at any time there had been any gaiety at court, such as dancing or playing at cards, he was severely reproved for it." His persecutors had even the brutality to affix one of the quarters of his slaughtered adherent, the gallant Montrose, to the house in which Charles was lodged in Edinburgh.

In a word, the life of the thoughtless and light-hearted prince was a routine of daily misery and privation. Sermons and indignities were his only fare, and, though ostensibly treated with every possible respect, and even knelt to when they addressed him, his court presented but a cheerless scene, composed principally of clerical enthusiasts and fanatical politicians. Lord Lorne, the eldest son of the Marquess of Argyle, attended him day and night, and was, in fact, placed there as a mere spy on his actions. Eventually he was compelled to humble himself before a whole nation, and to sign those famous articles of repentance, in which he stigmatised the authors of his being as among the most infamous of mankind. On one occasion he made an attempt to escape, but, having been overtaken by Colonel Montgomery, was persuaded, or, rather, compelled to return. The attempt was afterward spoken of as "The Start." His coronation, which took place at Scone on the 1st of January, 1651, though conducted with some magnificence, was, after all, little less than an insult. He was said to be the forty-eighth Scottish monarch who had been crowned in that venerable edifice.

Latterly, the companion of his boyhood, the gay, witty, and unprincipled Duke of Buckingham, was alone permitted to follow the fortunes of his young master. They were nearly of the same age, Charles being in his twenty-first, and

the duke in his twenty-fifth, year. Imbued with the same love of pleasure and frolic, and participating in the same keen sense of the ridiculous, we may readily imagine their looks of weariness during a ninth sermon, and their half-suppressed titters at some scene of particular absurdity. Fatigue and the love of fun could not always be disguised, and, accordingly, more than once we find them reprimanded for their unseemly levity.

Charles, however, was not only fully aware of the importance of the crisis, but was quite clever enough to act his part with success. Accordingly, notwithstanding his occasional backslidings, the Puritans appear to have been really deceived by the long faces and clever acting of the young king, and to have convinced themselves that the work of regeneration would eventually be perfected. On one occasion their eyes were very nearly being opened by an accidental circumstance, which, moreover, nearly led the king into a serious scrape. The details are thus gracefully glided over by Hume. "The king's passion for the fair," he says, "could not altogether be restrained. He had once been observed using some familiarities with a young woman, and a committee of ministers was appointed to reprove him for a behaviour so unbecoming a covenanted monarch. The spokesman of the committee, one Douglas, began with a severe aspect; informed

the king that great scandal had been given to the godly; enlarged on the heinous nature of sin, and concluded with exhorting his Majesty, whenever he was disposed to amuse himself, to be more careful for the future in shutting the windows. This delicacy, so unusual to the place and to the character of the man, was remarked by the king, and he never forgot the obligation."

According to an exaggerated account which we have seen, Charles, by his systematic "wantonness," gave deep offence to the wise and good among his Scottish subjects. Laying aside, however, some indiscretions which are not unnatural to youth, the charge appears to be totally without foundation. The fact is, that, whatever may have been his inclinations, he was much too closely watched to be a frequent transgressor. Certain it is, moreover, that, after his return to the Continent from his Scottish expedition, the king continued politely and politicly to correspond with the ministers of that church. Such of these letters as are extant, though possessing no internal interest, are at least sensible and pleasing; and as the reverend gentlemen, in all probability, took a pride in disclosing their contents to others, the royal cause was certainly not injured by the king's condescension. Charles, and those about him, were fully alive to such manœuvres. In a lampoon of the period we find —

"In Scotland, where they seem to like the lad,
If he'll be more obsequious than his dad."

The defeat of Dunbar, inasmuch as it compelled his tormentors to invest him with greater authority, is said to have been not altogether displeasing to Charles. He would only too willingly have taken his share in the dangers of the day, but having, during his previous visits to the army, made himself much too popular with the soldiery, the clergy grew jealous of his increasing influence, and forbade him the camp. The loss of the battle was attributed by the Presbyterian priesthood, in their prayers and fastings, to the anger of God at the iniquity of his father's house. At Stirling, the Sunday following, one Guthry, a minister, insisted energetically on the fact. "If his Majesty's heart," he said, "were as upright as David's, God would no more pardon the sins of his father's house for his sake than he did the sins of the house of Judah for the goodness of Holy Josiah."

It was shortly after the defeat of Dunbar, that Charles, to his great satisfaction, was allowed to place himself at the head of his Scottish troops. Success, however, was out of the question. Cromwell was following him with a victorious army; his supplies were cut off, and he soon found himself harassed and surrounded on every side. It was in this juncture that he formed the resolution, worthy of the race from which he had sprung, of

immediately marching his troops into the heart of England. He had hoped to have been everywhere joined by the royalists, but such was the prevailing terror of the established government, that but few flocked to his standard. David Lindsay, an experienced commander, was unable to conceal his apprehensions, and, accordingly, appeared sad and melancholy during the whole march. The young king, to whom a gloomy countenance was ever unpalatable, one day inquired of the Scotchman why he looked so sad. "Gallant as this army looks," was the reply, "I know it well, and am satisfied it will not fight."

Charles has the credit of having maintained admirable discipline among his soldiers. "The king's army of Scots," says Richard Baxter, "was excellently well governed, in comparison of what his father's was wont to be. Not a soldier durst wrong any man of the worth of a penny, which much drew the affections of the people toward them." When he reached Worcester, his assembled forces amounted to no more than twelve thousand men. Of these there were about ten thousand Scotch and two thousand English. Cromwell was hastening to attack him with an efficient army of thirty thousand men.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHARLES II.

Battle of Worcester — Gallantry of Charles during the Action — His Flight — Halts at White Ladies — Disguises Himself as a Woodman — Separates from the Duke of Buckingham and His Other Attendants — His Adventures the Day after the Battle — His Journey to Madeley — Adventure with the Miller — Return to White Ladies — Charles Conceals Himself in the Oak — His Hiding-place at Boscobel — He Is Conducted by the Penderells to Moseley — Meeting with Lord Wilmot — His Admirable Disguise.

THE battle of Worcester, in which Charles and Cromwell contended in person for the possession of power, was fought on the 3d of September, 1651, and lasted with various success for about four hours. So furious was the first onset of the royalists, headed by the young king in person, that even Cromwell's invincible life-guards gave way before the shock. Gallant and desperate were the charges, both of the English cavaliers and of the Scottish highlanders, but unfortunately they were unsupported by the rest of the army; Leslie, with his three thousand horse, remaining in the most unaccountable manner a passive spectator in the rear. In the meantime, the infan-

try had entirely expended their ammunition, while Cromwell was momentarily bringing up fresh reserves to the charge. The king, who had his horse twice shot under him, behaved with a coolness and valour which called forth the encomiums even of Cromwell. He was one of the last who quitted the field, and, even then, it was with difficulty that he could be prevented from throwing away his life in some desperate attempt to retrieve the lost fortune of the day.

Charles, finding that he had no option but to retreat, retired with a portion of his fugitive soldiers into the city of Worcester. The enemy were also pouring in on all sides; and in several parts of the town the battle was still fiercely, though only partially, contested. The streets are described as actually flowing with blood. Charles, having thrown away his heavy armour, and having mounted a fresh horse, made a last endeavour to reanimate his harassed and bleeding followers. Riding up to them, with his hat in his hand, he passionately implored them to keep their ground, and to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Perceiving many of them throwing down their arms, "I had rather," said he, "you should shoot me, than keep me alive to see the sad effects of this day." Nothing, however, could have been more desperate than such an attempt. Fortunately, when all hope of escape appeared at an end, a check which the Parliament forces received

at one of the gates of the town, from the Earl of Cleveland, the gallant Colonel Careless, and other cavaliers, enabled the king to make good his retreat and gain the open country. Hobbes of Malmesbury, in his "Behemoth," attributes his easy escape to there being none of the enemy's horse in the town to follow him. "The plundering foot," he says, "kept the gates shut, lest the horse should enter and have a share of the booty."

The story of the wanderings of the young king, after the fatal battle of Worcester, his hairbreadth escapes, and eventually his "miraculous deliverance," are perhaps unexampled for their stirring interest in the romance of real life. Allowing to Charles the slight credit of feeling sympathy with the sufferings of others; admitting that he could not have reflected without some feelings of pity on the scene of slaughter and devastation which he had just quitted, nor have heard without a sigh of the death and captivity of his most faithful adherents; allowing even that he was alive to the common impressions of fear, suspense, and hunger; and we can imagine no condition more distressing than that of the hunted and houseless fugitive. Unwilling, as we are, to reconcile with the fortunes of a profligate an especial departure of Providence from its fixed rules, nevertheless, in reviewing the circumstances of the king's wonderful deliverance, we can scarcely doubt that Providence was about his path and around his bed; that it led him forth

from the land of captivity, and sheltered and preserved him for the furtherance of its ends.

It was about six o'clock in the evening that the young king, taking the road which led to Kidderminster, turned his back on the loyal city of Worcester. He was accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham, the Earls of Derby, Shrewsbury, and Cleveland, Lord Wilmot, and a small body of horse. They were in all about sixty persons. Their intention was to have escorted the king to Scotland; but at Kinver Heath, a few miles from Kidderminster, their guide unluckily missed his way in the dark, and the fugitives were brought to a stand. By this time the king was almost overcome by the fatigues of the day, and expressed a strong desire to obtain a short rest. Lord Derby told him that, after his own recent defeat at Wigan, he had met with shelter and kindness at a retired house in the neighbourhood, where his Majesty would also be sure to find a welcome. This was the famous Boscobel House, secluded in a well-wooded country, between Tong Castle and Brewood, on the borders of Staffordshire and Shropshire. The house belonged to a staunch loyalist, Mrs. Cotton. At this period, however, it was inhabited only by one William Penderell, a man of humble birth, and his wife.

To Boscobel House, therefore, the fugitives proceeded, Mr. Charles Giffard, who resided in the neighbourhood, undertaking to be their guide. In

the dead of the night they passed stealthily and unperceived through Stourbridge, where a party of the enemy's horse happened to be quartered. At a cottage, about a mile beyond, the king was enabled to quench his thirst, and also to satisfy his hunger with a crust of bread, the only food which the cottage afforded.

At White Ladies, the seat of the Giffards, the party again halted. This place, which derived its name from having been formerly a monastery of Cistercian nuns, was distant about twenty-six miles from Worcester, and about half a mile from Boscobel. The day was now dawning, and consequently, for the sake of greater security, the king's horse was led into the hall. George Penderell, a servant of the family, was hurried from his bed, and his brothers, William, Humphrey, and Richard, were instantly sent for. William was the inhabitant of Boscobel; Humphrey was the miller to White Ladies; and Richard, who will be found figuring the most prominently of this faithful fraternity, lived close by at Hobbal Grange. Richard, who was the first to make his appearance, was instantly despatched for a suit of his own clothes for the king. On his return, he and William were conducted into the apartment in which were the king and his fugitive companions. The Earl of Derby, addressing himself to the latter, impressed on him the importance of his trust. "This," he said, "is the king; have a care of him, and pre-

serve him as thou didst me." The next object was to render the disguise of Charles as effectual as possible. Having stripped himself, with the assistance of his companions, of his buff coat and his military accoutrements, he gave his watch to Lord Wilmot, and committed his "George" to the care of Colonel Blague; what money he had about him he distributed to the servants. Then, having rubbed his face and hands with soot from the chimney, he dressed himself in the woodman's garb of Richard Penderell, consisting of a "noggon coarse shirt," and a green suit and leather doublet. Lord Wilmot, in cutting off his hair, which he did with a knife, made such sad havoc of it that Richard Penderell was afterward compelled to retouch it with his shears. Charles desired Richard to burn the hair. The honest yeoman, however, disobeyed the royal command for the first and only time, and retained it as a sacred memorial of his sovereign and his misfortunes.

In the meantime, those who had accompanied Charles to White Ladies prepared, "with sad hearts but hearty prayers," to take their departure. Lord Wilmot alone remained with his master for a few hours, being subsequently conducted by John Penderell, a fifth brother, to the house of a staunch loyalist, Mr. Whitegrave, in the neighbourhood. Scarcely half an hour had elapsed after the gallant companions of Charles had wished him an affectionate farewell, before Colonel Ashenhurst,

with a troop of Parliamentary horse, paid a visit to the house. Ashenhurst was speedily on their track. The fugitives had wisely declined being made acquainted with the king's projects, lest fear might hereafter wring from them a disclosure. A little beyond Newport, they were surrounded by a powerful body of the enemy. The Duke of Buckingham, and Lords Talbot and Livingston, made their escape, but the Earls of Derby, Cleveland, and Lauderdale, as well as Giffard and others, were unfortunately taken prisoners. The Earl of Derby lost his head at Bolton, and Lauderdale remained a prisoner for many years.

While these events were passing in the neighbourhood, the king, carrying a wood-bill in his hand, had been conducted by Richard Penderell through the back door of White Ladies, to a neighbouring wood called Spring Coppice, Humphrey and George lurking in the neighbourhood, and procuring all the information in their power. In this uncomfortable place, the rain falling in torrents, Charles continued the whole of the day which followed the battle. His only friends and occasional visitors were the Penderells. Richard procured him the luxury of a blanket, and, in the course of the day, Frances Yates, his wife's sister, visited him with a welcome meal of milk, eggs, and butter. Charles was somewhat alarmed to find a woman was in his secret. "Good woman," he said, "can you be faithful to a distressed cava-

lier?" He was much gratified at her simple answer. "Yes, sir," she replied, "I will rather die than discover you." At night, he was carried by the four brothers to Richard's cottage at Hobbal Grange. Their old mother, overjoyed to see the king in safety, hastened to prepare a dish of eggs and bacon for his Majesty. This evening his disguise was much improved. It was agreed that he should pass by the name of William Jones, and that it should be reported he had come into the neighbourhood in search of work.

Charles, believing that, if he could pass the Severn and make good his escape into Wales, he should be in no want of either friends or security, determined to proceed on his journey that same night. Fortunately, there resided at Madeley—a place not far from the river, and about five miles from White Ladies—a Roman Catholic gentleman of the name of Woolf, to whom Charles determined to confide his secret, and trust his person. Accordingly, about nine at night, Charles, with Richard Penderell for his guide, set out from Hobbal Grange on their hazardous expedition to Madeley.

They had proceeded about two miles when they met with rather an alarming adventure. Their course compelled them to cross a small stream, over which was a wooden bridge, and close to it a water-mill. But the king's own account of the night's adventure, as he afterward related it to

Pepys, will be more acceptable. "Just as we came to the mill, we could see the miller, as I believed, sitting at the mill door, he being in white clothes, it being a very dark night. He called out, 'Who goes there?' Upon which Richard Penderell answered, 'Neighbours going home,' or some such like words. Whereupon the miller cried out, 'If you be neighbours, stand, or I will knock you down.' Upon which (we believing there was company in the house), the fellow bade me follow him close, and he ran to a gate that went up a dirty lane up a hill, and, opening the gate, the miller cried out, 'Rogues! rogues!' And thereupon some men came out of the mill after us, which I believed were soldiers; so Richard and I fell a-running up the lane, as long as we could run, it being very deep and very dirty, till at last I bade him leap over a hedge, and lie still to hear if anybody followed us; which we did, and continued lying down upon the ground about half an hour, when, hearing nobody come, we continued our way." Charles used often to observe afterward, that, in the darkness of the night, he was more than once in danger of missing his guide; he added, however, that the rustling of Richard's calf-skin breeches was usually his best direction.

It was nearly midnight when they reached Mr. Woolf's residence. The family had retired to rest, but, on Richard knocking at the door, it was

opened by Mr. Woolf's daughter. They found the old gentlemen in great solicitude about his son, whom he had ascertained to be a prisoner in the hands of the Parliament. For himself, he said, he was unwilling to risk his safety for any one but the king. Influenced by this incidental remark, Penderell confided to him that it was his Majesty himself who claimed his hospitality. The heart of the old man immediately warmed toward his sovereign, and he affectionately and loyally welcomed him. He added, however, that he was sorry to see the king in that part of the country; that there were two companies of militia in the town of Madeley; that the bridges and ferry-boats were so closely watched that it would be unsafe to pass the river; and further, that the hiding-places in his own house—the "priest's holes," as they were called—had been recently discovered by the authorities, and might again be searched at any moment. He had no choice, therefore, he said, but to lodge the king in his barn, in which, in the event of their receiving a visit from the Parliamentary troopers, the straw at least offered an excellent means of concealment.

Accordingly, having passed a comfortable hour or two in the house, toward morning the king and his trusty adherent were hurried among the straw, where the royal fugitive passed the second day of his wanderings. At night, they were vis-

ited by Mrs. Woolf, who supplied them with food, and, moreover, effectually stained the king's face and hands with walnut-juice. Ascertaining that the passage of the Severn was impracticable, Charles, to his great disappointment, found it necessary to retrace his steps to the neighbourhood of White Ladies. On their way back, their old enemy the miller was not forgotten. "As we came by the mill," says Charles, "we had no mind to be questioned a second time there; and therefore, asking Richard Penderell whether he could swim or no, and how deep the river was, he told me it was a scurvy river, not easy to be passed in all places, and that he could not swim. So I told him that the river being but a little one, I would undertake to help him over. Upon which we went over some closes to the riverside, and I, entering the river first, to see whether I could myself go over, who knew how to swim, found it was but a little above my middle; and thereupon, taking Richard Penderell by the hand, I helped him over." It was five o'clock in the morning when they again found themselves in Boscobel wood. While the king remained lurking in its thickets, Richard proceeded to make inquiries respecting the number of soldiers in the neighbourhood, and also to provide food for his royal master.

He returned with the information, not uninteresting to Charles, that the gallant Colonel Careless, the last soldier who had turned his back on

Worcester, was also concealed in the neighbourhood. Charles instantly sent for him. They met in John's cottage, and, after an affectionate meeting, breakfasted together on bread and cheese. It was now found necessary to pay some attention to the king's feet, which had been much galled by his journey to Madeley. Careless having pulled off his shoes and stockings, they were found full of stones and gravel. Some hot water was procured for Charles to soak his feet in, and, as there were no other shoes in the house, old Mrs. Penderell put some hot embers in those of the king, and thus effectually dried them.

From the number of soldiers who were scouring the neighbourhood, it was evident that, whether they remained in the cottage, or whether they lurked in the wood, the danger was pretty nearly the same. It was proposed, therefore, by Colonel Careless, that they should carry with them some bread and cheese and small beer, and conceal themselves among the branches of one of the neighbouring oaks. Having selected one of the most umbrageous trees, they took up their position amidst its branches, and thus the king passed the third day of his wanderings. It was by far the most critical situation in which he had yet found himself. From his insecure hiding-place, he could at times perceive the soldiers—"the redcoats," as they were called—searching in all directions for him, while some of them even ap-

proached so close as to enable him to overhear their discourse. Overcome, however, by his recent fatigues, a portion of these exciting hours was passed in a disturbed sleep. With the king's head resting on his lap, Colonel Careless watched over the slumbers of his young master, and prevented the possibility of his fall.

At night, when the soldiers had disappeared, it was thought safe to conduct the king to Boscobel House, where, having been shown the hiding-place of the unfortunate Earl of Derby, he was so satisfied with it as a place of security that he was determined, he said, to spend no more days in the oak.

The "priest's hole" at Boscobel—a place of concealment which was formerly to be found in most of the mansions of Roman Catholic families—was a closet of about five feet square. It was built between two walls into the principal stack of chimneys, communicating above with the state bedroom, and below, by a small door, with the garden,—thus affording two chances of escape. There was also another hiding-place at Boscobel, in the floor of the garret, but this was apparently not made use of either by the king or by Lord Derby. As a considerable time had elapsed since Charles had experienced the luxury of a bed, the "priest's hole," however gloomy and confined, was hailed by the harassed fugitive as anything but a disagreeable resting-place.

Before retiring to rest, Charles had an interview with Humphrey Penderell, the miller. The poor fellow, having gone to Shifnal during the day for the purpose of paying his taxes, had been recognised and subjected to a cross-examination by the authorities, the king's recent visit to White Ladies having now become generally known. The reward for the discovery of the king was a thousand pounds, and the punishment for concealing him "death without mercy." The high-minded yeoman, however, was alike deaf to threats and temptation, and, like his gallant brothers, remained true to the last.

Charles, seating himself close to the small door which led to his hiding-place in the chimney-stack, spent the fourth day of his wanderings in the garden of Boscobel. Dispirited as the young king may be presumed to have been, his appetite at this period appears to have been as keen, as the culinary resources of the humble Penderells were scanty and indifferent. To remedy this evil, early in the morning, before the king had risen, Careless, accompanied by William Penderell, repaired to a sheepfold in the neighbourhood, and, sticking his dagger into one of the fattest of the animals, William brought it home on his back. Charles himself assisted at the cooking. Sending for a knife and a trencher, he cut a portion of the leg into slices, and laying them on the frying-pan, with the addition of some butter, applied himself

seriously to his interesting occupation. When Careless afterward joined Charles's little court on the Continent, the king reminded him gaily of their morning's work, and, appealing to the bystanders, inquired which of the two ought to be considered the master-cook. The courtiers of course gave it in favour of his Majesty. It must be remarked, that one of the Penderells afterward offered to remunerate the owner of the slaughtered sheep. Ascertaining, however, that it had been sacrificed to appease the hunger of a suffering cavalier, the man positively refused all recompense whatever. The yeomen of England, the Penderells and their class, must formerly have been a noble race!

In the meantime, Lord Wilmot had been concealed in perfect security at Moseley, about five miles from Boscobel. The king, aware of his being in the vicinity, and desirous of enjoying the society of a companion in adversity, expressed a strong wish that they might again meet. Accordingly, it was agreed that, as soon as night set in, the king should proceed to Moseley, where Lord Wilmot was to meet him in one of Mr. Whitegrave's fields. As Charles had suffered severely in his feet during his late pedestrian expedition to the Severn, Humphrey Penderell's mill-horse was put in requisition for him during the journey. The whole of the affectionate fraternity, accompanied by their brother-in-law Yates,

and also armed with good pike-staves and one or two pistols, formed the king's body-guard on the occasion. Bidding a melancholy farewell to the gallant Careless, Charles mounted his wretched charger. Two of the brothers marched before him, while one walked on each side, the other three following at some distance behind. The king complaining that Humphrey's mill-horse went somewhat roughly and heavily, "Can you blame the horse, my liege," said the miller, "that he goes heavily, when he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back?" At Penford Mill, a short distance from Moseley, it was thought expedient that the party should separate. Humphrey, William, and George returned with the horse, while the king, with Richard and John, followed the footpath to Moseley. The three brothers had already retraced their journey a few steps, when Charles suddenly called them back, and, giving them his hand to kiss, said, "My troubles make me forget myself; I thank you all."

In the field which had been selected for his meeting with Lord Wilmot, the king found Mr. Whitegrave, his future host, and one Huddleston, a Roman Catholic priest, who, singularly enough, afterward administered the sacrament of extreme unction to Charles, when dying amidst the splendours of Whitehall. In consequence of Charles not arriving till some time after the appointed hour, and, moreover, the rain falling in torrents,

Lord Wilmot, despairing of his arrival, had returned to his hiding-place in the "priest's hole" at Moseley. Charles, accordingly, was left to be welcomed by Whitegrave, who was under the impression that his new guest was merely one of the many fugitive and suffering cavaliers who were lurking in the neighbourhood. It was not till they entered the house that he was made aware that he was in the presence of his sovereign. Whitegrave afterward drew up an account of the events of the night, in which he thus describes his first interview with Charles: "I saw them," he says, "coming up the long walk, which I speedily acquainted his lordship with, who wished me to stay at the orchard door, and to show him [Charles] the way to the stairs, where my lord expected him with a light. When he came to the door, with the Penderells guarding him, he was so habited like one of them, that I could not tell which was he, only I knew all the rest; I could scarce put off my hat to him, but he, discovering the stairs by the light, immediately went to them, where his lordship expected him, and took him up to his chamber. Then I took the Penderells into the buttery to eat and drink, that I might despatch them away and secure the house. But ere they had done, my lord sent Huddleston down to me, desiring me to come up, which accordingly I did; and coming at the chamber door, his Majesty and my lord being both at a cupboard's head nigh to it,

talking, his lordship said to me, 'This gentleman under disguise, whom I have hitherto concealed, is both your master and mine, and the master of us all, to whom we all owe our duty and allegiance;' and so, I kneeling down, the king gave me his hand to kiss and bid me rise, and said he had received from my lord such a character of my loyalty and readiness in those dangers to assist him and his friends, that he would never be unmindful of me or mine; and the next after was, 'Where is the private place my lord told me of?' which being already prepared and showed him, he went into it, and when come forth, said it was the best place he was ever in. Then he returning to his chamber, sitting down by the fireside, we pulled off his shoes and stockings and washed his feet, which were most sadly galled; and then pulled off likewise his apparel and shirt, which was of burden cloth, and put him on one of Mr. Huddleston's and other apparel of ours. Then, after he had refreshed himself a little by eating some biscuit and drinking a glass of wine, he grew very cheerful and said, 'If it would please God to send him once more an army of ten thousand good and loyal soldiers and subjects, he feared not to expel all those rogues forth of his kingdom.' Then, after an hour's discourse or more, he was desirous of reposing himself on a bed that night."

After Charles had retired to rest, Lord Wilmot held a consultation with his host. "If the rebels,"

he said, "should suspect your harbouring any of the king's party, and should therefore put you to any torture for confession, be sure you discover me first ; it may perhaps stop their further search and preserve the king." The dress which Charles wore at this period has been minutely described. It consisted of a "leathern doublet with pewter buttons ; a pair of old green breeches, and a coat of the same green ; a pair of his own stockings, with the tops cut off, because embroidered, and a pair of stirrup-stockings which were lent him at Madeley ; a pair of old shoes, cut and slashed to give ease to his feet ; an old gray greasy hat without a lining, a noggon shirt of the coarsest linen ; his face and his hands made of a reeky complexion by the help of the walnut-tree leaves." Some well-meaning person had injudiciously inserted paper between his toes to prevent them from galling ; the remedy, however, had the opposite effect. From some natural cause, his nose bled more than once during this period. The fact may, perhaps, be worth recording, that the tattered and dirty handkerchief, which he used on this occasion, was long preserved by a Mrs. Brathwayte as a charm against the king's evil.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHARLES II.

Boscobel Searched by the Parliamentary Soldiers — Their Visit to Moseley — Charles Removes to Bentley — Rides "Double" as a Servant before Miss Lane — His Awkwardness in His New Character — Adventure with the Blacksmith at Bromsgrove — Employed to Wind the Meat-jack at Longmarston — Arrival at Abbotsleigh — Recognised by Pope, a Butler — Journey to Trent — Cavalier Family of the Wyndhams — Their Affectionate Loyalty — Rejoicings at the King's Reported Death — Charles Listens to Them from His Hiding-place — Removes to Charmouth — Disappointed in His Hopes of Escape — His Narrow Escape at Lyme — Nearly Recognised by a Hostler — Parliamentary Soldiers in Pursuit of Him — Quartered with the Enemy's Troopers at Broad Windsor — Journey to Hele — Arrival at Brighthelmstone — Charles Escapes to France.

THE anxiety which Charles had felt to join Lord Wilmot proved to be a most providential circumstance. Only a few hours after he had quitted Boscobel, the old house was visited by the Parliamentary soldiers, who not only plundered William Penderell of his homely fare, but, suspecting that the honest woodman was in the secret of the king's hiding-place, threatened him with instant death unless he disclosed to them all he

knew on the subject. It is needless to say that he remained true to his trust.

Charles passed two entire days at Mr. Whitegrave's. From a small closet over the porch, he could see what was passing in the Wolverhampton road, and thus more than once witnessed his own straggling and wretched followers begging for bread at the gate. He was thus passing his time, on the second day after his arrival, when, to his consternation, he suddenly beheld a party of soldiers approaching the house. Of course he instantly retreated into his hiding-place. On the soldiers drawing up before the gate, Mr. Whitegrave came boldly forward to meet them. They had imagined him to have been present at the battle of Worcester, but his evident ill state of health, and the testimony of his neighbours, convinced them that they were mistaken. Fortunately they took their departure without insisting on any examination of the premises, or even ascending the staircase.

During the preceding night Lord Wilmot had repaired to the residence of Colonel Lane, at Bentley, to which place it was proposed that the king should next remove. Accordingly, every preparation having been made for his reception by that loyal family, on the following night Colonel Lane came in person to Moseley, in order to conduct his Majesty to his new retreat. Charles took leave of his host, and the priest

Huddlestone, with every expression of gratitude ; directing them, in the event of suspicion and danger falling on them on his account, to repair to a merchant in London, who would supply them with money, and find means to effect their escape to the Continent. Neither did he forget his hostess. "He sent me," says Whitegrave, "for my mother to come and take leave of him ; who brought with her some raisins, almonds, and other sweetmeats, which she presented to him ; whereof he was pleased to eat, and took some with him ; afterward we all kneeling down and praying Almighty God to bless, prosper, and preserve him, he was pleased to salute my mother and give her thanks for his kind entertainment ; and then giving his hand to Mr. Huddlestone and myself to kiss (saying if it pleased God to restore him he would never be unmindful of us), he took leave and went, conducted by Mr. Huddlestone and myself to the colonel, and thence to his horses expecting him, where, he having got on horseback, we kneeled and kissed his hand again, offering all our prayers for his safety and preservation ; Mr. Huddlestone putting on him a cloak of his to keep him from cold and wet, which afterward, by the colonel's order, was sent to me, we took leave." The same night Charles arrived in safety at Bentley.

Colonel Lane's proposition was to conduct the king to Bristol, in which city he was known to have many adherents, and from whence it was

hoped he might obtain a passage to the Continent. The plan was rendered the more feasible in consequence of the colonel's sister, Miss Jane Lane, — a young lady of considerable personal accomplishments, — having recently obtained a Parliamentary pass to convey herself and friends to the neighbourhood of that mercantile city ; her object being to visit a near relation who was on the eve of her confinement. This plan having been agreed upon, it was decided that the king should personate a servant, and ride "double" before the young lady. The remainder of the party consisted of her cousin, a Mr. Lascelles, and his wife, as well as a Mr. and Mrs. Petre. The next morning, the seventh of the king's adventures, after a few hours' rest, he appeared in his new dress and character. His name was changed from William Jones to William Jackson ; and, instead of his woodman's dress, he was clad in the gray cloth of a country serving-man.

The cavalcade being ready to start, old Mrs. Lane, who had been kept in ignorance of the rank of the new servant, descended to the courtyard in order to bid her daughter farewell. The colonel made a sign to Charles that he ought to offer his sister his hand, and assist her to mount. This he accordingly did, with his hat in his hand, but with so much awkwardness, or rather perhaps with so much ignorance of the duties of a serving-man, that it attracted the old lady's attention. Turning

to the colonel with a smile, "What a goodly horseman," she said, "my daughter has got to ride before her." At length the party set forward on their hazardous journey, Lord Wilmot riding boldly before them, with a hawk on his fist and spaniels by his side, pretending to be a sportsman in pursuit of his favourite recreation.

This day was an eventful one. The first accident occurred at Bromsgrove, at which place, in consequence of Miss Lane's horse losing a shoe, it was necessary that Charles, in his capacity of servant, should take the animal to a blacksmith's to be shod. Charles's account of his conversation with the blacksmith is curious. "As I was holding the horse's foot," said the king, "I asked the smith what news. He told me that there was no news that he knew of, since the good news of the beating of the rogues the Scots. I asked him whether there were none of the English taken that joined with the Scots. He answered that he did not hear that the rogue Charles Stuart was taken; but some of the others, he said, were taken, but not Charles Stuart. I told him that if that rogue were taken he deserved to be hanged more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots. Upon which he said I spoke like an honest man, and so we parted."

At Wotton, not far from Stratford, the travellers proposed to ford the River Avon. On a sudden, however, they caught sight of a troop of

cavalry who had stopped to rest themselves on their route, and who were lying quietly on the ground, with their horses grazing beside them. Petre, in great alarm, turned back and rode into the town another way; the king, however, proceeded confidently forward, and fortunately escaped unquestioned. At night they rested at a Mr. Tomb's at Longmaston, about four miles from Stratford, the king, in order to keep up his borrowed character, being compelled to confine himself to the kitchen. In the course of the evening, the cook, who was busy preparing supper for the drawing-room guests, roughly desired the supposed William to wind up the jack. This simple household duty he performed so awkwardly that the woman flew into a passion. "What countryman are you," she said, "that you know not how to wind up a jack?" The king answered, meekly, "I am a poor tenant's son of Colonel Lane in Staffordshire; we seldom have roast meat, but when we have, we don't make use of a jack."

After a journey of twenty-four miles, the party arrived the next night at the Crown Inn, at Cirencester, where the king, pretending to be suffering from ague, was allowed to retire to rest. An uncomfortable truckle-bed had been prepared for him in the same chamber with Mr. Lascelles, but no sooner were they alone than the latter, of course, insisted that they should change places.

The next night they arrived safely at Abbotsleigh, the house of Miss Lane's relation, Mr. Norton.

At Abbotsleigh, by again counterfeiting a fit of the ague, the king obtained better accommodation than his presumed condition in life would otherwise have entitled him to, Pope, the butler, being told that Charles was a son of one of Colonel Lane's tenants, and therefore a person who ought to be treated with kindness. The next morning the king had a narrow escape from discovery. "I arose pretty early," he says, "having a very good stomach, and went to the buttery-hatch to get my breakfast, where I found Pope and two or three other men in the room, and we all fell to eating bread and butter, to which he gave us very good ale and sack. And as I was sitting there, there was one that looked like a country fellow sat just by me, who, talking, gave so particular an account of the battle of Worcester to the rest of the company, that I concluded he must be one of Cromwell's soldiers. But I asking him how he came to give so good an account of that battle, he told me he was in the king's regiment, by which I thought he meant one Colonel King's regiment. But questioning him further, I perceived that he had been in my regiment of guards, in Major Broughton's company, that was my major in the battle. I asked him what kind of a man I was? To which he answered by describing exactly both my clothes and my horse; and then,

looking upon me, he told me that the king was at least three fingers taller than I. Upon which I made what haste I could out of the buttery, for fear he should indeed know me, being more afraid when I knew he was one of our own soldiers than when I took him for one of the enemy's. So Pope and I went into the hall, and just as we came into it Mrs. Norton was coming by through it, upon which I, plucking off my hat, and standing with my hat in my hand as she passed by, Pope looked very earnestly in my face ; but I took no notice of it, put on my hat again and went away, walking out of the house into the field."

But if the soldier had failed in recognising the king's features, this was not also the case with Pope. This person had not only been a servant to Henry Jermyn, when the latter was in Charles's household, but, moreover, having served as a soldier in the western counties during the time the young king, then Prince of Wales, had been sent thither for safety by his father, he was of course well acquainted with the royal person. Immediately, therefore, that they were alone, the honest butler threw himself on his knees, and, with tears in his eyes, expressed his delight at seeing his Majesty in health and safety. Charles endeavoured to laugh off the matter, and persisted in denying his identity. Pope, however, was not to be deceived, and Charles at length, finding concealment impracticable, gave him his hand to kiss,

and freely admitted him to a confidence, which he never had reason to regret.

The same night Lord Wilmot, who was lurking in the neighbourhood, was introduced by Pope into the king's presence. In the course of their conference, it was decided that Wilmot should forthwith proceed to the house of Colonel Wyndham, at Trent, in Somersetshire, and prepare the head of that loyal family for a visit from his sovereign. Wilmot immediately commenced his journey, and, on opening the delicate subject to the colonel, the answer of the cavalier was such as might have been expected. "Not only," he said, "am I ready to venture life, family, and estate, but even to sacrifice them all for his Majesty's service." He requested permission, however, to impart the secret, not only to his mother and wife, but to four servants of his family, on whose fidelity he could rely. This concession having been made by Wilmot, it was understood that in three days he might expect his Majesty at Trent.

Unfortunately, on the eve of the king's proposed departure, it happened that his hostess, Mrs. Norton, miscarried of a still-born child. As Miss Lane was her nearest relative, it would of course not only have been indelicate, but also extremely suspicious, had she quitted the house at such a moment, unless, indeed, on the pretext of some very pressing and important business. More-

over, as there were guests staying at Abbotsleigh, — attracted thither probably by the delicate situation of the lady of the house, — it was the more necessary to use caution. To obviate the difficulty a fictitious letter was composed, which purported to convey to Miss Lane the news of the alarming illness of her aged father, and which was handed to her by Pope while she was sitting at supper with the rest of the family. The young lady performed her part to admiration, and, accordingly, every preparation having been made overnight for her departure the next morning, the king, seated on horseback before his fair companion, set out on his journey to Trent. It may be remarked that, so secure did he feel himself at Abbotsleigh, he one day confidently presented himself as a spectator at a game of fives.

The journey to Trent occupied two days, Charles passing the first night at Castle Cary. About the time that he might reasonably be expected, Colonel Wyndham and his lady, on the pretext of a walk, went forth to meet him. At the first sight of the colonel, "Frank, Frank," said the king, joyously, "how dost thou do?" It was neither the time nor the place, however, for particular greetings, and, accordingly, while Colonel Wyndham formally conducted Miss Lane and Mr. Lascelles into the house, Charles was introduced by a trustworthy domestic through a more private and humble entrance. The following day Miss Lane took

leave of the king and returned to her own home.

The inmates of Trent House presented an interesting picture of a cavalier family. A short time only before his death, the father of Colonel Wyndham had summoned his five sons into his presence, and enjoined them, as a dying man, to remain true to their king. He foresaw, observed the old cavalier, that troubles were coming, and that the corruption of manners and the prevalence of Puritanism would undermine the pillars of the state. "My sons," he proceeded, "we have hitherto seen serene and quiet times, but now prepare yourselves for clouds and storms. I command you to honour and obey your gracious sovereign, and in all times to adhere to the crown. I charge you never to forsake the crown, though it hang upon a bush." The death of three of them on the field of battle affords sufficient evidence that the solemn injunction was not disregarded. "My father's last words," said Colonel Wyndham to Charles, "made so deep an impression on all our breasts that the numerous afflictions of these sad times could never efface their indelible characters."

Lady Wyndham, the widow of the old cavalier, was still living, and residing with her son at Trent. On Charles being presented to the venerable old lady, "I account it," she said, "my highest honour that I have had three sons and one grandchild

slain in the defence of your father, and that in my old age I should be instrumental in the preservation of yourself." She insisted on giving up her sleeping apartment to Charles, there being contiguous to it a small secret closet, which was admirably well adapted for the purposes of concealment.

Charles remained undisturbed at Trent during several days. It was on one of those days that some unusual rejoicings, such as bonfires and ringing of bells, reached the ears of the inmates of Trent. Charles inquiring the cause, was informed that it was on account of the tidings of his own death, which had been brought by some of the Parliamentary soldiers. "Alas, poor people!" was his only observation. It was even asserted by one of the newcomers that he had killed the king with his own hand, in corroboration of which he produced a buff coat, which he affirmed he had stripped from the royal corpse.

As the object of Charles was to escape beyond sea, it was absolutely necessary, in order to effect the required arrangements, that his secret should be confided to more than one individual. Among those whom it was thought safe to trust, was Colonel Giles Strangways, a loyalist, residing about four miles from Trent. Strangways expressed his regret that his want of acquaintance with seafaring people prevented his being of use to his royal master, but at the same time he sent him a hun-

dred pounds in gold, an article of which the king at this period stood greatly in need. At length, by means of one Captain Ellesdon, of Lyme, who had formerly served in the royal army, strong hopes were entertained that a vessel would be obtained for the conveyance of the royal fugitive to a more hospitable shore. It being thought impolitic, however, to entrust Ellesdon with a secret of so much importance, he was merely told that Lord Wilmot, having escaped from the battle of Worcester, would gladly pay the sum of sixty pounds for the conveyance of himself and his servant into France. Ellesdon having been thus enlisted in the cause, applied himself to one Limbry, of Charmouth, the master of a coasting vessel, who expressed his willingness to run all risks by placing his vessel at Lord Wilmot's service. Accordingly, the night of the twenty-second of September having been fixed upon for the king's embarkation from Charmouth, Henry Peters, a faithful servant of Colonel Wyndham's, was despatched thither for the purpose of engaging a safe apartment in the town. The person to whom he applied himself was the landlady of a small inn, to whom he presented a sum of money, and, having pledged her in a bumper of wine, adroitly secured her services. "He was a servant," he said, "to a worthy nobleman who was deeply in love with a young lady, without father or mother, who was as much in love with him, but her

guardian unjustly opposing the marriage, he resolved to steal her away by night; would she, therefore, entertain them for some hours in her house?" Either the money or the romance softened the heart of the woman, for she immediately gave an unqualified consent.

On the morning of the appointed day the king departed for Charmouth. It had been previously arranged that he should ride double before Juliana Coningsby, a niece of Lady Wyndham, who was probably intended to personate the runaway bride. Colonel Wyndham accompanied them on the journey, Lord Wilmot and the servant Peters travelling within a convenient distance.

But Charles was again destined to be signally disappointed. While the colonel and his servant watched in vain on the beach for Limbry's vessel, the king was sitting up the whole night in his lodgings with Lord Wilmot. At length, apprehensive of treachery, it was decided that Charles, with Wyndham and Juliana Coningsby, should retreat to Bridport, while Lord Wilmot remained at the inn and Peters went in search of Ellesdon, to ascertain the cause of the disappointment. It subsequently transpired that the fears and suspicions of Limbry's wife had prevented his putting his purpose into execution. The fact of his keeping his intended voyage a secret from her till the last moment, the evasive answers which he gave to her inquiries, and especially the circumstance

of a proclamation having that very day been published in the town, threatening instant death to whoever should harbour the king, had painfully and effectually excited her apprehensions. According to Ellesdon's written account, she threatened to give information to the authorities, and, after using menaces, tears, and entreaties, to no purpose, at length effectually secured her husband's safety by locking him up in his room.

The king's situation had never been more perilous than at this moment. The expedition, projected by the Parliament against Guernsey and Jersey, filled the neighbouring port of Lyme with his enemies; and, moreover, alarming reports reached the king's ears that Bridport was also full of soldiers. While Wyndham was hesitating as to what advice he ought to give his master, Charles — who on all occasions of difficulty appears to have been less apprehensive of danger than any of those about him — expressed his determination to proceed to Bridport according to his original intention. He had promised Lord Wilmot, he said, to meet him in that town, and he was unwilling to disappoint him. The best thing, he added, was to push impudently amongst them, and to inquire boldly for rooms at the principal inn. "So," he says, "we rode directly into the best inn of the place and found the yard very full of soldiers. I alighted, and, taking the horses, thought it the best way to go blundering in

amongst them, and lead them through the middle of the soldiers into the stable, which I did, and they were very angry with me for my rudeness."

Whilst he was engaged in his office of groom, he was not a little startled by an observation of a hostler. "Surely," said the man, looking steadfastly, "I have seen your face before." Fortunately, his presence of mind did not desert him, and he kept his countenance unmoved; but he shall relate the adventure in his own words. "As soon as I came into the stable I took the bridle off the horses, and called the hostler to me to help me, and to give the horses some oats. And as the hostler was helping me to feed the horses, 'Sure, sir,' says the hostler, 'I know your face?' which was no very pleasant question to me. But I thought the best way was to ask him where he had lived, whether he had always lived there or no. He told me that he was but newly come thither; that he was born in Exeter, and had been hostler in an inn there, hard by one Mr. Potter's, a merchant, in whose house I had lain in the time of the war. So I thought it best to give the fellow no further occasion of thinking where he had seen me, for fear he should guess right at last; therefore I told him, 'Friend, certainly you have seen me then at Mr. Potter's, for I served him a good while, above a year.' 'Oh!' says he, 'then I remember you a boy there;' and with that was put off from thinking any more on it,

but desired that we might drink a pot of beer together, which I excused by saying that I must go wait on my master, and get his dinner ready for him; but told him that my master was going for London, and would return about three weeks hence, when he would lie there, and I would not fail to drink a pot with him." In the meantime Lord Wilmot had arrived in the town, but, unfortunately, had put up at a different inn. Peters, however, who accompanied him, had contrived to discover the king's quarters, and the consequence was that it was agreed the party should reassemble at an appointed hour in the outskirts of the town.

The result of their consultation was a determination to return to Trent by the nearest way. Turning, therefore, off the London and Dorchester road, they proceeded in the direction of Yeovil, — a fortunate step, as it afterward proved, since a troop of republican horse was already in hot pursuit of them. Lord Wilmot, it seems, previous to leaving Charmouth, had sent his horse to one Hammet, a blacksmith, to be shod. The smith being an officious person, inquired of the hostler from whence its owner had last journeyed. The reply was, from Exeter. "I dare swear," said the knowing artisan, "that these shoes were put on in the North." Satisfied of this circumstance in his own mind, and, moreover, coupling it with the testimony of the hostler that the party had arrived in the night-time, and that, though travel-

lers, the rider and his friend had sat up all night, he came to the conclusion that they were fugitives from Worcester, and that not impossibly the king himself might be one of them. The blacksmith instantly went in search of a Puritan preacher, one Westley, a weaver, who seems to have been the oracle of the place. Luckily, this person was edifying his congregation at the time, and, as either the blacksmith did not wish, or did not dare, to interrupt him, some valuable time was gained by the fugitives. In the meantime, Lord Wilmot, unconscious of his danger, had mounted his horse and ridden away.

As soon as the weaver had finished his harangue, and the blacksmith had communicated to him his suspicions, they hastened together to the inn, and commenced cross-questioning the landlady. The woman, however, either having been well paid by her guests, or softened by the king's usual arts of charming the sex, was far from being in a hurry to satisfy their curiosity. Captain Ellesdon, who was probably present, thus describes the scene in a letter to Lord Clarendon. "The parson," he says, "hastened to the inn, and saluted the hostess in this manner: 'Why, how now, Margaret? You are a maid of honour now.' 'What mean you by that, Mr. Parson?' quoth she. Said he, 'Why, Charles Stuart lay last night at your house, and kissed you at his departure; so that now you can't but be a maid of honour.' The woman began then

to be very angry, and told him he was a scurvy-conditioned man to go about to bring her and her house into trouble. 'But,' said she, 'if I thought it was the king, as you say it was, I would think the better of my lips all the days of my life; and so, Mr. Parson, get you out of my house, or else I'll get those shall kick you out.' I have presented this discourse," adds Ellesdon, "in the interlocutor's own word, by this means to make it more pleasant to your lordship."

Perceiving he should only waste his time by conversing further with this loyal virago, the preacher, requesting the blacksmith to follow him, hurried to the nearest magistrate. The functionary, however, unwilling to incur ridicule by alarming the country on such slight evidence, treated the whole matter lightly and dismissed the applicant. One Captain Macy, who commanded the nearest outpost, and to whom they now applied, proved more complaisant. He instantly ordered his troopers to mount, and galloped off with them along the road to Dorchester. But, as we have seen, the king had fortunately taken the road to the left, and thus unconsciously evaded his pursuers.

The night was passed by the royal party in the small village of Broad Windsor, where a room was procured in an upper story for the king. Scarcely, however, had he retired to rest, when the whole party was alarmed by the arrival of a constable,

who came with an order for billeting forty soldiers on their host. The house was soon thronged with these unwelcome intruders, whose dangerous vicinity to him, as well as the disturbance which they made, effectually deprived the king of sleep. Moreover, about midnight, one of the women who followed the camp was suddenly taken in labour. The consequence was, that the shrill voices of the village gossips who flocked to her assistance, mingling with the angry protestations of the parish officers against having the child and its mother thrown upon their charge, created an uproar, which, though no doubt extremely disagreeable, had the fortunate effect of distracting the attention of the soldiers from the fugitive party.

The following day, the twenty-fourth of September, Charles found himself once more domesticated at Trent. His situation, however, had become far more perilous than during his former visit. The story of the blacksmith, exaggerated, no doubt, as it passed from mouth to mouth, had not only had the effect of alarming the neighbourhood, but already the king's route had been traced to the borders of Dorsetshire and Somersetshire. There being every reason for presuming that his lurking-place was on the confines of these counties, many of the neighbouring houses of the suspected, or, as they were then denominated, the malignants, had been subjected to a rigorous search; and among others, that of Sir Hugh Wyndham, the uncle of

the master of Trent. The family were taken prisoners, and not a chest or a corner had been left unsearched. Among other acts of indignity, the soldiers, we are told, "seized upon a lovely young lady, saying she was the king disguised in woman's apparel; nor would they let her go, till by some rude experiment they discovered their mistake."

Nevertheless, the family of Trent, though harassed by constant rumours of approaching dangers, continued unmolested. One day, however, a friendly tailor, who resided in the village, good-naturedly waited on Colonel Wyndham, with the disagreeable intelligence of a report being current among the neighbours that some Worcester fugitives were concealed in his house. An ingenious expedient was resorted to by the inmates of Trent. The following Sunday Lord Wilmot openly accompanied his host to church as his relation; and, as Colonel Wyndham had never yet attended the popular worship, the Puritans were naturally much gratified at the circumstance. In the meantime Charles remained a close prisoner in the house; indeed, it was found necessary to adopt such strict precautions that, on many occasions, he was compelled to dress his own dinner, — a task which, considering his lonely situation, probably afforded amusement rather than otherwise. Among others, Mrs. Wyndham, the wife of the colonel, paid frequent visits to the neighbouring town of Sherbourne in hopes of acquiring information. She

seems in her zeal to have collected the most extraordinary stories, at many of which Charles is described as laughing heartily. After one of her visits to Sherbourne, she alluded to a current report that three of the sovereigns of Europe were about to invade England, and to restore him to his throne. "It must be the three kings of Cologne," said Charles, "for I know no others who are likely to assist me."

After a second residence of twelve days at Trent, on the sixth of October, Charles again bent his way toward the coast. He was once more the companion of Juliana Coningsby, before whom, as the son of a tenant, he rode double; his only other companion being Col. Robert Philips, a person of undoubted loyalty, to whom the by-parts of the country were well known. Colonel Wyndham was anxious to be of the party, but as he was only incurring an unnecessary danger, the king positively forbade his accompanying him. To all who had shown him kindness, Charles bade an affectionate farewell. To the venerable Lady Wyndham, especially, he showed that marked deference and respect which her age and loyalty alike rendered her due.

The proposed destination of Charles was Hele, — the residence of a zealous royalist, Mrs. Hyde, — situated about three miles from Salisbury. The distance from Trent to Hele was about thirty miles. About noon they stopped to dine at

the small town of Mere. The landlord of the inn was an acquaintance of Colonel Philips, and accordingly entered freely into discourse with the travellers. The conversation turning on the battle of Worcester, "It was believed," said their host, "that the king had disguised himself and taken refuge in London, and that several houses had been searched in consequence." At this Charles could not refrain from smiling. After dinner the host, warming with his liquor, inquired of him "whether he was a friend to Cæsar." The king assuring him that he was, "Then here," he said, "is a health to King Charles." After pledging him in a bumper of wine, the king and Philips mounted their horses, and arrived the same night at Hele. Charles, after his restoration, made affectionate inquiries after "his honest host at Mere."

At Hele he sat down to supper with Doctor Henchman, afterward Bishop of Salisbury, and some other guests who were accidentally in the house. Mrs. Hyde, having been made acquainted with Charles's real rank, could with difficulty conceal her gratification at his safety, and her respect for her illustrious guest. "She was so transported with joy and loyalty toward him," we are told, "that at supper, though his Majesty was set at the lower end of the table, yet the good gentlewoman had much ado to overcome herself, and not to carve to him first; however, she could not refrain from drinking to him in a glass of wine, and giving

him two larks, when others had but one." Mrs. Hyde's brother, without the least suspicion of his real rank, happened to enter into conversation with him, and was naturally astonished at the answers which he received from one of apparently so humble a position in life.

The next day it was considered advisable that the king should bid an ostensible farewell to his hostess. His journey, however, extended no farther than to the gigantic fragments of Stonehenge, among which he rested securely till night set in, when, by a private entrance, he was again admitted to Mrs. Hyde's house. There was fortunately an excellent hiding-place at Hele, in which he remained six days, his food being conveyed to him either by Mrs. Hyde or her sister.

In the meantime Lord Wilmot had sought out Colonel Gunter, a staunch loyalist, residing near Chichester, in Sussex, who succeeded in hiring a vessel for the wanderer. Gunter himself returned to Salisbury with Lord Wilmot. On the thirteenth of October, Charles, taking a grateful leave of his kind hostess, set off with Doctor Henchman on foot, and at Clarendon Park Corner, about two miles distant from Hele, had the satisfaction of finding Colonel Gunter and his brother anxiously awaiting his arrival. Having brought with them a couple of greyhounds, they were presumed, by the few persons whom they met with on the Downs, to be an ordinary coursing-party enjoying

their sport. At night they rested at Hambledon, in Hampshire, at the house of a Mr. Symons, the colonel's brother-in-law. Their host getting intoxicated, and, in the course of conversation, making use of a round oath, Charles, either playfully or in earnest, reproved him for the vice. This, and the circumstance of the king's hair being closely cropped, led him to imagine that his guest was a Puritan. "He was sure," he said, "he was some round-headed rogue's son." During the evening, however, the king's peculiar art of ingratiating himself entirely dissipated his dislike; so much so, indeed, that he seems to have taken his royal guest into especial favour.

The next day, after a journey of thirty-five miles, they arrived at Brighton (then the small fishing village of Brighthelmstone), where the fugitives put up at a small public-house in West Street, since known by the sign of King Charles's Head. The party at supper consisted of Charles, Lord Wilmot, Colonel Gunter, Mansel (the latter a merchant, who had been employed to procure a vessel), and Tattersal, the man who commanded it. It was remarkable that both Tattersal and Smith, the landlord, although they kept the discovery secret at the time, had both of them instantly recognised the king's person. As soon as supper was at an end, Tattersal, calling Mansel aside, complained that he had deceived him. Mansel denying the fact, "I know he is the king,"

said the other, "for formerly he stopped my vessel, amongst others, in the Downs, but at our intercession let us go again. But," he added, "do not be troubled at it, for I think I do God and my country good service in preserving the king, and, by the grace of God, I will venture my life and all for him, and set him safely on shore, if I can, in France." Although Charles and Lord Wilmot were in ignorance that Tattersal had identified the king, it was nevertheless thought expedient to engage the mariner in drinking and smoking during the night, to prevent his having any opportunity of consulting with his wife or others. Charles had already learnt an important lesson from his disappointment at Charmouth.

But the discovery made by Smith, the landlord, was even more embarrassing. "As I was standing," says Charles, "after supper by the fireside, leaning my hand upon a chair, and all the rest of the company being gone into another room, the master of the inn came in, and fell a-talking with me; and just as he was looking about, and saw there was nobody in the room, he, upon a sudden, kissed my hand that was upon the back of the chair, and said to me, 'God bless you, wheresoever you go. I do not doubt, before I die, but to be a lord, and my wife a lady.' So I laughed, and went away into the next room, not desiring then any further discourse with him; there being no remedy against my being known to him, and more

discourse might have but raised suspicion. On which consideration, I thought it best to trust him in that manner, and he proved very honest."

About four o'clock in the morning, on the fifteenth of October, the party set out on horseback for the neighbouring village of Shoreham, where it had been decided that Charles should embark. The vessel had a cargo of coals, and was not above sixty tons in burden. It being low water, and the vessel lying dry, the king and Wilmot got into her by a ladder, and remained in the cabin till the tide served. Charles was still in ignorance that Tattersal had recognised his features, when the loyal sailor, having followed him into the cabin, fell down on his knees, and expressed his delight at seeing him in safety. He added that he would risk all he had in the world to land his Majesty safely on the opposite coast.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when they cleared out of port. The vessel being ostensibly bound for Pool, it was necessary, in order to deceive the people of Shoreham, as well as the crew, that they should coast for some hours in the direction of that town. The chief difficulty that remained was to induce the crew to undertake a foreign voyage, and as the proposition, had it emanated from the captain, might have afforded serious evidence against him in a court of law, Charles himself agreed to address the seamen. He told them that he and Lord Wilmot were two

merchants escaping from their creditors; that their bankruptcy was attributable to no fault of their own; and that, could they only contrive to get landed at Rouen, sufficient money was owing to them in that town to extricate them from all their difficulties. He then won their hearts by presenting them with twenty shillings to spend in drink; requesting them at the same time to intercede with the captain to land them on the French coast. In reply, the sailors expressed their perfect readiness to navigate the vessel to the shores of France, but, at the same time, intimated that Charles had better himself make the proposal to the captain. Thus all difficulty was, of course, at an end. During the voyage the king sat principally on the deck, taking an especial interest in the navigation of the vessel. Heath relates an anecdote, that one of the sailors, of course ignorant of his rank, persisted in puffing tobacco-smoke in the king's face. The master of the vessel desiring him harshly to move farther off, the man retorted, with some warmth, that "a cat might look at a king."

As soon as the sun began to set, they stood directly toward the coast of France, and the next morning came in sight of land. The tide, however, failing them, they were compelled to remain at anchor for some time before they could land. Eventually, on the 16th of October, 1651, Charles and Lord Wilmot disembarked in the insignifi-

cant port of Fecamp, in Normandy, a short distance from Havre de Grace. From hence, having narrowly escaped being detained as vagrants, they proceeded to Rouen, whence they despatched a messenger to the French court with the news of his Majesty's escape. Charles used afterward to mention that so mean was his dress, and so suspicious was his appearance, on his arrival at Rouen, that the people carefully examined the rooms of the inn before he quitted them, in order to ascertain whether he had purloined any of their property. Having provided themselves with better clothes at Rouen, the travellers set off for Paris in a hired coach. On the road they were met by the queen-mother, and the Dukes of York and Orleans, who, with a suitable retinue, and with every expression of joy, conducted them to the French capital.

Such is the story of Charles's adventures after the battle of Worcester. It was remarked that during the period of his wanderings, which occupied the space of forty-three days, he had encountered more dangers than he had travelled miles. Considering the large reward which was offered for his discovery, and, moreover, that those who were entrusted with his secret were chiefly persons either of broken fortunes or of mean birth, to whom such a bribe must have been highly tempting; remembering, moreover, that a cruel death was threatened to those who harboured

him; that more than forty persons¹ were at different periods acquainted with his place of concealment, and among them a large proportion of women, to whom communicativeness is generally an irresistible temptation, — we cannot fail to be astonished at the extraordinary result. There are few episodes, in the chronicles of real life, which raises human nature so much in our estimation as the story of the escape of Charles after the battle of Worcester.

¹ According to Heath, as many as fifty individuals were, at different times, privy to the king's secret, but we have no record of the mention of more than forty.

CHAPTER XV.

CHARLES II.

Munificence of Charles to Those Who Assisted Him during His Wanderings — Notice of the Penderells — Of Jane Lane — Pensions Conferred on Colonel Wyndham and Others — Notices of the Houses Visited by Charles — The Royal Oak — Residence of Charles in France — At Spa — At Cologne — His Splendid Reception in the Latter Town — Poverty of His Court — His Habits and Amusements — His Love of Pleasure, and Especially of Dancing — Pays a Visit to Frankfort Fair — His Interview with the Queen of Sweden — Removes to Bruges — Profligacy of His Court — Plot against His Life — Pays a Clandestine Visit to The Hague — His Matrimonial Projects and Disappointments.

OF those who assisted the king in his need, a passing notice may not be unacceptable. The little that is known of their subsequent history tends, in some slight degree, to relieve the character of Charles from that sweeping charge of ingratitude, which has so frequently been brought against him.

Of the five noble-minded Penderells, the whole of the fraternity survived to the Restoration. They even made their appearance at court, where Charles gratefully acknowledged their services,

and familiarly conversed with them. On Richard, and his heirs for ever, was conferred an annuity of five hundred pounds, and on William Penderell, and on his heirs, a similar sum. On Humphrey, George, and John, and on their heirs for ever, was settled severally a hundred marks a year, and on Elizabeth Yates, their sister, and on her descendants, an annuity of fifty pounds.

Richard Penderell, "trusty Dick," as he was styled, died on the 8th of February, 1671, and was buried in the parish church of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. His monument may still be seen in the churchyard; indeed, the author was assured, on a recent visit to the spot, that the descendants of the Penderells still continue to select St. Giles's churchyard for their burial-place. In his epitaph Richard is styled the "great and unparalleled Penderell." Charles has had the credit of erecting his monument, and George the Second of having restored it. The first supposition has not been clearly proved, and the second is highly improbable. William attained to the great age of eighty-four; but the last surviving brother was Humphrey, who died in 1710. The blood of the Penderells is not likely to become extinct. Besides the female descendants of the other brothers, George and John are represented in the male line. Their posterity continue to the present day to benefit by the grant which was conferred on their ancestors. It is remarkable that more than one of the family

of Penderell have settled in the United States, and, although subjects of a republican government, continue to reap the advantages of their ancestral loyalty.

But it was to Jane Lane that Charles, above all other persons, considered himself most indebted. About three weeks after his landing in France, we find him addressing to her the following letter :

“MISTRESS LANE :— I have hitherto deferred writing to you, in hope to be able to send you somewhat else beside a letter ; and I believe that it troubles me more, that I cannot yet do it, than it does you, though I do not take you to be in a good condition long to expect it. The truth is, my necessities are greater than can be imagined, but I am promised they shall shortly be supplied ; if they are, you shall be sure to receive a share, for it is impossible I can ever forget the great debt I owe you, which I hope I shall live to pay in a degree that is worthy of me. In the meantime, I am sure all who love me will be very kind to you, else I shall never think them so to

“Your most affectionate friend,

“CHARLES R.”

The young lady, accompanied by her brother, Colonel Lane, arrived in France in the middle of December, about six weeks after the landing of the king. Apprehensions of the vengeance of the

Parliament appear to have induced them to quit England. She was received by Charles with unaffected satisfaction, and was treated by the French court with marked civility and esteem. At Paris the young lady was deservedly regarded a heroine. Within a short distance from the French capital she had been met by the king himself, the queen-mother, and her sons the Dukes of York and Gloucester. Charles warmly extended his hand, and his first words were, "Welcome, my life!"

Miss Lane afterward married Sir Clement Fisher, of Packington Hall, in Warwickshire, a gallant cavalier, and the intimate companion of her brother. At the Restoration, Charles settled on her an annuity of 1,000*l.*, and on her brother a pension of 500*l.* a year. He corresponded with her also on the most familiar terms, and, among other memorials, presented her with his picture and a gold watch. The latter testimony of his gratitude he particularly desired should descend from generation to generation, to the eldest daughter of the family of Lane.

On Colonel Wyndham and his heirs for ever, was conferred a grant of 600*l.* per annum; on his widow, Lady Anne Wyndham (with a reversion to her two daughters), a pension of 400*l.* a year; on Colonel Philips an annuity to the same amount; and on Charles Giffard, Esq., a pension of 300*l.* On Thomas Whitegrave, Esq., Francis Mansel,

Esq., and Juliana Coningsby, were conferred annuities of 200*l.*; on William Ellesdon, Esq., 100*l.* a year during pleasure; and to Colonel Careless was granted an honourable addition to his coat of arms, and probably some more substantial favours.

Boscobel House is still standing (1839); indeed, it is almost in the same state as when it was visited by Charles. The old mansion of White Ladies, however, has been pulled down, though the ruins of its more ancient monastery still remain. Moseley Hall, the seat of the Whitegraves, with its green lanes and old gable ends, is still an interesting relic of the past. Bentley Hall, the residence of the Lanes, and Abbotsleigh, the seat of the Nortons, are no more. The old house at Trent still remains, and, independent of all other associations, would alone be rendered classic ground, from its church containing the monuments of the loyal Wyndhams. Hele has passed from the family of Hydes, and has been recently pulled down. Many other interesting mementos of Charles's wanderings are still in existence, but modern vandalism, or what is styled improvement, will, probably, soon lay them in the dust. The old inns of Mere and Charmouth were recently in being, and may possibly be yet standing. Near the entrance door to the old parish church at Brighton may still be seen the tomb of Nicholas Tattersal, who conveyed the king to Fecamp. Unfortunately, the Royal Oak, the most interest-

ing of all these relics, has long since been gathered to its fathers. An offspring, however, sprung from one of the father acorns, still points out the memorable spot. An iron railing protects it from harm, and may it ever be regarded with reverence by the lovers of the past !

Charles, after his escape, continued to reside nearly three years in France. In June, 1654, having received the arrears of the small pension allowed him by the French court, he retired, by way of Liege, to Spa. According to the anonymous writer of a letter, dated Spa, 10th August, 1654, "You may be assured Charles Stuart stands absolutely for Scotland. Some about him tell him he had better hasten thither, than stay here and dance, which is his daily and nightly practice. His party come into him faster than is pleasing to him ; every one pleading poverty to get some money."

At Spa Charles resided two or three months, in the society of his sister, the Princess of Orange. From thence he proceeded to Aix la Chapelle, and eventually, in September, 1654, took up his residence at Cologne.

The inhabitants of Cologne not only received him with considerable magnificence, but treated him with a kindness and hospitality to which he had latterly been almost a stranger. His reception is thus described in a letter of the period, dated 20th October, 1654 : "The magistrates received

him with thirty pieces of cannon or more at his entrance, and the next day invested him with the ceremony of harangues and accustomed presents of wine in pots, and in some few days after paid that ceremony to the princess royal ; but we liked the last ceremony best, in running two lusty foders of their choicest wine into his Majesty's cellar. In a word, they are very kind, and this week they intend to invite the king and the princess royal to a banquet in the State-house." The writer concludes : " There were, after this, many other petty entertainments of voices and music, and speeches, with several impresses too long here to insert, and a banquet after all of the fruits in season."

At this period the king's entire allowance for the maintenance of his court amounted but to six hundred pistoles a month. He was deprived even of the common luxury of a coach, and good-naturedly declined the offer which his sister, the Princess of Orange, made him of her own.

Of his habits while at Cologne, and the temper of his mind, rather too favourable a picture has been drawn by his admirers. " He now," says Echard, " betook himself with great cheerfulness to compose his mind to his fortune ; and with singular satisfaction prescribed so many hours in the day to his retirement in his closet, which he employed in reading and studying both the French and Italian authors ; and at other times walked much upon the walls of the town, and sometimes

rid into the fields; and in the whole he spent his time both to his real benefit and his public reputation." But Charles was well aware that it was his policy to establish a good character with the world. Indeed, his hopes of regaining possession of his kingdom depended, in a great degree, on his obtaining a reputation for steadiness, propriety, and good sense; nor was it of less importance that his little court and his own domestic establishment should be favourably reported upon in England. In secret, however, pleasure seems to have been as eagerly pursued, if not so openly practised, as was subsequently the case after his restoration to the throne. One of his principal sources of amusement at this period was derived from the sports of the field. The writer of a letter from Cologne, dated 22d December, 1654, informs us: "Of news here is nothing almost at present. R. C. goes a hunting every day, the weather being favourable. He was yesterday, with a few in company, from morning till three of the clock in the afternoon a-hunting, and went about twelve English miles, but killed only one hare all the time."

To the more initiated, however, his ruling love of pleasure, and especially his admiration of women, were sufficiently notorious. Lady Byron we find spoken of as his "seventeenth mistress abroad," and, moreover, his connection with the beautiful Lucy Walters threatened no slight injury

to his cause. But his own letters throw the truest light on his character and habits at this period. To Henry Bennet he writes on the 18th August, 1655 : "I will try whether Sir S. Compton be so much in love as you say, for I will name Mrs. Hyde before him so by chance, that except he be very much smitten, it shall not at all move him. Pray, get me pricked down as many new corrants and farrabands and 'other little dances,' as you can, and bring them with you, for I have got a small fiddler that does not play ill on the fiddle." Again he writes to his aunt, the Queen of Bohemia :

"COLOGNE, August 6.

"MADAM :— I am just now beginning this letter in my sister's chamber, where there is such a noise that I never hope to end it, and much less write sense. For what concerns my sister's journey and the accidents that happened on the way, I leave to her to give your Majesty an account of. I shall only tell your Majesty that we are now thinking how to pass our time ; and in the first place of dancing, in which we find two difficulties, the one for want of the fiddlers, the other for somebody both to teach and assist at the dancing the new dances ; and I have got my sister to send for Silvius, as one that is able to perform both ; for the fiddledies, my Lord Taaffe does promise to be their convoy, and in the mean time we must content ourselves with those that make no differ-

ence between a hymn and a coranto. I have now received my sister's picture that my dear cousin, the Princess Louise, was pleased to draw, and do desire your Majesty to thank her for me, for 'tis a most excellent picture, which is all I can say at present, but that I am, madam, your Majesty's most humble and most affectionate nephew and servant.

CHARLES R.

"To the Queen of Bohemia, my dearest aunt."

Admiration of beauty, and a delight in the society of women, if it produces no other good effect, has at least the advantage of making a man pay society the compliment of being particular as regards his personal appearance. "My clothes," writes Charles to Henry Bennet at Paris, "are at last come, and I like them very well; all but the sword, which is the worst I ever saw. I suspect very much that it was you that made the choice." And again he writes the following month: "I would have you bring me two beaver hats. For my Lord Bristol's sword, I do by no means like it; therefore, do not bespeak mine of that fashion."

During his stay at Cologne, we find Charles paying a visit of amusement to Frankfort Fair. In a letter to Bennet, dated 14th September, 1655, "My sister," he says, "and I go on Monday next to the fair at Frankfort incognito. At our return you shall hear what has been done." We should have been glad to have had an account of his

adventures from his own lively pen. His allusion to them in a subsequent letter is extremely brief : "We returned," he says, "to this place on Tuesday last, and all our company very well pleased with our voyage ; for indeed it was as pleasant a journey as ever I saw, and some of us wished 'Whereas's' company very often." "Whereas" appears to have been Bennet himself, on whom Charles, for some unknown reason, had conferred the familiar name. During his visit at Frankfort, he met by appointment at Coningstein the famous Christina, Queen of Sweden, who was then on her way to Italy.

From Cologne, where he continued between two and three years, Charles and his impoverished followers removed to Bruges. Here, if we are to credit the testimony of a contemporary, his former politic respect for outward appearances was entirely disregarded, and his court became a constant scene of profligacy and misrule. In Thurloe's collection, there is a letter from a Mr. J. Butler, dated Flushing, 2d December, 1656, of which the following is an extract : "Charles Stuart's court groweth very numerous. This last week one of the richest churches in Bruges was plundered in the night. The people of Bruges are fully persuaded that Charles Stuart's followers had done it. They spare no charges to find out the guilty, and if it happen to light upon any of Charles Stuart's train, it will certainly incense

that people against them. There is now a company of French comedians at Bruges, who are very punctually attended by Charles Stuart and his court, and all the ladies there. Their most solemn day of acting is on the Lord's Day. I think I may truly say that greater abominations were never practised among people than at this day at Charles Stuart's court." Though there may be some degree of truth in this disagreeable picture, it is necessary to make considerable allowance for the evident hostility of a party writer. It may be remarked, that the little court of Charles was never in greater distress than during their stay at Bruges. His followers, it would seem, were at one period in want even of the common necessities of life.

During the residence of Charles at Bruges, we find a plot contrived by Cromwell and Thurloe, which was on the point of throwing the young king, as well as his brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, into the hands of the Protector. It had been treacherously intimated to them, through the agency of Sir Richard Willis, that if, on a stated day, they would pass over to a certain port in Sussex, they would be received on landing by a body of five hundred men, which would be augmented on the following morning by two thousand horse. Had they fallen into the snare, it seems that all three would have been shot immediately on their reaching the shore. The plot

was discovered, however, by Sir Samuel Morland, then under-secretary to Thurloe, who, pretending to be asleep at his desk, overheard Cromwell and Thurloe conversing with Willis on the subject, and disclosed their designs to the royal party.

It was during the residence of Charles in the Low Countries that he met with the following singular adventure, the particulars of which have been recorded by Lockhart, the author of the "Memoirs," who inserted them, in MS., in his copy of Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion."

Charles, it seems, desirous of paying a secret visit to his sister, the Princess of Orange, at The Hague, instructed a faithful adherent (one Fleming, who had been a servant of the Earl of Wigtown), to have a couple of good horses in readiness for him at a particular hour on the following night. A retired spot was named for their rendezvous, and Fleming was enjoined to the strictest secrecy. Accordingly, shortly before the appointed hour (having previously retired to bed for the purpose of more effectually deceiving his attendants), Charles hastily dressed himself and stole undiscovered down the back stairs. Before quitting the apartment, he placed a letter on the table, in which he expressed his intention to be absent for two or three days; at the same time enjoining his attendants to keep his departure as much a secret as possible, and to plead indisposition as the cause of his seclusion. About six o'clock in the morn-

ing they arrived without interruption at The Hague. The king, who had adopted an excellent disguise for his purpose, alighted at a small inn in a retired part of the town, from whence he despatched Fleming to his sister, with instructions to contrive some feasible plan for their interview.

Shortly after the return of Fleming, the travellers were interrupted by the entrance of their landlord, who informed them a stranger was making inquiries respecting them, and desired to be admitted. Charles, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of his attendant, consented to admit the stranger, on which, "an old reverend-like man, with a long gray beard, and ordinary gray clothes," was ushered into the room, who, addressing himself to the king, requested that they might converse together in private. On this, Charles, turning to Fleming, desired him to withdraw. Fleming at first positively refused, till the king, taking him aside, explained to him how little was to be feared from a person so advanced in years, and again commanded him to retire.

No sooner had Fleming quitted the apartment, than the stranger cautiously bolted the door. A moment afterward, however, he fell on his knees, and pulling off his disguise, discovered, to the king's astonishment, Sir George Downing, then ambassador from Cromwell to the States General.

An explanation followed, in which Downing implored the forgiveness of his sovereign for the share which he had taken in the late troubles ; adding that, at heart, no one could be inspired by more devoted feelings of loyalty than himself, and that, whenever circumstances permitted him to take off the mask, he would be found one of the foremost to risk life and fortune in his Majesty's service. Then, having previously exacted a solemn promise of secrecy from Charles, and a further assurance that he would, neither directly nor indirectly, attempt to discover by what means he had become acquainted of Charles's present visit to The Hague, he came to the object of his present mysterious intrusion. In accordance, he said, with a secret treaty, which had been recently entered into between Cromwell and the Dutch, it had been guaranteed, on the part of the latter, that should Charles ever place his foot within the territories of the States, his person should immediately be seized, and delivered over to the Protector. Downing added that, so extraordinary were Cromwell's means of intelligence, he had little doubt that, on his return to the embassy, he should find official information of his Majesty's present visit, of which, should he neglect to avail himself, he would in all probability lose his head. He strongly urged Charles to lose not a moment in quitting the dominions of the States ; adding that he himself, in order to avoid being compelled

Catherine of Braganza.

Photo-etching after the painting by Sir Peter Lely.



to open the despatches, would keep out of the way till Charles should have had reasonable time to enable him to escape, when he would repair to the States with his tardy information, and require, on the terms of the late treaty, that the king's person should be instantly seized. Charles had no choice but to follow his advice, and therefore instantly set off on his return to Brussels, where he was then on a visit.

Bruges, with the exception of a short stay at Fontarabia, whither he had proceeded to attend the Pyrennean treaty, continued to be the principal residence of Charles till his restoration to the throne. It was shortly after his return from the borders of Spain that he received the announcement of Cromwell's death. He was playing at tennis, when Sir Stephen Fox fell on his knees before him and acquainted him with the important tidings. Soon afterward, in order to be better prepared for any emergency, the king departed for Brussels.

Probably no one, bearing the title of king, was ever more frequently disappointed in his matrimonial projects than Charles. We have already seen him rejected by Cromwell as his son-in-law, and he afterward met with a similar refusal from Cardinal Mazarin, on his proposing for his niece Hortensia, the most beautiful woman and the richest heiress in France. The cardinal (who appears to have received the offer either through Abbot

Montague or Lord Jermyn) entertained at this period so little hopes of the king's restoration that he refused to listen to the project even for a moment. After the return of Charles to England, he endeavoured to renew the negotiation, offering a princely dowry with his beautiful niece; but it was now the king's turn to refuse, and the lady was rejected.

A match with the eldest daughter of the Duke of Orleans, which had been a darling object with Henrietta Maria, when her son was only Prince of Wales, proceeded to greater lengths. The lady, in right of her mother, the duke's first wife, was already in possession of the rich Duchy of Montpensier, and, as Charles was sadly in want of present means, the project was eagerly embraced. "The queen," says Clarendon, "was much inclined to it, and the king himself not averse." James the Second, in his Memoirs, gives a full account of the negotiation and of its subsequent failure. "His Majesty," he says, "had not been long in Paris before some private overtures, at least intimations, were made to him from some confidants of Mademoiselle, eldest daughter to the Duke of Orleans, concerning a marriage to be made betwixt them; which proposition was then readily embraced by him, and was likewise approved by the queen his mother. And it proceeded so far, that the king went every day to visit her, she at the same time giving him every reason to believe that it

would succeed. But on the sudden he found her growing cooler, without knowing the occasion of it ; so that he was obliged in prudence to forbear his frequent visits, till at length he came to understand the cause of this alteration in her behaviour, which, in effect, was this : Some, who either were or at least pretended to be her friends, put into her head the imagination of a marriage with the King of France ; which they made her believe they might compass with great ease, considering the ill condition of his affairs at that time. The queen and cardinal, as they persuaded her, would be forced to consent to it for their own security, and to draw themselves out of their present difficulties. This thought, as unseasonable as it was, yet was so strongly imprinted on her mind, that it caused her wholly to break off with the King of England. By which means, reaching at what she could not get, she lost what was in her power to have had, and missed both of them." Mlle. de Montpensier, in her *Memoirs*, has herself initiated us into one of the reasons which induced her to reject Charles. "As I had an idea of marrying the emperor," she says, "I regarded the Prince of Wales but as an object of pity."

Another princess, by whom Charles seems to have been rejected in the days of his exile, was Henrietta, daughter of the Princess Dowager of Orange. To her mother we find him writing as follows : "I shall, in asking you a question, make

it clear enough to you that I cannot have so vile a thought as to make you an instrument in my deceit. I beseech you to let me know whether your daughter, the Princess Henrietta, be so far engaged that you cannot receive a proposition from me concerning her ; and if she be not, that you would think of a way, with all possible secrecy, I may convey my mind in that particular to you." The cause of failure in this instance does not appear ; Charles, however, afterward complained to Lord Clarendon that he had been treated ill by the princess.

There are traces of Charles having been engaged in other matrimonial speculations, of which the particulars are more obscure. It is certain, however, that he proposed to a daughter of the Duke of Lorraine (with whom he was to have received a considerable fortune), but, as in other cases, the difficulties proved insurmountable. With a curious passage in Lord Clarendon's History, we will conclude our notice of Charles's matrimonial speculations. The solemn chancellor appears himself to have been almost in love with the heroine of his tale. "There was at that time (1655) in the court of France, or rather in the jealousy of that court, a lady of great beauty, of a presence very graceful and alluring, and of a wit and behaviour that captivated those who were admitted into her presence. Her extraction was very noble, and her alliance the best under the crown ; her fortune

rather competent than abounding for her degree ; being the daughter of a duke of an illustrious name, who had been killed fighting for the king in the late troubles, and left his wife childless, and in her full beauty. The king had often seen this lady with that esteem and inclination which few were without, both her beauty and her wit deserving the homage that was paid to her. The Earl of Bristol, who was then a lieutenant-general in the French army, and always amorously inclined, — and the more inclined by the difficulty of the attempt, — was grown powerfully in love with this lady ; and, to have the more power with her, communicated to her those secrets of state which concerned her safety, and more the Prince of Condé's, whose cousin-german she was ; the communication whereof was of benefit or convenience to both ; yet, though he made many romantic attempts to ingratiate himself with her, and such as would neither have become or been safe to any other man than himself, who was accustomed to extraordinary flights in the air, he could not arrive at the high success he proposed. At the same time, the Lord Crofts was transported with the same ambition ; and though his parts were very different from the other, yet he wanted not arts and address to encourage him in these attempts, and could bear repulses with more tranquillity of mind and acquiescence than the other could. When these two lords had lamented to each other

their mutual infelicity, they agreed generously to merit their mistress's favours, by doing her a service that should deserve it ; and boldly proposed to her the marriage of the king, who, they both knew, had no dislike to her person ; and they pursued it with his Majesty with all their artifices. They added the reputation of her wisdom and virtue to that of her beauty, and that she might be instrumental to the procuring more friends toward his restoration than any other expedient then in view ; and at last prevailed so far with the king, who no doubt had a perfect esteem of her, that he made the overture to her of marriage, which she received with her natural modesty and address, declaring herself to be much unworthy of that grace ; and beseeching and advising him to preserve that affection and inclination for an object more equal to him, and more capable to contribute to his service ; using all those arguments for refusal, which might prevail with and inflame him to new importunities."

But Bristol, in the meantime, had communicated the project to Lord Clarendon, who, with the more sensible of the king's friends, were strongly opposed to so impolitic a union. Their remonstrances for once had the desired effect with the volatile monarch, and Charles, after paying the lady a farewell visit at her own house, departed the following day for Flanders. Certainly, whether in an honest or in a dishonest manner, few men have made advances

to a greater number of women. However, if he signally failed in his honourable proposals, he at least succeeded as entirely in his libertine attachments. But we must return to the more stirring events of the Restoration.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHARLES II.

Restoration of Charles II.—The King Sails for England—Received on Landing by General Monk—His Splendid Progress toward London—His Gratitude to Heaven Singularly Exemplified—Coronation—Familiarity of Charles with His Subjects—His Habit of Fast Walking—His Saying to Prince George of Denmark—His Custom of Feeding the Fowls in St. James's Park—Anecdotes—The King's Witty Retort to the Duke of York—The Royal Barber—Fondness of Charles for Dogs—Lampoons on the Subject—Social Qualities of Charles—His Love of Wit—Shaftesbury's Retort to Charles—Anecdote of Blood—The King's Quiet Reprimand of Penn, the Quaker—His Witty Sayings and Love of Fun.

MONK, by his wily and skilful conduct, having prepared the way for the king's return, Charles accepted an invitation from the States of Holland to embark from their shores ; and, accordingly, in the beginning of May, 1660, he proceeded to Breda, and from thence to The Hague, where he was received with all kindness and splendour by the Dutch nation. Admiral Montague, afterward Earl of Sandwich, with the English fleet under his command, was expecting his orders on the coast of Holland. Accordingly, after passing a few days at The Hague, in the society of his sister, the

Princess of Orange, Charles embarked at Scheveling on the twenty-fourth of May, on board the *Naseby*, — a name, however, which, as it must have somewhat grated on royal ears, had recently been changed to the *Royal Charles*.

The voyage was prosperous, and on the twenty-fifth of May the heights of Dover were perceptible. "I conversed," says an anonymous writer, "with some of our seamen who brought over King Charles in the *Naseby*, and they told me the first time they had ever heard the common-prayer and God-damnye, was on board that ship as she came home with his Majesty." Charles delayed disembarking till the following day.

He was received on landing by Monk and other persons of distinction. The general, than whom no man had ever performed a greater service for his sovereign, instantly dropped on one knee and kissed the king's hand. Charles, raising him from the ground, and taking him in his arms, embraced him affectionately. Together they walked under a rich canopy toward the town. On their way they were met by the mayor and corporation of Dover, who presented the king with a large Bible, ornamented with clasps of gold.

The same day, attended by Monk, and the Dukes of York, Gloucester, and Buckingham, Charles entered his coach; and departed for Canterbury. The most magnificent preparations and the wildest effusions of joy encountered him at every

step. The road was everywhere thronged with spectators; in the towns through which he passed the houses were decorated with silken streamers; while the perpetual sound of music and acclamations almost deafened his ears. On Barham Downs he was met by a brilliant train of the nobility, "clad in very rich apparel," as well as by four gallant regiments composed of the loyal men of Kent. As Charles presented himself at the head of each troop on horseback, the men kissed the hilts of their swords, and then, flourishing their weapons in the air, mingled their shouts with the clamours of their trumpets.

The same fervent joy was everywhere demonstrated, and such was the exultation of the old cavaliers, that more than one person is said to have died of excessive delight; among these is said to have been Oughtred, the celebrated mathematician. "The whole country," says an old writer, "flocked in, and cutting down palms, and strewing the ways with all sorts of fragrant flowers, and decking the lanes and passages with the greatest variety of country pomps, garlands beset with rings, ribands, and the like, the air echoing all along, and redoubling the perpetually iterated hosannas, he came to London."

At Canterbury the king was met by the mayor and aldermen of that ancient city, who, after having presented him with a cup of gold, conducted him to the house of Lord Camden. The next day

being Sunday, he attended divine service in the cathedral and remained that day and night in the city. On the Monday he proceeded in the same triumphal manner toward Rochester, where he rested another night. The houses in the streets through which he passed are said to have been completely covered with streamers, ribands, and garlands of flowers.

The following morning, the twenty-ninth of May, being his birthday, he entered his coach and departed toward London with an increased and more brilliant train. At Blackheath the army were drawn up and received him with the loudest acclamations. Charles, having previously exchanged his coach for a charger, bowed frequently to the military as they marched before him. The country people were not backward in displaying their loyalty. The old music of tabor and pipe, their favourite morrice-dances, and other rural sports, added considerably to the effect of the joyous scene. In the town of Deptford, a hundred young girls, dressed in white, and with gay baskets in their hands, walked immediately before the king, and strewed flowers in his path.

In St. George's Fields, Southwark, he was met by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, in their scarlet gowns. By these dignitaries he was conducted to a large tent covered with tapestry, under which was a chair of state, surmounted by a rich canopy. The lord mayor then presented

him with the city sword, and the recorder congratulated him in a suitable speech ; after which he was entertained with a magnificent banquet. The king's remark at the universal satisfaction is well known. It must have been his own fault, he said, that he had been so long absent, as every one seemed unanimous in promoting his return.

The different streets, from Southwark to Whitehall, exhibited a scene of splendour perhaps unparalleled in the annals of public rejoicings. The procession was numerous and magnificent. The houses on each side were hung with tapestry ; bands of music were fixed at stated places ; the train-bands of the city, in rich dresses, lined the way ; and even the conduits are said (we must presume poetically) to have flowed with the most delicious wine. Charles entered Whitehall amidst the roar of cannon and the acclamations of thousands. The Houses of Lords and Commons received him on his arrival, and were subsequently admitted to kiss his hand. At night the sky was illuminated by bonfires and fireworks, and the people regaled with a profusion of wine and food. Charles, alas ! displayed his gratitude to Heaven for his wonderful restoration, not by prayers and thanksgiving, but by passing the night of his return with Mrs. Palmer (afterward the celebrated Duchess of Cleveland), at the house of Sir Samuel Morland, at Lambeth.

The coronation of Charles took place on the 22d of April, 1661, and on the 21st of May, 1662, he was married to the Infanta of Portugal. The former event has been frequently described, and differs not sufficiently from similar ceremonials, which have taken place in our own times, to require an enumeration of its splendours. The details of the latter event belong rather to our Memoir of Queen Catherine.

The easy temper and good-humoured familiarity of Charles acquired for him that popularity among his loving subjects, which not all his subsequent profligacy and misgovernment could entirely destroy. They loved to see him, divested of the trappings of state, conversing familiarly with those who attended him, or arresting some familiar countenance that encountered him in his walk. He was an indefatigable pedestrian; and, whether in London or elsewhere, usually spent several hours in his favourite exercise. Burnet tells us that he was in the habit of walking so fast that it was a trouble to keep up with him. His brother, the Duke of York, was as fond of being on horseback. Once, when Prince George of Denmark, who had married his niece, afterward Queen Anne, complained that he was growing fat, "Walk with me," said Charles, "hunt with my brother, and do justice to my niece, and you will not long be distressed by growing fat." Spring Macky says of the prince, in his Memoirs:

"He is very fat, loves news, his bottle, and his wife."

It was the custom of Charles to saunter almost daily into St. James's Park, where he took a great interest in the numerous birds with which it was stocked, and which it was his custom to feed with his own hand. The government of Duck Island, at the east end of the piece of water, then a collection of ponds, was conferred on the famous St. Evremond. Pennant speaks of it as "the first and last government," but he is mistaken in the fact. It had previously been bestowed on Sir John Flock, a person of good family, and a companion of Charles during his exile. It was probably conferred, in both instances, in a moment of convivial hilarity.

On one occasion, Coke, the author of the *Memoirs*, was in attendance on the king during one of his usual walks. Charles had finished feeding his favourites, and was proceeding toward St. James, when, at the further end of the mall, they were overtaken by Prince Rupert, who accompanied them to the palace. "The king," says Coke (who was near enough to overhear their conversation), "told the prince how he had shot a duck, and such a dog fetched it; and so they walked on till the king came to St. James's House, and there the king said to the prince, 'Let's go and see Cambridge and Kendal,' the Duke of York's two sons, who then lay a-dying. But upon

his return to Whitehall he found all in an uproar ; the Countess of Castlemaine, as it was said, bewailing, above all others, that she should be the first torn to pieces." It appears that the astounding news of the Dutch fleet having entered the river had just been received at the palace.

At another time, Charles had taken two or three turns in St. James's Park, and was proceeding up Constitution Hill, accompanied by the Duke of Leeds and Lord Cromarty, with the intention of walking in Hyde Park, when, just as they were crossing the road, they encountered the Duke of York, who had been hunting on Hounslow Heath, and was returning in his coach. The guards, who attended the duke, on perceiving the king, suddenly stopped, and consequently arrested the progress of the coach. James instantly alighted, and, after paying his respects to the king, expressed his uneasiness at seeing him with so small an attendance, and his fears that his life might be endangered. "No kind of danger, James," said the king ; "for I am sure no man in England will take away my life to make you king." This story, says Doctor King in his "Anecdotes of His Own Time," Lord Cromarty frequently related to his friends.

There is an instance on record of Charles having appeared not quite so indifferent at the idea of assassination. His barber, whom he admitted

to considerable freedom, was one morning shaving him, when the fellow, as was customary with him, commenced hazarding one of his trifling remarks. "I consider," said he, "that none of your Majesty's officers have a greater trust than I." "How so, friend?" said the king. "Why," said the fellow, "I could cut your Majesty's throat whenever I liked." Charles started up at the idea. Using his favourite oath, — "'Od's fish!" he exclaimed; "the very thought is treason; you shall shave me no more."

The freedom with which Charles mingled with his subjects is so well known, that the perusal of the following extract of an order, issued in 1671, rather takes us by surprise. "An officer of our horse-guards is always to attend, and follow next our person, when we walk abroad, or pass up and down from one palace to another, as well within doors as without, excepting always our bed-chamber." This order was issued about the same time that Blood made his daring attempt on the crown jewels. Whether, however, it originated in any apprehension of personal danger, or merely from the people pressing on the king in his walks, it is now difficult to ascertain.

Charles, as is also well known, was constantly followed by a number of small spaniels wherever he went. He even permitted them to litter in his own apartment; and Evelyn mentions that neither the room itself, nor indeed any part of the court,

was rendered more savoury from the indulgence of the king's fancy.

His fondness for these animals was extraordinary. In the early numbers of the *London Gazette*, it is curious to find how many are the instances in which rewards are offered for dogs, stolen or strayed from Whitehall, many of which were undoubtedly the king's. However, on the 12th of March, 1667, a dog is actually notified as having been lost by Charles; the advertisement runs as follows :

"Lost out of the Mews, on the sixth of this month, a little brindled greyhound bitch, belonging to his Majesty. If any one has taken her up, they are desired to bring her to the porter's gate at Whitehall, and they shall have a very good content for their pains." And again, on the seventeenth of May following, a reward is offered for "a white hound bitch of his Majesty's, with a reddish head, and red upon the buttocks, some black spots on the body, and a nick in the right lip."

The king's fancy for dogs is alluded to in more than one lampoon of the period. In a psalm sung at the Calves' Head Club, we find :

" His dogs would sit at Council Board
Like judges in their furs ;
We question much which had most sense,
The master or the curs."

And in another pasquinade :

"His very dog at Council Board
Sits grave and wise as any Lord."

In social life, we can scarcely imagine a companion more fascinating than Charles, a circle more brilliant than that with which he surrounded himself. "When considered as a companion," says Hume, "he appears as the most amiable and engaging of men; and, indeed, in this view his deportment must be allowed altogether unexceptionable. His love of raillery was so tempered with good breeding, that it was never offensive; his propensity to satire was so checked by discretion that his friends never dreaded their becoming the object of it; his wit, to use the expression of one who knew him well, and who was himself a good judge,¹ could be said not so much to be very refined or elevated, qualities apt to beget jealousy and apprehension in company, as to be plain, gaining, well-bred, recommending kind of wit. And though, perhaps, he talked more than the strict rules of behaviour might permit, men were so pleased with the affable, communicative deportment of the monarch that they always went away contented both with him and with themselves." This is not an exaggerated picture of the social qualities of Charles. He was particularly gifted with the art of telling a story, and Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, observes he could with pleasure

¹ Marquis of Halifax.

have listened to them, though, perhaps, he had heard them repeated five or six times before. "His stories," he says, "were invariably retouched and embellished with some fresh circumstance to attract attention." Burnet, however, observes, with his usual malice, that "the courtiers grew so tired with the king's stories that, though he might have commenced one of them in a crowded room, it was generally nearly empty by the time he had concluded it." Rochester said, he wondered "how a person who possessed so good memory as to repeat a story without missing a word, should have so bad a one as to forget that he had told it to the same company but the day before." Evelyn, however, who was admitted to his society, mentions the king's large store of anecdotes, and his particular talent for relating them.

Charles possessed real wit himself, and valued it in others. The happy reply of Blood, when Charles inquired how he dared to make his bold attempt on the crown jewels, seems originally to have prejudiced the king in his favour. "My father," said Blood, "lost a good estate in fighting for the Crown; and I considered it no harm to recover it by the crown." On another occasion, a stranger presenting him with a petition, Charles inquired rather angrily of him, how he dared to bring him such a paper. "May it please your Majesty," said the intruder, impudently, "my name is Dare." Charles could even pardon

a jest when personal to himself. "Shaftesbury," he one day said to the unprincipled earl, "I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions." "For a subject, sir," said the other, "I believe I am."

Among those whom he admitted to familiar intercourse was William Penn, the celebrated Quaker, and lawgiver of Pennsylvania. Penn, thinking proper to carry his sectarian prejudices into the presence of royalty, on his introduction had continued standing before the king without removing his hat. Charles quietly rebuked him, by taking off his own hat, and stood uncovered before Penn. "Friend Charles," said the future legislator, "why dost thou not keep on thy hat?" "'Tis the custom of this place," replied the witty monarch, "for only one person to remain covered at a time."

Charles delighted in the society of learned foreigners. Among others whom he honoured with his notice was Gregorio Leti, a native of Milan, and formerly popular as a historian. Charles once said to him, "I hear, Leti, you are writing the history of the court of England." Leti admitted that he was collecting materials for such a work. "You must take care," said the king, "that your work gives no offence." "Sir," replied Leti, "I will do what I can; but if a man were as wise as Solomon, he would scarce be able to avoid giving some offence." "Why, then," said Charles,

with his usual quickness, "be as wise as Solomon ; write proverbs, not histories."

He loved what may be called fun as much as the youngest of his courtiers. On one of his birthdays, an impudent rascal of a pickpocket had obtained admission to the drawing-room, in the garb of a gentleman. He had succeeded in extracting a gold snuff-box from a nobleman's pocket, and was quietly transferring it to his own, when, looking up, he suddenly caught the king's eye, and discovered that he had been perceived by his Majesty. The fellow, aware, in all probability, of the king's easy character, had the impudence to put his finger to his nose, and winked knowingly at Charles to hold his tongue. Shortly afterward, the king was much amused by perceiving the nobleman feeling one pocket after another in search of his treasure. At last, he could resist no longer, and looking about him (probably to make certain that the thief had escaped), he called out to the injured person, "You need not, my lord, give yourself any more trouble about it. Your box is gone, and I own myself an accomplice. I could not help it, I was made a confidant."

Charles was fully aware of the frailties of his friends, and, as we have seen in his speech to Shaftesbury, took a pleasure in bantering them on their evil courses.

On the principle of *noscitur a sociis*, we cannot

wonder that many of the individuals for whom his courtiers interested themselves were men not of the most reputable character. When Lord Keeper Guildford once interceded for a man whose reputation was somewhat indifferent: "It is strange," said Charles, "that every one of my friends keeps a tame knave."

CHAPTER XVII.

CHARLES II.

Instances of Charles's Right Feeling and Kindness of Heart—
His Good-natured Support of Lord Keeper Guildford—His
Kindness to Sir John Reresby—Liberality of Charles—His
Excellent Natural Capacity—His Knowledge of the Arts
and Sciences—His Interest in Naval Affairs—His Taste
for the Sea Becomes Fashionable at Court—His Love of
Theatricals—Anecdotes—Verses Believed to Be the Com-
position of Charles—Profligacy of the Court—Remarkable
Punishment of Sir Peckshall Brockas—Desecration at Court
of the Sabbath Day—A Court Ball—Ancient Palace of
Whitehall—The King's Mode of Living at Windsor—His
Taste for Fishing—His Manner of Living at Newmarket—
Picture of a Royal Debauch—Anecdotes—Royal Mistresses
—Their Rapacity—The King's Nickname of "Old Rowley"
—His Poverty—His Custom of Attending the Debates in
the House of Lords.

THE enemies of Charles have denied to him every sense of rectitude, and even the common merit of good nature. In their sweeping charges of profligacy, indolence, and ingratitude, they have divested him of the few better feelings and principles, of which his reputation cannot afford to be deprived. As regards one point of his character, Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, justly stands up

for his old master. "Surely," he says, "he was inclined to justice; for nothing else would have retained him so fast to the succession of a brother, against a son he was so fond of, and the humour of a party he so much feared." When pressed to consent to the Bill of Exclusion against the Duke of York, "James," said he, "will not keep the crown; but let him forfeit it by his own ill conduct; I will not cut him off from the succession." We may add to this act of justice his kind and manly protection of the queen, during the fury of the Popish Plot. "They think," said he, "I have a mind to a new wife, but for all that I will not see an innocent woman persecuted." Let any one read Lord Clarendon's account of his daughter's dishonour, and of Charles's interference to wipe away the stain; let him read the history of the lady's subsequent marriage with the Duke of York, brought about entirely by the interposition of Charles, — in opposition to the disapproval of his mother, and to the advice even of Clarendon himself, — with a woman, too, who was not only of an obscure, but of a mean family; and it will be impossible entirely to deny to Charles the merit of right feeling and of kindness of heart.

Of the king's good nature we have another instance. When Lord Keeper Guildford was under fear of impeachment, the king, observing the melancholy expression of his countenance, drew near to the woolsack. "Be of good comfort," he

whispered to him, "I will never forsake my friends, as my father did." He was never known to make an enemy in social life. Lord Dartmouth was told an anecdote of Charles by one who knew him well. "It was the king's maxim," he said, "to quarrel with no one, whatever might have been the provocation, as he was ignorant, he said, how shortly he might require the same person to become his friend." In the estimation of every Englishman, the existing establishments of Greenwich and Chelsea should of themselves be sufficient memorials to proclaim that he had at least some redeeming goodness of heart.

Of the ingratitude of Charles much has been said, and much is undoubtedly deserved. His forgetfulness, however, of former services was owing, not so much to the innate hardness of heart, of which he has been accused, as to the extraordinary difficulties in which he found himself placed. Half a nation were his petitioners, who, of course, exaggerating their services, deafened his ears with their complaints, and have since bequeathed very partial accounts of their injuries to posterity. On his first arrival in England, hundreds of suffering cavaliers had preferred their claims, and Charles, in the fullness of his gratitude, had, no doubt, most unfortunately promised more than he could perform. These people, naturally exasperated at their disappointment, became so vehement in their importunities that their

language at times amounted almost to insult. Lord Halifax even attributes the king's habit of fast walking to the number of "asking faces" and the dismal complaints by which he was constantly encountered. They used to persecute him, we are told, in all places, and even followed him with their importunities from room to room.

Charles naturally became disgusted, and, as it was impossible he could satisfy all, he too frequently turned a deaf ear on his tormentors. These circumstances, though they are not intended as a defence, may in some degree palliate the conduct of Charles. We must remember, moreover, the indolence of his nature; the excessive rapacity of his mistresses and friends; and the notorious fact that his income was but ill adapted to the exalted station which he occupied.

Sir John Reresby, in his *Memoirs*, pays a passing but agreeable tribute to the king's real kindness of heart and consideration for others. "On the first of March," he says, "the king went to Newmarket, and I followed him a few days afterward; when the weather being very unseasonable and dirty, and walking about the town with his Majesty, he observed that my shoes were but thin, and advised me to get a stronger pair, to prevent my catching cold; which, though a trivial remark in itself, may serve for an example of that prince's great goodness and care for those persons that were near to him, though ever so inconsiderable."

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erable." During the political troubles of 1679, Reresby happened one night to be in the king's bedchamber when he was retiring to rest. "I was at the king's couchée," he says, "and wondered to see him quite cheerful amidst such an intricacy of troubles ; but it was not his nature to think or perplex himself much about anything. I had the good fortune to say something that pleased his Majesty ; and the Duke of Newcastle, one of the bedchamber, being in waiting, his Grace took the opportunity of mentioning me ; whereupon his Majesty came to me, and reassured me of a continuance in my command, and told me he would stick by his old friends."

Charles could be generous to the good as well as lavish to the undeserving. When Doctor Barwick, who had been a faithful adherent of the late king during his sufferings, was himself in prison and in distress, Charles, although then himself an impoverished exile, out of a present of a thousand pounds which he had received from Lady Saville, kindly sent two hundred to his father's friend. We may mention another instance of his generosity. Immediately after the Restoration, he sent, unsolicited, to Lord Clarendon, a grant of ten thousand acres in the fens. Clarendon at first declined the offer, partly on the ground of the envy it would excite. When his decision was announced by the Duke of Ormond to the king, the chancellor, he said, was a fool for his pains ;

adding, that "he had better be envied than pitied." At another time, we find him presenting the Earl of Bristol with a gift of ten thousand pounds, besides a valuable grant of land in Sussex.

De Grammont's brief character of Charles is evidently sincere. "The king was inferior to none, either in shape or air ; his soul, susceptible of opposite impressions, was compassionate to the unhappy, inflexible to the wicked, and tender even to excess ; he showed great abilities in affairs of importance, but was incapable of application to any that were not so ; his heart was often the dupe, but oftener the slave of his attachments." "His temper," says Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, "both of body and mind, was admirable ; which made him an easy, generous lover, a civil, obliging husband, a friendly brother, and a good-natured master."

That Charles possessed a capacity which only required application to render it eminent, we have the evidence of the best judges among his contemporaries. The truth of Lord Rochester's famous saying, "that he never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one," has always been admitted. It was also wittily observed by the Duke of Buckingham, that "Charles could have been a great king if he would, and that James would if he could." "Had this king," said Sir Richard Bulstrode, "but loved business as well as he under-

stood it, he would have been the greatest prince in Europe." Dryden also says :

" His conversation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the noblest useful arts,
Were such dead authors could not give.

He drained from all, and all they knew,
His apprehension quick, his judgment true ;
That the most learned with shame confess,
His knowledge more, his reading only less."

We have the authority of Lord Keeper Guildford, that Charles was better acquainted with the foreign policy of his time than all his ministers put together. This fact he accounted for by the king's experience with foreign courts during his exile, and the personal intercourse which he had long maintained with the first statesmen in Europe. " Charles," added Lord Guildford, " whether drunk or sober, made a point of conversing with every eminent foreigner who came into England ; and, though so notoriously unreserved himself, had the art of sifting the secrets of others."

We have the authority of Evelyn, no indifferent judge, that the king's knowledge, if not deep, was at least various. Chemistry, mechanism, and naval architecture were among his favourite pursuits ; and he also loved to employ himself in the details of building and planting. In the study of anatomy he took considerable interest. Pepys was told by Pierce, the surgeon, that he once dissected two

bodies, a man and a woman, before the king, who expressed himself highly interested in the exhibition.

Charles had acquired a certain knowledge of physic, and, moreover, took the greatest care of his health ; indeed, his habits, and even his pleasures, were made subservient to its preservation. We find him employing at one time as many as four physicians in ordinary, as well as two for the royal household, and about a dozen more who were not regularly in waiting. He was occasionally the patron of the merest quacks, and was in the habit of trifling with an excellent constitution by quacking himself. Lord Halifax, in his character of Charles, and also Lord Lansdown in his "Vindication of Monk," mention this pernicious habit, and even consider that it hastened his end.

But it was in shipbuilding and naval affairs that he took the deepest interest. "The great, almost only, pleasure of his mind," says the Duke of Buckingham, "to which he seemed addicted, was shipping and sea affairs ; which seemed to be so much his talent for knowledge, as well as inclination, that a war of that kind was rather an entertainment than any disturbance to his thoughts." An order in council, dated 8th May, 1676, displays his solicitude regarding naval affairs, and presents an agreeable trait of his munificence. It appears by this document that, with a view of inducing families of consideration to bring up their

sons in the royal navy, the king was pleased "at his extraordinary charge" to maintain several of the sons of gentlemen on board the royal ships as volunteers. Pepys says, "His Majesty possessed a transcendent mastery in all maritime knowledge." Throughout his reign, and more especially during the first years of his reign, we have evidence how intent he was on increasing our naval power and promoting the English supremacy at sea. His occasional visits to the fleet are frequently alluded to by his contemporaries. In a letter of the Earl of Arlington, dated 20th July, 1671, we find the following passage: "On this day seven-night his Majesty left Windsor, with a pretence only to go and see the New Forest, and Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight; where, as soon as he arrived, he put himself on board a squadron of ships, posted there on purpose to carry him to Plymouth, to see the new fort there, where he arrived on Monday night, which is the last news we had of him. If the wind were fair for it, we should quickly expect him here again, and by long sea, where twenty leagues are more pleasing to him than two by land. It is a new exploit for kings; but I hope God will bless him in it, according to those happy constellations which have yet appeared for him."

The royal taste of course became a fashionable one at court, and, accordingly, at the breaking out of the Dutch war, the young nobility hurried on

board the fleet as if they had been going to a crusade. Even the queen and her ladies adopted the ruling fashion. In 1672 we find the good-natured monarch endeavouring to gratify their taste, and writing as follows to the Duke of York: "Friday, 3d May, Wind W. by S. I should have had no peace at home if I did not permit my wife to go to Deal to see the fleet: she will be there to-morrow with good store of ladies; so you must order those fly-boats, when they come, as well as you can."

In addition to his graver studies, Charles was not without sympathy in more graceful pursuits. He loved music and poetry, and theatrical performances were his passion. Of the two great actors of the day, Mohun and Hart, he said, on seeing them perform in a new piece, that Mohun, or Moon, as it was pronounced, "was like the sun, and Hart like the Moon." At another time, when Sir William Davenant's play of "Love and Honour" was first acted, we find Charles presenting Betterton, the actor, with his splendid coronation suit, in which the player performed the character of Prince Alonzo. The Duke of York followed the king's example, by giving the suit which he had worn on the same occasion to Hains, who acted the part of Prince Prospero; while the Earl of Oxford presented his to Joseph Price, who supported the character of Lionel, son to the Duke of Parma.

It was Charles the Second, according to Spence,

who gave Dryden the hint for writing his poem "The Medal." One day, as the king was strolling in the Mall, in St. James's Park, in conversation with Dryden, he said, "If I was a poet, and I think I am poor enough to be one, I would write a poem on such a subject, in the following manner." He then gave him the plan for it. Dryden took the hint, and carrying the poem to the king as soon as it was written, Charles presented him with a hundred broad pieces as a mark of his approval.

Charles is said to have been himself a poet, and if, as Sir John Hawkins affirms, and as Horace Walpole thinks probable, the following verses were really his composition, he has some claim to merit as a lyric poet :

"I pass all my hours in a shady old grove,
But I live not the day when I see not my love;
I survey every walk now my Phillis is gone,
And sigh when I think we were there all alone;
Oh, then 'tis I think there's no hell,
Like loving too well.

"But each shade and each conscious bower when I find,
Where I once have been happy, and she has been kind;
When I see the print left of her shape on the green,
And imagine the pleasure may yet come again;
Oh, then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love.

"While alone to myself I repeat all her charms,
She I loved may be lock'd in another man's arms;

She may laugh at my cares, and so false she may be,
To say all the kind things she before said to me;
Oh, then 'tis, oh, then, that I think there's no hell,
Like loving too well.

"But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent passion, so kind without art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be
So full of true love to be jealous of me;
Oh, then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love."

Whatever merit may be due to Charles as the friend of literature and science, his taste, as regards the fine arts, was formed on a bad model, and was calculated neither to elevate nor refine. His conceptions of architectural beauty were formed in the French school, and he had even the barbarity to introduce them into Windsor Castle and the Tower of London. Nevertheless, we must allow him the credit of having fostered Wren; nor must we forget that St. Paul's Cathedral was designed under his auspices. "The restoration of royalty," says Walpole, "brought back the arts, not taste. Charles had a turn to mechanics, none to the politer sciences. He had learned to draw in his youth: in the Imperial Library at Vienna is a view of the Isle of Jersey, designed by him; but he was too indolent even to amuse himself. He introduced the fashions of the court of France, without its elegance."

For the open and barefaced licentiousness of

Charles's court, for the example which he set of wantonness to the ladies, and profligacy to the men, we look around us, but in vain, for an excuse. His vices were even publicly reproached in Parliament. In 1675, it was voted in the House of Commons that the "atheism, debauchery, and impiety of the present age be inserted as grievances to be redressed." This bold measure had, of course, no other reference but to the licentiousness of the court; indeed, the propriety of impeaching the king's mistresses — nominally on the ground of keeping his Majesty in constant poverty — was actually discussed by the popular party. "But, no," said Lord Mordaunt, "we ought rather to be grateful to them for making the king subservient to his Parliament." We are inclined to think that the debauchery of Charles and his favourites had less influence upon society in general than might have been expected, or than has usually been supposed. The public certainly looked on his pleasures and his concubines with a severe eye, and, moreover, there was to be found generally, throughout his reign, a vast deal of moral and political honesty. The determined opposition which the court encountered from the House of Commons; the great majority who voted for the exclusion of the Duke of York; and the fact that — when the clergy were called upon to subscribe to every article contained in the Book of Common Prayer — two thousand ministers con-

scientiously resigned their cures in one day, are unquestionable evidences that the principles of the court were far from being those of the community at large. The more respectable among the king's friends remembered and regretted the stately and sober amusements of his father's court, and the general morality and respect for religion which then prevailed in the royal household. The change was indeed a melancholy one. There must have been many still living who remembered the remarkable punishment of Sir Peckshall Brockas for his private immoralities. This person having been convicted before the High Commissioners for his gross offences, was condemned to stand at Paul's Cross in a white sheet, and with a wand in his hand. The sentence was actually carried into execution; nor were those persons few in number who would willingly have brought Charles and his mistresses to perform a similar penance.

A custom of playing at cards on Sundays, which was now generally practised at court, was naturally productive of great offence in a still puritanical age. Even Pepys expresses his extreme abhorrence at seeing the queen and the Duchess of York thus desecrating the Sabbath Day. The same amusing memoir-writer has left us a graphic account of a court entertainment, which he witnessed at Whitehall. "The room," he says, "where the ball was to be was crammed with

fine ladies, the greatest of the court. By and by comes the king and queen, the duke and duchess, and all the great ones; and after seating themselves, the king takes out the Duchess of York, and the duke the Duchess of Buckingham; the Duke of Monmouth my Lady Castlemaine, and so other lords other ladies, and they danced the brantle. After that, the king led a lady a single coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies: very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to country-dances; the king leading the first, which he called for; which was, says he, 'Cuckolds all awry,' the old dance of England. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, and my Lady Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry de Vicke's,¹ were the best. The manner was, when the king dances, all the ladies in the room, and the queen herself, stand: and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the Duke of York."

The king chiefly restricted his residences to Whitehall and Windsor, though he paid occasional visits to Hampton Court and Newmarket. The old palace at Whitehall was then of vast size and magnificence. "It extended," says Pennant, "along the river, and in front along the present Parliament and Whitehall Street, as far as Scotland Yard; and on the other side of those streets

¹ Sir Henry de Vic, Bart., of Guernsey. He was Chancellor of the Order of the Garter.

to the turning into Spring Garden beyond the Admiralty, looking into St. James's Park. The merry king, his queen, the royal brother, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, and all the great officers, and all the courtly train, had their lodgings within these walls; and all the royal family had their different offices, such as kitchens, cellars, pantries, spiceries, cyder-house, bake-house, wool-yards, coal-yards, and slaughter-house." Shortly after the death of Charles, nearly the whole of this interesting fabric perished in the flames.

Of the king's mode of living at Windsor we have no very particular account. When Sir John Resesby paid a visit there to Charles, in 1680, "The king," he says, "showed me a great deal of what he had done to the house, which was indeed very fine, and acquainted me with what he intended to do more; for then it was he was upon finishing that most majestic structure. He lived quite privately at this time: there was little or no resort to him; and his days he passed in fishing or walking in the park; and certain it is, he was much better pleased with retirement than the hurry of the gay and busy world." In a copy of verses entitled "Windsor," which, in the "State Poems," is attributed to Rochester, the king's harmless practice of fishing is thus denounced:

"Methinks I see our mighty monarch stand,
His pliant angle trembling in his hand.

Pleased with the sport, good man ; nor does he know
His easy sceptre bends and trembles so.
Fine representative indeed of God,
Whose sceptre's dwindled to a fishing-rod ?
Such was Domitian in his Romans' eyes,
When his great god-ship stoop'd to catching flies ;
Bless us, what pretty sport have deities !
But see, he now does up from Datchet come,
Laden with spoils of slaughter'd gudgeons home,
Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy fate,
But greedily he swallows every bait,
A prey to every king-fisher of state."

We learn from Colley Cibber that Charles occasionally invited the actors to Windsor, where they performed in St. George's Hall. It seems, however, by Cibber's account, that money was allowed to be taken at the door.

Of the manner in which Charles occupied his time at Newmarket, we have a brief notice by Reresby. "The manner of the king's dividing his time at this place was thus : he walked in the morning till ten of the clock ; then he went to the cockpit till dinner-time ; about three he went to the horse-races ; at six he returned to the cockpit, for an hour only ; then he went to the play, though the actors were but of a terrible sort ; from thence to supper ; then to the Duchess of Portsmouth's till bedtime ; and so to his own apartment to take his rest." Lord Halifax says : "He grew by age into a pretty exact distribution of his hours, both for his business, pleasures, and the exercise of his

health, of which he took as much care as could possibly consist with some liberties he was resolved to indulge himself in. He walked by his watch, and when he pulled it out to look upon it, skilful men would make haste with what they had to say to him."

The palace of Newmarket, of which Sir Christopher Wren was the architect, was not completed at the time of the king's death. Charles, who complained of the small size of the rooms, was one day conversing with Wren on the subject, when the architect, who was a small man, glanced somewhat consequentially around the apartment, as if measuring the walls with his eye: "I think," said he, "and it please your majesty, they *are* high enough." Charles squatted down to Wren's height, and creeping about in this whimsical posture, "Ay," he said, "Sir Christopher, I think they are high enough." After the death of Charles, the sum of eighty thousand guineas is said to have been discovered in his private cabinet, which it was believed he had intended to expend on one of his favourite palaces, Newmarket or Winchester.

Charles never permitted the revels of the night to be referred to on the following morning. By this means he in some degree prevented the over-familiarity of his less eligible associates, and put a stop to expectations that he might have held out in the hilarity of the moment, and the overfullness

of his heart. Among his boon companions, moreover, he seems to have been more on his guard than might have been expected. To one, who importuned him for a favour in one of his jovial moments, "You had better," said he, "ask the king to-morrow." An account of one of his debauches after a hunting-party, in 1667, is amusingly detailed by the gossiping Pepys. It was related to him by Sir Hugh Cholmely, who was present. "They came," he says, "to Sir G. Carteret's house at Cranbourne, and there were entertained and all made drunk; and being all drunk, Armerer did come to the king, and swear to him: 'By G—, sir,' says he, 'you are not so kind to the Duke of York of late as you used to be.' 'Not I?' says the king; 'why so?' 'Why,' says he, 'if you are, let us drink his health.' 'Why, let us,' says the king. Then he (Armerer) fell on his knees and drank it; and having done, the king began to drink it. 'Nay, sir," says Armerer, 'by G—, you must do it on your knees.' So he did, and then all the company: and having done it, all fell a-crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another; the king the Duke of York, and the Duke of York the king, and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were."

Charles was once dining with Sir Robert Viner during his mayoralty, when, having remained as long as was agreeable to himself, he rose to depart. The citizen, however, having indulged rather freely

in his own wines, caught hold of the king, and swore that he should remain and have another bottle. Charles looked kindly at him over the shoulder, and repeating, with a smile, a line of the old song, —

“He that’s drunk is as great as a king,”

remained a short time longer at the festive board.

We have another account of a supper-party which took place at the Duke of Buckingham’s, on which occasion Charles endeavoured to make his nephew, the Prince of Orange, drunk. The young prince had little taste for wine, and, moreover, being a suitor at the time for the hand of his future consort, the Princess Mary, he was of course on his good behaviour. However, having been induced by the king to drink much more wine than he had been accustomed to, the naturally sedate Dutchman became the gayest and most frolicsome of the party. On their breaking up, he even commenced smashing the windows of the maids of honour, and would even have forced himself into their rooms had he not been fortunately prevented. Charles was an extremely early riser, so much so, that his servants, who were slower, perhaps, in recovering from the overnight debauch, used to complain not a little of his early habits.

Of Charles’s passion for women, and the unlimited control which his mistresses possessed over him, there is no need to dwell at length. His

conversation with them was extremely free, licentious, and even gross ; and an oath from a pretty woman never failed in exciting his mirth. "I am of opinion," says Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, "that in his latter times there was as much of laziness as of love, in all those hours he passed among his mistresses ; who, after all, only served to fill up his seraglio, while a bewitching kind of pleasure called sauntering, and talking without any restraint, was the true Sultana queen he delighted in." Whether or no this be true, it is certain that his mistresses brought their easy and voluptuous master to the very verge of ruin, and that they preserved their influence over him to the last. According to Reresby, however, "If love prevailed with him more than any other passion, he had this for excuse, besides that his complexion was of an amorous sort, the women seemed to be the aggressors ; and I have since heard the king say, that they would sometimes offer themselves to him." His excessive liberality to his mistresses is satirised by Sir George Etherege, in his verses on a Lady of Pleasure :

"For this old Rowley gave them coach and horses,
Furnished them palaces, and stuffed their purses ;
Called Parliaments, pretending war with France,
And all his harlot's grandeur to advance."

The origin of the familiar nickname Rowley is explained by the younger Richardson in his *Ana-*

"I have been told," he says, "by an old gentleman of that time, the true occasion of Charles the Second getting the nickname of Rowley. There was an old goat that used to run about the Privy-garden, that they had given this name to; a rank lecherous devil, that everybody knew and used to stroke, because he was good-humoured and familiar; and so they applied this name to the other." Others have derived it from an old horse of easy temper and amatory disposition, who was also generally popular; but Richardson's story is the most probable. Charles was once passing by the apartments of the maids of honour, when he caught the voice of Miss Howard singing a popular satirical song, in which the name of "Old Rowley" was not very agreeably introduced. After satisfying his curiosity for a few moments, he rapped at the door. Miss Howard inquiring who was there, "Only Old Rowley" was his good-humoured reply.

The exactions of his mistresses had at one time drained the royal purse so low that Charles appears to have been actually deficient in the common comforts of life; his wardrobe at one period containing only three bands for his neck and not a single handkerchief! This fact is recorded by Pepys, who actually overheard a groom of the bedchamber (Ashburnham) angrily remonstrating with the person who had the charge of the royal wardrobe, and who stated as his excuse that he

could procure no further credit. And yet, about this very time, the Duchess of Cleveland is reported as losing 25,000*l.* in a single night at a gaming-table. The latter fact is the more remarkable, because Charles personally never risked as much as five pounds at play, and disliked to see his mistresses playing, even for the smallest sum.

The frequent demands which Charles made to Parliament for money, were a subject of much mirth with his courtiers and the wits. There is extant more than one parody on his speeches from the throne, in which his pecuniary distresses form the principal topic. "I told you" (he is supposed to say in one of them), "at our last meeting, the winter was the fittest time for business, and truly I thought so, till my lord treasurer assured me the spring was the best season for salads and subsidies. I hope, therefore, that April will not prove so unnatural a month, as not to afford some kind showers on my parched exchequer, which gapes for want of them. Some of you, perhaps, will think it dangerous to make me too rich; but I do not fear it, for I promise you faithfully, whatever you give me, I will always want. And although in other things my word may be thought a slender authority, yet in that you may rely upon me, I will never break it. My lords and gentlemen, I can bear my strait with patience; but my lord treasurer doth protest to me that the revenue,

as it now stands, will not serve him and me too ; one of us must pinch for it if you do not help me. I must speak freely to you. I am under circumstances, for besides my harlots in service, my reformed concubines lie heavy on me. I have a passable good estate, I confess, but, gad's-fish ! I have a great charge upon it. Here's my lord treasurer can tell, that all the money designed for next summer's guards must of necessity be applied to the next year's cradles and swaddling-clothes."

The picture is scarcely caricatured. In 1675 Charles told the Parliament that he was four millions in debt for the expenses of the state and his own necessities, besides vast sums due to the goldsmiths and bankers. The question of granting him a supply was put to the vote, and, in a house of nearly four hundred, was negatived by four.

Fortunately, the king's easy disposition prevented him feeling very acutely the unpleasantness which the want of money usually occasions. He could even jest on the subject, as, indeed, he did on all others. Once, in a conversation with Stillingfleet, he inquired of him why he always read his sermons in the chapel royal, when he preached extempore to all other congregations. Stillingfleet replied, with some tact, that, "the awe of so noble an audience, where he saw nothing that was not greatly superior to him, but

chiefly the seeing before him so great and wise a prince, made him afraid to trust himself." Still-fleet, perceiving the king was pleased with his answer, "Will your Majesty," he said, "give me leave to ask you a question in my turn: Why do you read your speeches, when you can have none of the same reasons?" "Why, truly, doctor," said the king, "your question is a very pertinent one, and so shall be my answer. I have asked them so often, and for so much money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

Among other arguments which he made use of to the Parliament, in order to obtain supplies, he told them he could afford to keep but one table at Whitehall. "My necessities," he said, "prevent me from entertaining my friends, and it pains me to see so many coming to Whitehall, and going away without their dinners." The Parliament, however, were aware that he laughed at them, and his wit and his grievances were listened to with equal unconcern.

At one period of his reign Charles was in the constant practice of attending the debates in the House of Lords. He had at first contented himself with sitting quietly on his throne, but after a time, finding the fireplace afforded a more comfortable position, he generally remained standing there during his stay in the house; and as he invariably attracted a circle of the peers, and other persons around him, the custom grew to be a

serious interruption to the business of the day. He used to say that attending the debates in the House of Lords was as diverting to him as going to the theatre.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHARLES II.

Religious Tenets of Charles — Reproves the Duke of Buckingham for His Profaneness — His Ridicule of Isaac Vossius — His Praiseworthy Conduct to Bishop Ken — Requests the Dying Benediction of His Old Tutor, Bishop Duppa — His Adoption of the Roman Catholic Belief — Interest Which He Takes in Religious Matters — His Written Argument in Favour of the Roman Catholic Religion — Attacked by His Last Illness — Declines Receiving the Sacrament from the Bishops — Receives It from a Catholic Priest — His Demeanour during His Sickness — His Tenderness to the Duke of York and the Queen.

MUCH has been said respecting the religious faith of Charles, and, for many reasons, the subject is not without interest. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, considers him to have been a deist; attributing his scepticism, however, rather to indifference, and that constitutional laziness which rendered inquiry inconvenient and tedious, than to any fixed principles of unbelief. Hume has fallen into the same opinion. "During his vigorous state of health," says the historian, "while his blood was warm, and his spirits high, a contempt

and disregard for all religion held possession of his mind, and he might more properly be denominated a deist than a Catholic." Though it was, undoubtedly, far from Hume's intention to place Charles in a worse light than he really deserved, yet his language on this occasion is somewhat harsh and undeserved. To whatever extent, by the example of his exceeding libertinism, Charles may have tended to throw religion into disrepute, there is no reason to believe that he ever wilfully insulted it by his language, or contemned it in his heart. For this supposition we have more than one authority. Waller, the poet, when he was on his death-bed, mentioned to his son-in-law, Doctor Birch, who attended him in his illness, that he was once at court, when the Duke of Buckingham spoke profanely before the king. "My lord," said Charles, gravely, "I am a great deal older than your Grace, and have, I believe, heard more arguments for atheism than ever your Grace did; but I have lived long enough to see that there is nothing in them, and I hope your Grace will." "He said once to myself," says Burnet, "that he was no atheist, but he could not think God would make a man miserable only for taking a little pleasure out of the way."

There is another anecdote, which will be found in Doctor Birch's MSS. in the British Museum, tending also to relieve Charles from the charge of "contempt." Isaac Vossius, with whose con-

versation the king was much pleased, was a complete freethinker in religion; Vossius, however, though incredulous in more momentous matters, used to believe and relate the most improbable stories, more especially as regarded the antiquity of the Chinese. "On my conscience," said Charles to a person who was near him, "this learned divine is a very strange man: he has the strictest faith in the fables of the heathens, and yet in the divine authorities he is a mere infidel." The king said of his companion at another time, that he refused to believe nothing except the Bible.¹

In the life of Bishop Ken, by Hawkins, the following anecdote is related to Charles's credit. In one of his progresses to Winchester, the king was accompanied by the too celebrated Nell Gwynn, whom he proposed to lodge in the house of Doctor Ken, then one of the prebends, and accordingly gave orders that apartments should be prepared for her in the prebendal residence. The doctor, however, stoutly refusing her admittance, Charles was compelled to yield the point; so far, however, was he from showing any vindictive feeling in consequence, that shortly afterward he took Ken into

¹ Saint Evremond remarks of Vossius, that he had a "childish and foolish credulity for anything that was uncommon, fabulous, and incredible." He ridicules also, in a copy of verses, his extravagant notions respecting the Chinese. Charles, who admired the eccentric talents of Vossius, appointed him librarian at St. James's, and made him a canon of Windsor. Isaac Vossius died at London, on the 20th of February, 1688.

favour, and installed him in the bishopric of Bath and Wells. Burnet speaks of his brother prelate, at a later period, as the most in favour of all the bishops.

For his old tutor, Brian Duppa, Bishop of Winchester, Charles ever retained a kindness and respect. A few hours before the old man expired, the king paid him a visit in his sick chamber, and, kneeling down by his bedside, requested his blessing. The dying prelate, with one hand on the king's head, and the other lifted to heaven, prayed fervently that he might prosper and be happy.

Hume's further remark that Charles was rather a deist than a Catholic, again requires confirmation. The king, as is well known, died a Roman Catholic; and there is reason to believe that he had very early been converted to that faith. Expediency, however, rendered it imperative that he should outwardly profess the faith and conform to the worship of the Established Church. We have seen, in our memoir of the Duke of Gloucester, how strongly and sensibly he could write to his young brother on the subject, when he commanded him to adhere to the faith of their murdered father. Again, on the 13th of July, 1654, when in his twenty-fifth year, he writes to the Duke of York on the same subject. "I have told you," he says, "what the queen has promised me concerning my brother Harry, in point of religion ;

and I have given him charge to inform you if any attempt shall be made upon him to the contrary ; in which case you will take the best care you can to prevent his being wrought upon, since you cannot but know how much you and I are concerned in it." When Lord Aubigny, with the view of gratifying and ensuring the allegiance of the English Roman Catholics, endeavoured to persuade Charles to allow the Duke of Gloucester to be educated in that faith, the king instantly rejected the proposition. "I am confident," he writes to Lord Aubigny, "that when we meet, as I doubt not we shall, and I hope in England, I shall convert you on this point, whatever I shall do in others."

These passages are curious. They prove that at this early period Charles was either really and truly a Protestant, or, what is perhaps more probable, that at this period he was ready to profess himself a convert to whichever faith of the two was the most likely to assist his restoration. Even supposing him to have been at this time a Roman Catholic, the well-known advice of Cardinal de Retz was probably sufficient to dissuade him from declaring his principles to the world. The cardinal had shown much kindness to the exiled family, and seems to have conceived an especial regard for Charles himself. "Though it becomes me as a cardinal," he said to the young king, "to wish your Majesty a Catholic, for the saving of

your soul ; yet I must tell you that if you change your religion, you can never be restored to your kingdoms." Lord Halifax supports the opinion of the king's early defection from the Protestant faith. "I conclude," says his lordship, "that when he came into England he was as certainly a Roman Catholic as that he was a man of pleasure."

The earliest intimation which we find of the king's conversion is on the authority of the Duke of Ormond. Being at Fontarabia, in 1659, the duke, we are told, — "to his great surprise and concern, accidentally one morning early saw the king in the great church on his knees before the high altar, with several priests and ecclesiastics about him : he was soon after confirmed in his sentiments by Sir Henry Bennet and the Earl of Bristol, who both owned the king to be a Catholic as well as themselves." After perusing this passage, it is amusing to turn to the pages of the obsequious Fuller. "During the king's continuance beyond the seas," says that writer, "great were the proffers tended to him of forsaking the Protestant religion. But, alas ! as soon might the impotent waves remove the most sturdy rocks, as they once unfix him ; such his constancy, whom neither the frowns of his afflictions, nor smiles of secular advantages, could make to warp from his first principles." This is nonsense, and Doctor Fuller probably knew as much. At all events he

could not have been in ignorance of Charles's character, and had he survived a few years he would have been equally enlightened as to his principles.

That Charles took at least some interest in religious matters, even when in the full enjoyment of health and pleasure, it would not be very difficult to prove. His brother James, in his *Memoirs*, mentions a remarkable conspiracy against the Protestant faith which took place in the royal closet, on the 25th of January, 1669; the object of which was to decide on the best means of secretly advancing the interests of the Roman Catholic religion throughout the king's dominions. There were present, Charles, the Duke of York, Lord Arundel of Wardour, Lord Arlington, and Sir Thomas Clifford. The king, says James, expressed his uneasiness at being compelled to deny his faith, and that "with great earnestness and even with tears in his eyes."

We have further evidence that Charles was occasionally in the habit of reflecting seriously on the subject of religion. After his death, two papers, written in his own hand, containing arguments in favour of the Roman Catholic religion, were found in his strong box. James, who lost no opportunity of advancing the interests of that faith, caused them to be published by his own printer, and attached to each of them the following attestation:

"This is a true copy of a paper I found in the late king my brother's strong box, written in his own hand.

"JAMES R."

According to James's own account, on the first discovery of these papers he took Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, into his closet, and placed the documents in his hands. His Grace, adds James, seemed much surprised at the sight of them, and paused almost half a quarter of an hour before he said anything: at last he told the king he did not think his late Majesty had understood controversy so well, but that he thought they might be answered. These papers, which possess but little merit as compositions, have been sometimes supposed to have originated in a pious fraud of King James. However, after every consideration, there appears little doubt but they are genuine. Lord Halifax thinks that the only extraordinary circumstance in the affair was that a person so little inclined to write at all should have appeared all at once in the sedate character of a casuist.

It appears by one of the despatches of Colbert, the French ambassador, dated 21st of March, 1672, that, in that year, Charles sent for a good theologian from Paris, in order to instruct him in the tenets of Catholicism; it was also insisted on, somewhat fantastically, that the theologian must

be a good chemist. The secret of Charles being a Roman Catholic must have been well kept at the time. M. Barillon repeats to Louis XIV. the words in which the Duchess of Portsmouth announced the fact to him, at the time when Charles was dying. "I will tell you," she said, "the greatest secret in the world, and my head would be in danger if it were known. The King of England, at the bottom of his heart, is a Catholic ; but he is surrounded by Protestant bishops, and nobody tells him his condition, or speaks to him of God."

At the period that Charles was attacked by his last illness, there is reason to believe that, as far as his own interests and the well-being of his country were concerned, he had seriously contemplated a reformation of conduct. There is also reason to believe that for some time he had considered his existence to be very precarious, which may have tended to produce the salutary change. When Sir Christopher Wren told him that he saw no prospect of being able to complete the palace at Newmarket in less than a year, "If it be possible," said Charles, "let it be completed in that time ; a year is a long period in my life." He died a few weeks afterward.

From the accounts of several persons who lived at the period, we learn many minute and interesting particulars respecting the last moments of Charles. According to Roger North, his first

attack was at a full levee, when he suddenly fell back in his chair, with an exclamation as of a dying man. At all events, his illness commenced on the 2d of February, 1685, and lasted four days. Evelyn and Burnet place the scene of his first attack in his bedroom, and their account is probably correct. Fortunately one of his physicians, Doctor King, was present, and, without waiting for any other assistance, bled him immediately. This prompt act, though it was supposed to have saved the king's life for the time, required the especial pardon of the Privy Council.¹ Though relieved at the moment, he almost instantly relapsed into other fits, and, subsequently showing symptoms of epilepsy, was cupped and let blood in both jugulars. In this state he continued till Wednesday, the fourth of February, when the remedies appeared to have produced a favourable effect; so much so, that on the Thursday considerable hopes were entertained of his recovery. On the evening, however, of that day, he discovered a tendency to fever, for which the Jesuits' powders, then very celebrated, were prescribed. Growing, if anything, worse after taking the powders, and complaining also of a pain in the side, it was thought necessary to draw from him twelve more ounces of blood. This afforded him only a

¹The Council afterward voted Doctor King a thousand pounds, which, however, it would appear that he never received.

temporary relief, and he continued to get gradually worse till his death.

As soon as it had become known that the king was in danger, the Archbishop of Canterbury, as well as the Bishops of London, Durham, and Ely, came to him to offer their spiritual assistance. Doctor Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, was the principal person who assisted him in his devotions. During the whole time of the king's illness, prayers were constantly offered up in the royal chapels; the court chaplains relieving one another every half quarter of an hour.

The pious intentions of the Protestant bishops were prevented by the zeal of the king's French courtesan, the Duchess of Portsmouth, who, in an agony of grief, desired M. Barillon to speak to him on the state of his soul, lest he should die without being reconciled to the Church of Rome. He was at heart, she said, a devoted Catholic; he was surrounded by Protestant clergymen; the Duke of York was thinking only of his own affairs; not an hour, not a moment, was to be lost. Barillon immediately repaired to the sick-chamber, and, drawing the duke aside, communicated to him the earnest entreaties of the duchess.

The fact of the king having declined to receive the sacrament is alluded to both by Evelyn and by James II. in the Stuart Papers. According to the latter account, when the prelates came to that

part in the prayers for the sick where the confession of sins is exhorted, the Bishop of Bath and Wells advertised him that it was not of obligation ; and, after a short exhortation, inquired if he repented of his sins. Charles expressing his contrition, the bishop pronounced the absolution, and then asked him if he would receive the sacrament. To this the king at first returned no answer ; but being repeatedly pressed by the bishop, either answered that it was time enough, or that he would take time to consider. According to the further account in the Stuart Papers, James, aware of his brother's sentiments and wishes, desired those present to stand a little from the bed, and then directly asked the king whether he should send for a priest. To this the king replied, "For God's sake, brother, do, and lose no time." James, it appears, could procure no one but Father Huddleston, who, it may be remembered, had assisted Charles in his flight after the battle of Worcester. This person, therefore (the company having been previously desired to withdraw), was brought stealthily up a back staircase, and introduced into the king's bedchamber. His shaven head and clerical vestments were concealed by a flowing wig and a large cloak. As it was thought inexpedient, for many reasons, that he should be left alone with the king, the Earls of Bath and Feversham remained in the room. They were both Protestants, but they were also

courtiers, and James considered that he could trust them!

The scene which followed is described, both by Huddleston and in the Stuart Papers, nearly in the same words. The king, according to the latter authority, received Huddleston with "great joy and satisfaction;" telling him he desired to die in the faith and communion of the Catholic Church; that he was most heartily sorry for the sins of his past life, and particularly for having deferred his conversion so long; that he trusted, nevertheless, in the merits of Christ; that he died in charity with all the world; pardoned his enemies, and asked forgiveness of those he had in any way offended; adding that, if it pleased God that he should recover, he was resolved by his assistance to amend his life. "He then proceeded to make a confession of his whole life with exceeding tenderness of heart, and pronounced an act of contrition with great piety and compunction. In this he spent about an hour, and having desired to receive all the succour fit for a dying man, he continued making pious ejaculations, and, frequently lifting up his hands, cried, 'Mercy, sweet Jesus, mercy;' till the priest was ready to give him extreme unction; and the blessed sacrament being come, by that time this was ended, he asked his Majesty if he desired to receive it. Who answered, he did most earnestly if he thought him worthy of it. Accordingly, the priest, after some

further preparations, going about to give it him, he raised himself up, and said, 'Let me meet my heavenly Lord in a better posture than lying on my bed.' But being desired not to discompose himself, he repeated the act of contrition, and then received with great piety and devotion; after which, Father Huddleston making him a short exhortation, left him in so much peace of mind that he looked approaching death in the face with all imaginable tranquillity and Christian resolution."

While receiving the sacrament, the host stuck in the king's throat, which compelled those in the apartment to send for a glass of water. After he had communicated, the dying monarch appeared far more resigned and happy; to Huddleston (alluding to the share which he had had in his escape after the battle of Worcester) he said, with something of his former humour, "You have saved me twice, first my body, and now my soul." But even Burnet allows that "he went through the agonies of death with a calm and constancy that amazed all who were about him."

Huddleston's own account, though it scarcely differs from that of James, is too curious to be altogether omitted. "Upon Thursday," he says, "the 5th of February, 1685, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, I was sent for in haste to the queen's back stairs at Whitehall, and desired to bring with me all things necessary for a

dying person. Accordingly I came, and was ordered not to stir from there till further notice." Huddleston then describes his being admitted to the king's chamber ; on entering which, he approached the sick monarch, and, kneeling down by the bedside, commenced his exhortation. The king, he says, having repeated a short act of contrition, he gave him absolution, and then inquired of his Majesty if he should proceed to the sacrament of extreme unction. To this the king replied, "With all my heart." "I then entreated his Majesty," adds Huddleston, "that he would prepare and dispose himself to receive. At this the king, raising up himself, said, 'Let me meet my heavenly Father in a better posture than in my bed ;' but I humbly begged his Majesty to repose himself. God Almighty, who saw his heart, would accept of his good intention." The sacrament was then administered, and Huddleston withdrew.

The account is thus continued in the Stuart Papers : "The company being again called in, his Majesty expressed the greatest kindness and tenderness for the duke that could possibly be conceived. He owned in the most public manner the sense he had of his brotherly affection during the whole course of his life, and particularly in this last action ; he commended his great submission and constant obedience to all his commands, and asked him pardon aloud for the rigorous treatment he had so long exercised his patience with.

All which he said in so affectionate a manner, as drew floods of tears from all that were present." He spoke tenderly to the queen, we are told, and left nothing unsaid or undone, that so short a time would allow.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHARLES II.

Dying Injunctions of Charles — Grief of the Queen — Affecting Descriptions of the King's Last Moments — His Piety and Resolution — His Death — Neglect Shown to His Remains — His Funeral in Westminster Abbey — Reasons for Believing Him to Have Been Poisoned — Anecdotes Illustrating the Supposition — Extraordinary Story Related by the Duchess of Portsmouth — Evelyn's Reflections on the Death of Charles — Description of the King's Person — His Loss Lamented by the Lower Orders — His Illegitimate Children.

A SHORT time before his death Charles gave his keys to the Duke of York, who is described as kneeling by his bedside and in tears. He recommended to his care all his natural children, except the Duke of Monmouth, with whom he was on bad terms. He begged him also to be kind to the Duchess of Cleveland, and especially to the Duchess of Portsmouth, and that "Nelly might not starve."¹

¹ The Viscountess de Longueville says that Charles's dying request to his brother was "to take care of Carewell (so the English pronounced Quérrouaille), and not let poor Nelly starve." Charles Fox, alluding to the dying requests of Charles, makes the following remarks: "The king's recommendation of the

Charles, almost as soon as he had recovered from his first fit, had sent for the queen, who appears to have remained with him till within a few hours of his death. At last the scene became too painful for her, and, being seized with convulsions, she was compelled to withdraw. She sent, however, a message to him from her chamber, praying him to forgive her absence, and to pardon her if she had ever offended him. "Alas! poor woman," he replied, "she beg my pardon! I beg hers with all my heart." Such is the account of the Rev. Francis Roper, chaplain of the Bishop of Ely, who was admitted to the sick-chamber. And yet Burnet tells us that Charles "said nothing of the queen, nor any one word of his people, nor his servants; nor did he speak one word of religion." But the bishop, in his account of the king's last moments, is too often either egregiously misinformed, or has himself wilfully misrepresented the real facts. Roper is far from being the only authority for asserting that the queen attended the

Duchess of Portsmouth and Mrs. Gwynn upon his death-bed to his successor is much to his honour, and those who censure it seem, in their zeal to show themselves strict moralists, to have suffered their notions of vice and virtue to have fallen into strange confusion. Charles's connection with these ladies might be vicious, but at a moment when that connection was upon the point of being finally and irrevocably dissolved, to concern himself about their future welfare, and to recommend them to his brother with earnest tenderness, was virtue. It is not for the interest of morality that the good and evil actions even of bad men should be confounded."

death-bed of her husband. James alludes to the king speaking tenderly to her ; and, moreover, the Duchess of Portsmouth gave it as her reason to M. Barillon why she herself could not be present.¹

Roper's account of the closing scene, in a letter dated the day after the death of Charles, is too interesting to be omitted. "The king," he says, "showed himself throughout his illness one of the best-natured men that ever lived ; and by abundance of fine things he said in reference to his soul, he showed he died as a good Christian ; and the physicians, who have seen so many leave this world, do say they never saw the like as to his courage ; so unconcerned he was as to death, sensible to all degrees imaginable, to the very last. He often in extremity of pain would say he suffered, but thanked God he did so, and that he suffered patiently. He every now and then would seem to wish for death, and beg the pardon of the standers by, and those that were employed about him, that he gave them so much trouble ; that he hoped the work was almost over ; he was

¹ The Earl of Aylesbury, in a letter to Mr. Leigh of Adlestrop, has the following passage : "My good king and master falling upon me in his fit, I ordered him to be blooded, and then I went to fetch the Duke of York, and when we came to the bedside we found the queen there, and the impostor says it was the Duchess of Portsmouth." Burnet had stated that the duchess "sat on the bed, taking care of him as a wife of a husband."

weary of this world ; he had enough of it, and was going to a better. There was so much affection and tenderness expressed between the two royal brothers, the one upon the bed, the other almost drowned in tears upon his knees, and kissing of his dying brother's hand, as could not but extremely move the standers by. He thanked our present king for having always been the best of brothers and of friends, and begged his pardon for the several risks of fortune he had run on his account. He told him now he had freely left him all, and begged of God to bless him with a prosperous reign. He recommended all his children to his care by name, except the Duke of Monmouth, whom he was not heard so much as to make mention of. He blessed all his children one by one, pulling them to him on the bed. And then the bishops moved him, as he was the Lord's anointed, and the father of his country, to bless them also, and all that were there present, and in them the whole body of his subjects. Whereupon, the room being full, all fell down upon their knees, and he raised himself on his bed, and very solemnly blessed them all. This was so like a great good prince, and the solemnity of it so very surprising, as was extremely moving, and caused a general lamentation throughout ; and no one hears it without being much affected with it, being new and great."

The writer of the above letter was no doubt

ignorant that Charles had received the sacrament from the hands of a popish priest, or he would have been more sparing of his encomiums. Indeed, the fact of Charles having died in the Romish faith did not immediately transpire. Evelyn merely mentions it as having been whispered at the time, and Lord Chesterfield, who attended the king's death-bed, as "more than probable."

On the morning of his death Charles inquired the hour, and being told it was six o'clock, "Open the curtains," he said, "that I may once more see day." He was suffering great pain, and at half-past eight it was only with extreme difficulty that he was able to speak. As long, however, as his speech lasted, he was heard pronouncing the name of God, and begging pardon for his offences. Even when he had lost all power of utterance, he showed what was passing in his mind, by lifting up his hands and paying attention to the prayers. "He disposed himself to die," say the Stuart papers, "with the piety and unconcernedness becoming a Christian, and resolution becoming a king." He retained his senses entire till about an hour before his death; expiring between eleven and twelve o'clock on Friday morning, the 6th of February, 1685. "He made," observes Roper, "a very glorious Christian exit, after as lasting and as strong an agony of death almost as ever was known." Lord Chesterfield also, who was

present, remarks in his "Short Notes," "He died with as great resolution and courage as a man is capable of." "I am confident," he adds, to the Earl of Arran, "your lordship will have heard of the king's death, by an express, long before this paper can come to you; and therefore I will only say that, as to the manner of it (of which I was a witness, as having watched two whole nights with him and saw him expire), nothing could be greater, and should I but mention half the remarkable passages that came to my cognisance, they would be much more proper to fill a volume with than a letter; and therefore I will only say, in short, that he died as a good Christian, asking and praying often for God's and Christ's mercy; as a man of great and undaunted courage, in never repining at the loss of life, or for that of three kingdoms; as a good-natured man in a thousand particulars; for when the queen sent to ask his pardon for anything that she had ever done amiss, he answered that she never had offended him, and therefore needed no pardon, but that he had need of hers, and did hope that she would not refuse it him. He expressed extraordinary great kindness to the duke his brother, and asked him often forgiveness for any hardships he had ever put upon him, assuring him of the tenderness of his love, and that he willingly left him all he had; desiring him, for his sake, to be kind to his poor children when he was gone. Lastly, he asked his subjects'

pardon for anything that had been neglected, or acted contrary to the best rules of a good government, and told those who stood about his bed how sorry he was for giving them so much trouble by his being so long a-dying, desiring often death to make more haste to free him from his pain, and the bystanders from their attendance. Your lordship, I am sure, would have thought it very touching to have been a spectator of this dismal scene, and to have seen this brave and worthy prince lie in the horrid agony of death, with all the pains imaginable upon him from six at night till twelve the next day, at which time he died." The death of King Charles took place in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and the twenty-fifth of his reign.

The neglect which was subsequently shown to the remains of the deceased monarch reflects but little credit on the affection of his successor. "He was hurried," says Coke, "in the dead of the night to his grave, as if his corpse had been to be arrested for debt; and not so much as the blue-coat boys attending it." The language of Burnet is no less strong. "The king's body," he says, "was indecently neglected;" and he adds: "His funeral was very mean. He did not lie in state. No mournings were given; and the expense of it was not equal to what an ordinary nobleman's funeral will rise to." A kind of apology is made in the Stuart Papers for the

little respect which was shown by James to his brother's memory. It is there attributed to the unpopularity of the faith in which the late king died, and which James himself professed ; circumstances which rendered it necessary to perform the funeral as privately as possible, in order to avoid "either disputes on one hand, or scandal on the other." Charles was eventually buried on the night of the fourteenth of February, eight days after his death, in Westminster Abbey, Prince George of Denmark being chief mourner.

The question whether Charles met his death by poison is too remarkable to be passed over in silence. It certainly would appear that a short time previously an attempt had been made on his life, — a fact so far of importance as showing the existence of a party, whether Roman Catholics or not, to whom the king's removal was of no slight importance. The story, as related by Welwood, is curious. Charles, it seems, had one day been taking more than his usual exercise, and, having drunk more freely during the evening than was customary with him, fell asleep on a couch, in a room adjoining that in which he had supped. He remained there, however, but a short time, and then returned to the company. The same night a servant, who had subsequently lain down on the couch, and covered himself with the king's cloak, was found stabbed with a poniard. The circum-

stance, it seems, was hushed up at the time, and no inquiry instituted.¹

It no sooner became rumoured abroad that the late king had died of poison, than suspicion, in

¹ Though no other actual attempt is known to have been made on the king's life, it is evident that fears and suspicions were generally entertained. Charles having been accustomed to expose himself latterly, by walking in the night-time, attended by only one footman, we find Lord Orrery strongly remonstrating with him on the dangers which he might incur; but, in a poem of the period, there is more curious proof of the fears entertained that the king's life was in danger from some diabolical plot. The poem shall be inserted at length.

"Great Charles, who, full of mercy, mightst command,
In peace and pleasure, this thy native land;
At last take pity of thy tottering throne,
Shook by the faults of others, not thine own.
Let not thy life and crown together end,
Destroyed by a false brother, and false friend.
Observe the danger that appears so near,
That all your subjects do each minute fear:
One drop of poison, or a Popish knife,
Ends all the joys of England with thy life.
Brothers, 'tis true, by nature should be kind;
But a too zealous and ambitious mind,
Bribed with a crown on earth, and one above,
Harbours no friendship, tenderness, or love.
See in all ages what examples are
Of monarchs murdered by the impatient heir.
Hard fate of princes, who will ne'er believe,
Till the stroke's struck which they can ne'er retrieve."

It is but fair to remark, with reference to one dark insinuation contained in these lines, that if Charles met with unfair play, James was certainly no party concerned. Even Burnet, with all his malignity and his hatred of the two brothers, hastens to relieve him from the charge.

those days of bigotry and prejudice, of course attached itself to the Roman Catholics. But as Charles was also a member of that church, as well as his heir, the Duke of York, what possible motive, it has been asked, could they have had in committing so fearful a crime? Certainly, if the succession of James had been secure, they could apparently have had none. But, on the other hand, if, as has sometimes been supposed, Charles, at the time of his dissolution, was on the eve of gratifying his Parliament and the people, by consenting to the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne, it was certainly a critical juncture for the Roman Catholic party. All hopes of the throne being filled by a sovereign of their own faith, and consequently of reëstablishing the Catholic religion in England, would, in the event of Charles surviving his brother, have been entirely and for ever at an end. In a word, supposing that the act of Exclusion was likely to pass into law, it is evident that the death of Charles could alone avert the threatened danger. These remarks, it is needless to observe, are merely thrown out in the way of argument, and are far from being intended to implicate the Roman Catholics in the very doubtful poisoning of the king.

As regards the general question whether Charles died from poison or not, the evidence is curious, though certainly far from being convincing. According to Bishop Burnet, "There were many very

apparent suspicions of his being poisoned; for, though the first access looked like an apoplexy, yet it was plain in the progress of it that it was no apoplexy." Welwood also plainly intimates his strong suspicions that the king had been poisoned. "When his body was opened," he says, "there was not sufficient time given for taking an exact observation of his stomach and bowels, which one would think ought chiefly to have been done, considering the violent pains he had there; and when a certain physician seemed to be more inquisitive than ordinary about the condition of those parts, he was taken aside and reproved for his needless curiosity." According to Burnet, who enters into much fuller particulars, two of the royal physicians, Doctors Lower and Needham, had expressed a strong desire to examine the stomach. Their attention, however, was purposely distracted from the object, and, on their returning to commence the inspection, they found that it had been clandestinely removed.

"Short, another physician," says the bishop, "who was a papist, but after a form of his own, did very much suspect foul dealing, and had talked more freely of it than any of the Protestants durst at that time. But he was not long after taken suddenly ill, upon a large draught of wormwood wine, which he had drunk in the house of a popish patient, that lived near the Tower, who had sent for him, of which he died. And, as he said to

Lower, Millington, and some other physicians, he believed that he himself was poisoned for having spoken so freely of the king's death."

Not satisfied with relating these improbable facts, Burnet, on the authority of Henley, who received the account from the Duchess of Portsmouth, brings a direct charge against the Roman Catholics of having taken away the life of the king. According to her Grace's supposed statement, Charles had fully resolved on making his peace with the Parliament, by consenting to the exclusion of the Duke of York from the succession, a fact which the duchess, who was in the secret, communicated to no one but her confessor. This person, she believed, divulged it to others of his party, who forthwith devised and accomplished the murder of the king.

On the above passage in Burnet's History, Lord Lansdown made the following remark : "It was my fortune to be residing at Paris when this history was published. Such a particular was too remarkable not to raise my curiosity. The duchess was then likewise in Paris. I employed a person, who had the honour to be intimate with her Grace, to inquire from her own mouth the truth of this passage. Her reply was this : that she recollected no acquaintance with Mr. Henley ; but she remembered well Doctor Burnet and his character. That the king and the duke, and the whole court, looked upon him as the greatest liar upon

the face of the earth, and there was no believing one word that he said. I only repeat the answer I received; far be it from me to make any such reflection."

Malicious as are many of Burnet's statements, and perverted as are many of his constructions, we must exonerate him on this occasion from the charge of deliberate falsehood. On at least two other occasions we find the duchess gossiping, in her old age, on the subject of Charles's death, and on both of these occasions apparently expressing her conviction that he died from poison. Fox, in his "Introductory Chapter to the Life of James the Second," has some remarks on the subject, to which Lord Holland has added the following note: "Mr. Fox had this report from the family of his mother, great-granddaughter to the Duchess of Portsmouth. The Duchess of Portsmouth lived to a very advanced age, and retained her faculties to the period of her death, which happened in 1734, in Aubigny. Mr. Fox's mother, when very young, saw her at that place; and many of the Lennox family, with whom Mr. Fox was subsequently acquainted, had, no doubt, frequently conversed with her." To this we may add a statement made by Dean Cowper to Spence. The Duchess of Portsmouth, he said, who was in England as late as 1699, during her visit assured Lord Chancellor Cowper that Charles was actually poisoned at her house, by one of her own foot-

men, in a cup of chocolate. We learn casually, from another source, that the king supped at her house the night before he was taken ill.¹

Evelyn mentions his having held a conversation with the Marquis of Normanby, afterward Duke of Buckingham, respecting the poisoning of Charles ; but he neither gives us his own nor his lordship's opinion on the question. The duke, however, has elsewhere favoured us on the subject. "I would not," he observes, "say anything on so sad a subject, if I did not think that silence itself would in such a case signify too much ; and, therefore, as

¹ The following anecdote has been related, but on very indifferent authority : "One Tessier, a foreigner, in whose house Charles and his brother James had resided for a considerable time when in exile, had come to England after the Restoration, and had been appointed embroiderer to the king. A short time before the death of Charles, he received an order to prepare some tapestry for the palace, with strict injunctions to weave the initials of J. R. instead of C. R. The king being apparently in good health at the time, Tessier remonstrated, but to no purpose. By the time the tapestry was finished the king was no more. Tessier, to the day of his death, expressed his belief that Charles had been poisoned. In 1759 a niece of Tessier's was still living in Spitalfields, and asserted that she had frequently heard her uncle relate the story, and was ready to testify it upon oath." Welwood relates a somewhat similar anecdote : "A foreign minister," he says, "shortly before the king was attacked by his last illness, ordered his steward to purchase a considerable quantity of black cloth, which afterward served the minister and his retinue for mourning." Welwood further adds, that the Roman Catholic party at court were observed to be in a considerable state of excitement for some time previous to the death of the king.

an impartial writer, I am obliged to observe, that the most knowing and the most deserving of all his physicians did not only believe him poisoned, but thought himself so too, not long after, for having declared his opinion a little too boldly."

On the other hand, Lord Lansdown, who apparently possessed as good means of information as the Duke of Buckingham, arrived at a very different conclusion. "As to the poisoning part of the story," he says, "it was always my opinion, and not ill-grounded neither, that the king hastened his death by his own quackery." It is far from improbable that Charles may have weakened his constitution by the irregularities of his past life; and, moreover, that which still more inclines us to believe that his death was occasioned by natural causes, is the admitted fact that he had for some time been subject to fits, similar to those by which he was attacked in his last illness.

What degree of truth there may be in the strange stories which we have related in connection with the death of Charles, we must leave the reader to form his own opinion. The world is naturally inclined to be captivated by the marvellous, and especially to invest with mystery the last moments of princes. If we take this circumstance into consideration, — as well as the notorious political bigotry of one or two of the writers from whom we have quoted, and the still more notorious fact that stories very rarely fail to be exaggerated

in passing from the lips of one person to another, — we shall probably be far more inclined to adopt the sober opinion of Lord Lansdown, that Charles died a natural death, than that we should arrive at the opposite and much more improbable conclusion.

The death of Charles completely changed the aspect of Whitehall. Evelyn, who paid a visit to the palace immediately after the king had breathed his last, speaks affectingly of the striking contrast which the court presented to what he had witnessed but on the Sunday preceding. He had then beheld the gay monarch in the midst of his voluptuous court, toying with his beautiful mistresses, the Duchesses of Cleveland, Portsmouth, and Mazarine, while a French boy was singing love-songs, and the courtiers were playing at basset for large sums around him. "Six days after," he says, "all was in the dust."

In person, Charles was rather above the common height. In early youth, he is said to have been handsome; but, as he increased in years, he grew thinner, and his features became harsher and more marked. His complexion was dark and muddy, but was relieved by the quick sparkling of his eyes and the profusion of his black and glossy hair. The expression of his countenance was severe, though it lighted up agreeably when he spoke. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, styles him an illustrious exception to all the common rules of physiognomy. "With a harsh, saturnine

countenance," says the duke, "he was both of a gay and merciful disposition. His symmetry is said to have been faultless; and his movements, whether in dancing, at tennis, or on horseback, are described as strikingly graceful and easy. Few men, when it pleased him, could either act or look the king better. Burnet admits that he had the finest manners of any person in England, and Rochester has celebrated —

"The easiest prince and best bred man alive."

His loss was deeply regretted, at least by the lower orders; heinous as had been his political offences, he had at least been no enemy to them. Probably the lower ranks of the community were never so happy or so prosperous, — so free from the oppression of taxes, or from the miseries contingent on a period of war, — as during the reign of the "merry monarch." It would be difficult to name any other of our kings whose loss occasioned a more universal sorrow, or whose name was more frequently mentioned with affection than that of the good-humoured Charles.

Charles had no children by his queen. By his mistresses he had, unfortunately, a numerous progeny. Lord Shaftesbury — alluding to their numbers, and at the same time to the low state of the royal treasury — declared that he expected to see the king's children running about the streets like link-boys. Those of whom we have

any notice amounted to fifteen, but there were probably others who died in their infancy. By Lucy Walters, he was the father of the Duke of Monmouth and a daughter married to William Sarsfield, Esq. By the Duchess of Cleveland, he had six children : the Duke of Southampton, the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Northumberland, the Countess of Sussex, the Countess of Litchfield, and a daughter, Barbara, who became a nun at Pontoise. By the Duchess of Portsmouth he was the father of the Duke of Richmond ; by Nell Gwynn, of the Duke of St. Albans and of a son, James Beauclerk, who died young ; by Mary Davis, he was the father of Lady Derwentwater ; by Lady Shannon, of the Countess of Yarmouth ; and by Catherine Peg, of the Earl of Plymouth and of a daughter who died young. It is remarkable that Charles should have been the father of six dukes who were alive at the same time, and that he should have been enabled to endow each of them with a maintenance becoming the ducal rank.

CHAPTER XX.

CATHERINE, QUEEN OF CHARLES II.

The Queen's Uncomfortable Situation at the Court of Charles — Her Lineage — Arrives at Portsmouth — Charles's Description of Her to Lord Clarendon — Her Marriage with the King — Descriptions of Her Person — Her Extraordinary Retinue — List of Her Household in 1669 — Anecdotes — Lady Castlemaine Attempted to Be Forced upon Her as a Lady of the Bedchamber — Indignation of Catherine — Unfeeling Conduct of Charles and Lord Clarendon — The Queen Consents to the Appointment of Her Rival — Alteration in Her Conduct — Encourages Gaiety and Frolic — Fashionable Freaks of the Period — The Queen's Unhappiness — Evidences of Her Being Capable of Bearing Children — Her Dangerous Illness, and Affliction of Charles — Accused by Titus Oates — Her Grief at the Death of Charles — Description of Her Later in Life — Her Death.

ALTHOUGH her position as Queen of Great Britain was a splendid and an envied one, and although few persons, who have attained to the age of threescore years and ten, have passed through life more happily exempt from those domestic afflictions which are the lot of humanity, the story of Catherine of Braganza is nevertheless a melancholy one. Accustomed in her childhood to the strict rules, the rigid discipline, and narrow inter-

course of a convent ; ignorant of the vices of the other sex, and incapable of comprehending the possible existence of such a character as Charles the Second, she was suddenly led forth to become the wife of an unprincipled voluptuary, and to preside over the most licentious court in Europe. As many as five years had elapsed since she had last emerged from the quiet courts and gardens of her father's palace, when, as the accepted and affianced wife of Charles, she ventured into the streets of Lisbon, to return thanks to her tutelary saints for the splendid future which she believed to be her destiny. So charmed was the Queen of Portugal with her daughter's elevation, and so satisfied was Catherine herself that a life of happiness awaited her, that when they parted for the first and last time on the Quay of Lisbon, neither mother nor daughter shed a single tear. She was destined to be signally and bitterly disappointed. Friendless and almost companionless in a foreign land ; exposed, by the eccentricity of her national costume and the stiffness of her foreign manners, to the merciless ridicule of licentious men and the half-suppressed titters of shameless women ; deserted, almost in the first weeks of her marriage, for more alluring charms ; uniting, moreover, the conventional pride which is engendered in the atmosphere of a small court with all the deep sensitiveness of her sex and the proverbial jealousy of her native land, — thus ren-

dering the indignities to which she was exposed the more insufferable, — we can imagine few trials more bitter, few situations more mortifying, than were those of this unoffending and ill-treated princess.

Charles had scarcely been settled quietly on his throne when his future marriage became no less a matter of common interest and gossip among his subjects than one of solemn discussion at the council-board. The eligibility of one or two German princesses had been advocated by some of his councillors, but Charles rejected such an alliance with horror. "Odd's fish," he exclaimed, "I could not marry one of them ; they are all foggy." The fact was that they were portionless. The king was in want of money, and, accordingly, the wealthy daughter of the House of Braganza, endowed as she was with some personal charms, presented herself to him as the most eligible consort he could select. Half a million of money ; the Island of Bombay in the East Indies ; the fortress of Tangier on the coast of Africa, — which promised protection in the Mediterranean to the merchant trade of England, — and lastly a guarantee of sharing in the hitherto exclusive trade with Brazils and the East Indies, certainly constituted a tempting and splendid dowry. Lastly, the favourable reports which he received of the infanta's accomplishments, and the not untempting features presented in a miniature portrait of

her, which he received from Lisbon, decided the choice of the unscrupulous monarch. Contemplating her portrait for a few moments, "he was sure, he said, "that person could not be unhandsome." A well-known miniature, sold at the recent spoliation of the famous collection at Strawberry Hill, is said to have been the identical portrait which influenced Charles in his selection of a partner of his throne.

Catherine, Infanta of Portugal, was the only daughter of Juan, Duke of Braganza, who so nobly threw off the yoke of Spain, and restored monarchy to Portugal, after an interruption of nearly sixty years. Her mother was Lucia, daughter of Guzman, Duke of Medina Sidonia, a Spanish grandee. Catherine was born at Villa Vicosá, in Portugal, on St. Catherine's Day, the 25th of November, 1638, and had attained her twenty-fourth year at the time of her marriage.

The articles of the marriage treaty having been signed on both sides, the Earl of Sandwich was despatched from England with a gallant squadron of ships, with directions to take possession of Tangier, and, on his return, to bring home the bride. According to Echard and other writers, the earl married her for the king by proxy. We have the authority, however, of King James that she refused to be married to a Protestant representative, and consequently trusted herself im-

plicity to the faith of the English nation.¹ The experiment, considering the character of Charles, was rather dangerous; especially as her dowry was only half paid at the time, and then in the shape of jewels, cotton, sugar, and other articles of merchandise. It was not till the eve of the embarkation of the infanta, that Lord Sandwich received an intimation from the court of Lisbon, of its inability to pay the stipulated sum. Thus Charles received his bride and his disappointment at the same moment. As the dowry was to have been paid entirely in gold, the long face of the "merry monarch," over his bales of cotton and tubs of sugar, must have been sufficient to provoke the mirth even of his dullest courtier.

The infanta sailed from Lisbon on the 23d of April, and after a voyage which lasted three weeks, during which she suffered severely from seasickness, arrived at Portsmouth on the 14th of May, 1662. She had been met off the Isle of

¹To enable her to be married in Portugal to a Protestant prince, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, it was necessary that a dispensation should be obtained from the Pope. As the independence of Portugal had not yet been acknowledged by the See of Rome, Catherine would necessarily have been designated, in the deed of dispensation, merely as the sister of the Duke of Braganza. "Accordingly," says Lord Clarendon, "before they would receive that affront, the most jealous nation in the world chose rather to send the daughter of the kingdom to be married in England; and not to be married till she came thither."

Wight by the Duke of York, then Lord High Admiral of England, who was instantly admitted into her cabin and placed in a chair on her right hand. Catherine was seated under a canopy, on a throne which was contrived for the occasion. Lord Chesterfield says in his "Short Notes :—" "His royal Highness, out of compliment to the king, would not salute her ; to the end that his Majesty might be the first man that ever had received that favour ; she coming out of a country where it was not the fashion." Notwithstanding her sufferings during the voyage, it appears that, from some unaccountable reason, it was six days before she landed.

At Portsmouth, Catherine was received with every possible honour. "The nobility and gentry," says Heath, "and multitudes of Londoners, in most rich apparel, and in great numbers, waited on the shore for her landing. And the mayor and aldermen, and principal persons of that corporation, being in their gowns, and with a present and speech, were ready to entertain her ; the cannon and small shot, both from round that town and from the whole fleet, echoing to one another the loud proclamations of their joy." In consequence of having some important bills to pass through Parliament, it was not till the 19th of May, five days after the arrival of Catherine at Portsmouth, that Charles set off from Whitehall to welcome his bride. At nine o'clock at night, accompanied only

by Prince Rupert, and attended by a troop of the life-guards, he entered the Duke of Northumberland's coach, and soon after ten arrived at Kingston-on-Thames. At the farther end of the town he entered a coach of the Earl of Chesterfield, which was in readiness, and, attended by the Duke of York's guard, reached Guildford before twelve; thus performing a distance of thirty-five miles in less than three hours. At Guildford the king passed the night, and, after travelling on the following day with the same speed, arrived at Portsmouth at noon.

Catherine, in consequence of being indisposed, was in her own chamber, and in bed, when the king arrived. He was nevertheless admitted to the apartment. Of their interview he has himself given us an account. The following letter in his own handwriting, addressed to Lord Clarendon, and indorsed by the chancellor, is preserved in the British Museum. It contains a graphic picture of the royal bride, and is remarkable for that easy conversational style, so seldom to be found in the epistolary correspondence of the seventeenth century.

“PORTSMOUTH, 21st May, eight in the morning.

“I arrived here yesterday about two in the afternoon, and as soon as I had shifted myself I went into my wife's chamber, whom I found in bed, by reason of a little cough and some inclina-

tion to a fever. I can now give you an account of what I have seen, which, in short, is: Her face is not so exact as to be called a beauty, though her eyes are excellent good, and not anything in her face that in the least degree can shame one; on the contrary, she hath as much agreeableness in her looks as ever I saw, and if I have any skill in physiognomy, which I think I have, she must be as good a woman as ever was born. Her conversation, as much as I can perceive, is very good, for she has wit enough, and a most agreeable voice. You will wonder to see how well we are acquainted already; in a word, I think myself very happy, for I am confident our two humours will agree very well together. I have not time to say any more. My lord lieutenant will give you an account of the rest. c."

To Clarendon he again writes, four days afterwards: "I cannot easily tell you how happy I think myself; and I must be the worst man living (which I hope I am not) if I be not a good husband: I am confident never two humours were better fitted together than ours are."

Such, at the first days of their married life, was the favourable impression made by Catherine of Braganza on the fickle heart of Charles. In the circle, however, of his gay courtiers, he seems to have subsequently spoken of her in very different language. To Colonel Legge he said that, when

he first saw her, "he thought they had brought him a *bat* instead of a woman."

The day after the king's arrival they were married—privately in the first instance, and according to the rites of the Romish faith—by Lord Aubigny, almoner to the queen-dowager. The ceremony took place in Catherine's bedchamber, in the presence of Philip, afterwards Cardinal Howard, and five of her Portuguese attendants, male and female, who were pledged to the profoundest secrecy. Subsequently, Sheldon, Bishop of London, united them publicly according to the ceremonials of the Protestant Church. King James informs us that Catherine refused to be "bedded" till the bishop had pronounced them man and wife. As soon as the ceremony was at an end, a profusion of blue ribbons, with which the bride was decorated, was detached from her dress by the Countess of Suffolk, and distributed among the scrambling spectators. Charles presented his bride with a gold toilet, valued at four hundred pounds. They remained at Portsmouth till the twenty-seventh, and from thence proceeded, by way of Windsor, to Hampton Court, at which latter palace they arrived on Charles's birthday, the 29th of May. In the parish register of St. Thomas à Becket, of Portsmouth, may still be seen an entry recording the ill-assorted marriage of Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza.

We have accounts, from more than one con-

temporary writer, of Catherine's personal appearance at this period. When Evelyn was first admitted into her presence, he found her surrounded by her Portuguese ladies, remarkable, he tells us, for their olive complexions and "immense fardingales." The queen, he says, had the same appearance, but was much the handsomest of the party. Though short in stature, her figure was good, and her eyes "languishing and excellent." The only fault the philosopher had to find, was that her teeth projected a little too far, a blemish also remarked by Lord Dartmouth. But the most pleasing portrait of Catherine was drawn by her chamberlain, Lord Chesterfield, who was introduced to her previous to her landing, and who thus describes his first impressions in a letter to a Mr. Bates: "Now as for the queen, of whom I know you desire the description, you may credit her being a very extraordinary woman; that is, extremely devout, extremely discreet, very fond of her husband, and the owner of a good understanding. As to her person, she is exactly shaped, and has lovely hands, excellent eyes, a good countenance, a pleasing voice, fine hair, and, in a word, is what an understanding man would wish a wife. Yet, I fear all this will hardly make things run in the right channel; but if it should, I suppose our court will require a new modelling, and then the profession of an honest man's friendship will signify more

than it does at present, from your very humble servant."

Reresby, too, had an early sight of the new queen: "She was a very little woman," he says, "with a pretty tolerable face; she, neither in person or manners, had any one article to stand in competition with the charms of the Countess of Castlemaine, since Duchess of Cleveland, the finest woman of her age." Pepys says that, though not very charming, the new queen had a good, honest, and innocent look. Waller is, as usual, fulsome in her praise. He not only speaks of her "matchless beauty" ¹ at this period, but twenty-one years afterward, when she was in her forty-fourth year, the old but still courtly poet thus celebrates her charms:

"She, like the sun, does still the same appear,
Bright as she was at her arrival here."

Waller has especially celebrated the beauty of her eyes. In an ode, addressed to her on her birthday, in 1663, he exclaims:

"An hundred times may you,
With eyes as bright as now,
This welcome day behold!"

And again, "On a card that her Majesty tore at ombre:"

¹ Ode "To the Queen, after her Majesty's happy recovery from a dangerous sickness."

“The cards you tear in value rise ;
So do the wounded by your eyes ;
Who to celestial things aspire,
Are by that passion raised the higher.”

The disagreeable portrait, which Lord Dartmouth has drawn of Catherine in her more advanced years, affords a striking contrast to the encomiums of Waller. “She was very short and broad,” he says, “of a swarthy complexion ; one of her fore-teeth stood out, which held up her upper lip ; had some very nauseous distempers, besides exceedingly proud and ill-favoured.”

The high ruffs and “monstrous fardingales” worn by the queen and her olive-coloured attendants, as well as the surpassing ugliness of the latter, excited the horror of all the admirers of female beauty, and was a fund of amusement to the wits of the court. The poor queen had been persuaded by her own people that the English ladies would willingly adopt their fantastic attire.

“She seemed a medley of all ages,
With a huge farthingale to swell her fustian stuff,
A new commode, a topknot, and a ruff.” — *Swift*.

But though our countrywomen have never been famous for their taste in dress, and have usually adopted any ridiculous fashion of their French neighbours, yet the costume of the newcomers was too outrageous even for them. The world, however, had not long reason to complain of the vast circumference of the queen’s hoop, nor of

the height and stiffness of her ruff. Yielding to the entreaties of her husband, she not only conformed to a more becoming attire, but even fell into the opposite extreme. "The queen of Charles II.," says Mr. D'Israeli, "exposed her breast and shoulders without even the glass of the lightest gauze; and the tucker, instead of standing up on her bosom, is with licentious boldness turned down, and lies upon her stays."

Of the hideous train which accompanied her, De Grammont has left us an amusing account. "The new queen," he says, "gave but little additional brilliancy to the court, either in her person or her retinue, which was then composed of the Countess de Panétra, who came over with her in the quality of lady of the bedchamber; six frights, who called themselves maids of honour, and a duenna, another monster, who took the title of governess to these extraordinary beauties. Among the men were Francis de Melo, brother to the Countess de Panétra; one Taurauvégez, who called himself Don Pedro Francisco Correo de Silva, extremely handsome, but a greater fool than all the Portuguese put together. He was more vain of his names than of his person; but the Duke of Buckingham, a still greater fool than he, though more addicted to raillery, gave him the nickname of Peter of the Wood. Poor Pedro was so enraged at this that, after many fruitless complaints and ineffectual menaces, he was obliged at last to

quit England, leaving to the happy Buckingham the possession of a Portuguese nymph, still more hideous than any of the queen's maids of honour, whom he had taken from him, as well as two of his names. Besides these, there were six chaplains, four bakers, and a Jew perfumer, and a certain officer, apparently without employment, who called himself her Highness's barber." Catherine of Braganza was far from appearing with splendour in the charming court where she came to reign; however, in the end she was pretty successful. Lord Clarendon speaks of her female attendants as "for the most part old, ugly, and proud." Charles, with the exception of the Countess Penalba and a few underlings, shortly afterward despatched them to their own country. Lord Chesterfield tells us that the ladies of the queen's train carried their prudery to such a ridiculous length as to refuse to lie in any bed which had ever been lain in by a man.

Shortly after her arrival, an allowance of 40,000*l.* a year was settled on the new queen for the maintenance of her court,¹ which, if not brilliant, was at least sufficiently numerous. There may be some persons to whom it may be interesting to glance over the list of her household as it appears in the *Angliæ Notitia* for 1669, — the "Court Guide" of the reign of Charles II.

¹ It would seem that up to the month of May, 1663, she had received but 4,000*l.*

ECCLESIASTICAL GOVERNMENT.

Grand Almoner, with the Superintendence of the Ecclesiastics — Father Howard, brother to the Duke of Norfolk.

Almoners — Bishop Russell, Father Patrick, Father Manuel Pereira.

Her Majesty's Confessor — Father Antonio Fernandez.

Treasurer of the Chapel — Dr. Thomas Godden.

Two Portuguese Preachers.

Six English Fathers, Benedictines.

Eleven Franciscan Friars.

Musicians belonging to the Chapel, Persons serving at the Altar, Porters, etc.

CIVIL GOVERNMENT OF HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD.

Lord Chamberlain — Viscount Cornbury.

Stewart of the Revenue — Lord Hollis.

Chancellor and Keeper of Her Majesty's Great Seal — Viscount Brounker.

Vice-Chamberlain — Sir William Killegrew.

Treasurer and Receiver-General — John Harvey, Esq.

Master of the Horse — Ralph Montagu, Esq.

Principal Secretary and Master of Requests — Sir Richard Bellings, Knt.

Surveyor-General — Sir Francis Slingsby.

Attorney-General — William Montagu, Esq.

Solicitor-General — Sir Robert Atkins, K. B.

Auditor-General — Harold Kinnesman, Esq.

Sergeant-at-Law — Sir Frederick Hyde, Knt.

Clerk of the Council — Richard Mariot.

Gentleman Ushers of the Privy Chamber — Sir Hugh Cholmley, Bart., George Porter, Esq., Francis Roper, John Horn, Alexander Stanhope.

Cup-bearers — Sir Nicholas Slaning, K. B., Henry Guy, Esq.

Carvers — Gabriel de Sylviis, Esq., Sir John Elwes, Knt.

Sewers — Sir Charles Windham, Knt., John Griffith, Esq.

Five Gentleman Ushers, Daily Waiters.

Six Grooms of the Privy Chamber.

Seven Gentleman Ushers, Quarterly Waiters.

Apothecary.

Surgeon.

Six Pages of the Bedchamber attending the Back Stairs.

Four Pages of the Presence.

Officers belonging to the Robes — A Purveyor, a Proveditor,

Clerk, Yeoman, Groom, Page, Taylor, and Brusher.

Twelve Grooms of the Great Chamber.

One Porter of the Back Stairs.

A Master of the Queen's Barge, and Twenty-four

Watermen.

Groom of the Stole and Lady of the Robes and Privy Purse

— The Countess of Suffolk.

Ladies of the Bedchamber — Duchess of Buckingham,

Duchess of Richmond, Countess of Bath, Countess

of Falmouth, Lady Marshall, Lady Gerard, Countess

of Castlemaine.

Maids of Honour — Miss Simona Carew, Miss Catherine

Bainton, Miss Henrietta Maria Price, Miss Winifred

Wells.

Mother of the Maids — Lady Sanderson.

Chambriers or Dressers — Lady Scrope (also Madam

Nurse), Lady Killegrew, Lady Fraser, Mrs. de Sylviis,

Mrs. Thornhill, Lady Clinton.¹

A Laundress, a Sempstress, a Starcher, etc.

The officers below stairs, as well as those attached to

the queen's stables, were paid by the king. The further

sum of 20,000*l.* a year was allowed for these services.

Catherine was possessed of no shining qualities, and of few graceful accomplishments. A love of

¹ In the last year of King Charles's reign, we find the number of the queen's dressers increased to fifteen.

music and dancing formed almost her only gratifications. To the latter amusement she was childishly attached. In some verses, entitled "The Queen's Ball," published in the "State Poems," she is styled :

"Ill-natured little goblin, and designed
For nothing but to dance and vex mankind."

"The greatest fault of Catherine of Braganza," says Sir Walter Scott, "was her being educated a Catholic; her greatest misfortune bearing the king no children; and her greatest foible an excessive love of dancing." The fact that Catherine possessed graces neither of mind nor body, by which she could long hope to enchain her wayward and libertine husband, was the great misfortune of her life. Clarendon, however, attributes her loss of his affection rather to her bigotry and indifferent education than to her want of personal accomplishments. At first, he says, her person had rather pleased the king, but the charm ceased with the novelty, and indifference speedily followed. Pepys, who first saw her at the court of Queen Henrietta Maria, at Somerset House, mentions a pleasing anecdote illustrative of the affectionate interest which, in spite of the tears and remonstrances of Lady Castlemaine, Charles continued to take in his foreign bride during the first few months after their marriage. Charles, it seems, excited a good deal of merriment among

the bystanders by endeavouring to prove that his wife was with child. Some good-humoured badinage followed, to which she at length retorted, in plain English, "You lie." As these were the first words she had been heard to speak in that language, the king's mirth increased, and he endeavoured to make her repeat in English, "Confess and be hanged."

But this uxorious playfulness was destined to have a speedy termination. The fame, it seems, of the king's connection with the Duchess of Cleveland (then Lady Castlemaine) had reached Lisbon in the days of the queen's betrothment. Accordingly, when Catherine had departed for England, her mother very properly enjoined her never even to permit the name of the royal mistress to be repeated in her presence. What, then, must have been her feelings when, on perusing the list of her new household, she discovered the name of her rival as one of the ladies of her bed-chamber! She instantly and very spiritedly drew her pen across the hateful name, and, when the king remonstrated with her, retorted proudly that she would sooner return to her family than submit to such an atrocious insult. Her opposition had its effect at the time. Charles, however, imagining that she had subsequently become more pliable, a short time afterward made a second and still more cruel attempt to thrust his mistress into the private society of his wife. The queen, on

a state-day, was receiving company at Hampton Court, when Charles, to the astonishment of the gay crowd, led his beautiful mistress into the apartment, and formally presented her to the queen. The name was, perhaps, imperfectly pronounced, for Catherine at first received her rival without any apparent emotion. Suddenly, however, a bitter consciousness of degradation seemed to flash across her mind; the colour went from her cheek, and she burst into tears. A moment afterward the blood flowed from her nose, and she fainted. She was carried into another room, and the company retired.

This painful scene, and the disgraceful circumstances which gave rise to it, were much canvassed at the time. It was now evident to the courtiers that it was a contest between the queen and the favourite sultana; and accordingly the court waited in anxiety for the result. In addition to the anxiety which he felt to domesticate his beautiful mistress in the royal apartments at Whitehall, Charles had many other motives which induced him to persist in these grievous acts of injustice against his friendless consort. He was alarmed for the reputation of his mistress; he believed his own character for manliness to be at stake; he imagined the world would think he was governed by his wife; and, above all things, he feared the ridicule of his friends. After a short interval, therefore, during which he treated the queen with all possi-

ble kindness, and made use of all those arts which he well knew how to exercise toward women, he again took an opportunity of reverting to the painful subject. He intimated to her that his honour was at stake; he assured her that his intimacy with her rival had entirely ceased since his marriage; and concluded by solemnly promising her that not only should it never again be revived, but that on no occasion whatever should she ever have to reproach him with infidelity. The poor queen, however, could scarcely hear him to an end; all her native jealousy was aroused, and she burst forth into a fit of uncontrolled agony, even more overpowering than the first.

Charles now applied himself to his lord chancellor. He related to him all that had passed between Catherine and himself, and concluded by earnestly desiring him to propitiate the queen, and to induce her to consent to the discreditable arrangement which he had so much at heart. It was a delicate negotiation, not only for a lord chancellor to undertake, but for any man of honour; or indeed for any person possessed even of the commonest feelings of humanity. To Clarendon it must have been especially disagreeable. Not only must it have been a most painful task to persuade a friendless woman and a foreigner to associate with her husband's concubine, to take advantage of her weakness and ignorance, to pander for another man, to have persuasion on

his lips, with a lie in his heart, but, moreover, the chancellor was unfortunately on the worst terms with Lady Castlemaine. She was at the head of the party who exposed him to daily ridicule ; and, indeed, the quarrel had commenced by his forbidding his wife to visit her on account of her indifferent morals. How, therefore, could he conscientiously advise his queen to associate with an abandoned woman, whom he had himself excluded as a contamination from his own hearth ?

Clarendon very honestly and very forcibly laid these objections before the king. He reminded Charles how he himself had formerly blamed a neighbouring monarch, who had been guilty of similar cruelty ; he implored him to desist from so dishonourable an act ; and, as he himself tells us, expatiated on "the hard-heartedness and cruelty in laying such a command upon the queen, which flesh and blood could not comply with." Charles, though he listened to the chancellor with patience, yet obstinately refused to retract. Clarendon, therefore, should have acted the part of an honest man : it was his bounden duty to have declined to interfere further in the disgraceful negotiation ; and, if necessary, he should have thrown up the chancellor's seals. But no ; notwithstanding all the canting abhorrence which he professes at the part which he was called upon to play, we find him entering dispassionately on the disgraceful task,

and hastening to deceive and mystify the unfortunate and friendless queen.

There can be no excuse for Lord Clarendon ; indeed, more cowardly conduct toward an unoffending woman could scarcely have disgraced a man of honour. For Charles, cruel and indefensible as his conduct appears, some slight palliation may be found. He was infatuated with a beautiful woman, who had sacrificed everything for his sake ; he was inflamed and hurried on by the passions of youth ; he considered his character for manliness at stake, and he was in awe of the ridicule of the world. But these somewhat extenuating circumstances have no application to Lord Clarendon. Moreover, the transaction is not related by his enemies, nor even by an indifferent person, but comprises, in fact, the chancellor's own deliberate statement of what occurred, — apparently intended as a formal apology for his conduct.

During the period that this disgraceful negotiation was continued, three different visits were paid by Clarendon to the queen. On the first occasion she was so painfully affected at the mere allusion to the subject, that the chancellor was compelled to withdraw. But his own account of their subsequent interviews affords the most distressing picture of Catherine's wretchedness,—a picture, indeed, which might have melted the heart of any other man. Generally speaking, the queen was either overwhelmed with grief, or excited to the

most furious pitch of jealousy and anger. At other moments she appeared more calm, but at the same time no less decisive and determined. Clarendon's account of these interviews, and of her eloquent appeals to his humanity, is extremely moving.

She told him that he was one of the few whom she could call her friends; she spoke pitifully of her defenceless situation, and, though she professed the truest affection toward Charles, and expressed her willingness to submit entirely to his authority in all other matters, yet on the present occasion, she said, she shrank with abhorrence from the gross indignity to which she was threatened to be exposed.

Charles was not naturally of an irritable disposition. So deeply, however, had he the cause of his mistress at heart; so exasperated was he with the queen's obstinacy, and annoyed by the length to which this miserable domestic negotiation was protracted, that we find him addressing the following extraordinary and indignant appeal to the chancellor :

“HAMPTON COURT, Thursday morning.

“FOR THE CHANCELLOR :—I forgot when you were here last to desire you to give Broderick good counsel not to meddle any more with what concerns my Lady Castlemaine, and to let him have a care how he is the author of any scandalous

reports ; for if I find him guilty of any such thing, I will make him repent it to the last moment of his life.

“ And now I am entered on this matter, I think it very necessary to give you a little good counsel, lest you may think that by making a further stir in the business you may divert me from my resolution, which all the world shall never do, and I wish I may be unhappy in this world, and in the world to come, if I fail in the least degree of what I resolved, which is of making my Lady Castlemaine of my wife's bedchamber, and whosoever I find endeavouring to hinder this resolution of mine, except it be only to myself, I will be his enemy to the last moment of my life. You know how much a friend I have been to you : if you will oblige me eternally, make this business as easy to me as you can, of what opinion you are of ; for I am resolved to go through with this matter, let what will come of it, which again I solemnly swear before Almighty God ; wherefore, if you desire to have the continuance of my friendship, meddle no more with this business, except it be to beat down all false and scandalous reports, and to facilitate what I am sure my honour is so much concerned in : and whomsoever I find to be my Lady Castlemaine's enemy in this matter, I do promise upon my word to be his enemy as long as I live. You may show this letter to my lord lieutenant, and if you have both a mind to oblige

me, carry yourselves like friends to me in this matter. CHARLES R."

Well may Pepys have observed: "Strange how the king is bewitched to this pretty Castlemaine!"

In the meantime, Charles had not only altered his demeanour toward his queen, by treating her with studied coldness and neglect, but he even set her inclinations at open defiance. The mistress was not only lodged in the court, but appeared daily in the presence of the queen, and in gay and frequent conversation with the king. At these moments Catherine usually sat alone and unnoticed by the heartless courtiers. At times she could even overhear the insulting and significant whisper; and when, in natural indignation, she arose and retired to her own chamber, there was scarcely a person who was generous or independent enough to follow her from the room.

Charles had hitherto appeared dejected and melancholy; and inwardly, as it was supposed by those who were best acquainted with his disposition, regretted the persecution which he had set on foot. But his courtiers, with their usual freedom, continued to banter him on being henpecked, and he was either too proud or too stubborn to yield. He now, therefore, assumed an air of recklessness and gaiety, and, in the presence of his queen and the

court, appeared in the wildest spirits. Closer observers believed it to be a feigned gladness, but on Catherine it had the intended effect.

Had the friendless queen remained steadfast in her purpose, the king might probably have been softened by her distress; or, at all events, her dignified opposition would have secured for her the respect and commiseration of all good men. But her spirit was at length completely broken. She found herself in a cruelly isolated position in a gay and brilliant court. In every other society there was mirth and happiness. She was left out in all parties of amusement, and deserted almost by her own attendants, who flocked around her fortunate rival. In this mortifying conjuncture, she suddenly, and to the astonishment of the whole court, fell into the wishes of Charles. The world blamed her at the time, and posterity has harshly echoed the rebuke. When she at length yielded to the force of circumstances, it was without a compromise, and apparently without a complaint. She even took an opportunity of conversing with her rival before a large party, and shortly afterward distinguished her by the most marked familiarity. In public, they were seen frequently smiling and conversing together, and in private she treated no one with greater kindness. Soon afterward we find Charles, Catherine, and Lady Castlemaine journeying together in the same coach. This sudden relinquishment of her former haughty resist-

ance, if it increased the personal comforts of the unhappy queen, had the effect of lowering her in the esteem of the world. Even Charles, who could not, at first, but have secretly respected her spirited opposition and womanly pride, was annoyed at her undignified submission ; and though he ever afterward behaved toward her as a civil and obliging husband is bound to behave toward his wife, it was too evident that she had for ever forfeited his respect.

From this period Catherine became an altered being. She not only persisted in dancing as high, and wearing her dress as low, as the giddiest maid of honour of her court, but even entered into and promoted the wild frolics of the period, in hopes, probably, of regaining the affections of her libertine husband. In a letter from a Mr. Henshaw to Sir Robert Paston, dated 13th October, 1670, there is the following entertaining passage : " Last week, there being a fair near Audley End, the queen, the Duchess of Richmond, and the Duchess of Buckingham had a frolic to disguise themselves like country lasses, in red petticoats, waistcoats, etc., and to go see the fair. Sir Bernard Gascoigne,¹ on a cart jade, rode before the queen ; another stranger before the Duchess of Buckingham, and Mr. Roper before Richmond. They had

¹ A Florentine. He was sent to Vienna, in 1671, to negotiate a marriage between the Duke of York and the Archduchess of Innspruck.

all so overdone it in their disguise, and looked so much more like antiques than country folk, that as soon as they came to the fair the people began to go after them ; but the queen going to a booth to buy a pair of yellow stockings for her sweetheart, and Sir Bernard asking for a pair of gloves stitched with blue for his sweetheart, they were soon, by their gibberish, found to be strangers, which drew a bigger stock about them ; one amongst them had seen the queen at dinner, knew her, and was proud of his knowledge. This soon brought all the fair into a crowd to stare at the queen. Being thus discovered, they, as soon as they could, got to their horses ; but as many of the fair as had horses got up, with wives, children, sweethearts, and neighbours behind them, to get as much gape as they could, till they brought them to the court gate. Thus, by ill conduct, was a merry frolic turned into a penance."

These fashionable freaks are alluded to by Burnet. "At this time" [1668], he says, "the court fell into much extravagance in masquerading ; both king and queen, and all the court, went about masked, and came into houses unknown, and danced there with a great deal of wild frolic. In all this people were so disguised, that without being in the secret none could distinguish them. They were carried about in hackney chairs. Once, the queen's chairmen, not knowing who she was, went from her ; so she was alone and much dis-

turbed, and came to Whitehall in a hackney-coach ; some say it was in a cart." Certainly this was a strange revolution of conduct for an inexperienced inmate of a convent. Probably her altered demeanour was gratifying to Charles, for the fastidious De Grammont pays her a doubtful compliment on the change : "The queen," he says, "was a woman of sense, and used all her endeavours to please the king by that kind, obliging behaviour which her affection made natural to her. She was particularly attentive in promoting every kind of pleasure and amusement, especially such as she could be present at herself."

Had Charles been as entirely heartless as were some of his courtiers, Catherine's masquerading fancies might possibly have proved fatal to her remaining Queen of England. It has been confidently asserted that a proposal was actually made to the king by the Duke of Buckingham, that, in one of her nocturnal frolics, they should carry her off, and ship her to the plantations. But even Burnet allows that Charles rejected the proposition with horror. "It was a wicked thing," he said, "to make a poor lady miserable, only because she was his wife, and had no children by him, which was no fault of hers." On the other hand, the assertion of Bishop Burnet, that Charles would have had no objection had she voluntarily retired into a convent, and that her confessor was tampered with to reconcile her to the idea, may not

improbably have had its foundation in more than common rumour.

The notion that Charles desired to be separated from his queen was certainly not confined to the court. Andrew Marvell writes, in a letter dated 14th April, 1670, "Some talk of a French queen for our king. Some talk of a sister of Denmark. Others of a good virtuous Protestant here at home. The king disavows it; yet he has said in public, he knew not why a woman may not be divorced for barrenness, as a man for incompetency." It was to the credit of Charles that, even when under the influence of the surpassing beauty of Frances Stewart, he turned a deaf ear to the counsels of his unprincipled courtiers, and positively refused to discard his unfortunate queen.

Notwithstanding the gaiety of Catherine's manners, and her seeming indifference to the gallantries of her husband, it appears but too evident that she was jealous and unhappy. On one occasion, the Duchess of Cleveland happened to enter her apartment when Catherine was under the hands of her dresser. As the business of the toilet occupied a considerable time, "I wonder," said the duchess, "your Majesty can sit so long." "I have had so much reason to exercise my patience," answered the queen, "that I can bear with it very well." The indignities she was exposed to were almost of daily occurrence. At the time that Charles was enamoured of Frances

Stewart, it was the custom of Catherine to hesitate before she opened the door of her dressing-room, in order to ascertain if the king were within. She had, it seems, on a former occasion, been unfortunate enough to disturb her husband while he was at the feet of her beautiful maid of honour.

At a later period (in the course of some private theatricals at Whitehall, in which a new mistress of the king, Mary Davis, was to dance a jig), we find the queen rising indignantly from her seat, at the moment that the actress made her appearance. Even as late as 1684, the year before the death of Charles, a very slight incident reminded her of her position, and affected her to tears. "The Duchess of Portsmouth," says Reresby, "contrary to custom, waiting on the queen at dinner, as lady of the bedchamber, her Majesty was thereby thrown into such disorder that the tears stood in her eyes, while the other laughed at it, and turned it into jest."

When Catherine had been first mentioned as an eligible consort for the king, Lord Clarendon had supported the project with all his weight. Accordingly, when the queen afterward disappointed the country in its hopes of an heir, Clarendon, as is well known, was accused of having been in the secret of her being physically incapable of becoming a mother ; and, consequently, of having recommended her to the king as an eligible consort, in

hopes of ensuring the succession to the throne of his own grandchildren, the offspring of the Duchess of York. That Catherine, however, was *enceinte*, at least on two different occasions, there cannot be the slightest question. The first time was in 1666, and is mentioned both by Clarendon and Pepys. The second occasion occurred in 1669. On the first of June in that year, Lord Arlington writes to Sir William Temple, "I cannot end this letter without telling you that the queen is very well, and gives us every day cause to rejoice more and more, in the hopes of her being with child." But their expectations were destined to be frustrated, King James informing us in his Memoirs, that she miscarried in the commencement of the very month in which Lord Arlington writes. "Buckingham," he says, "attempted to deny it, and spread a report that she was incapable of bearing children." Pepys incidentally mentions that she miscarried on both occasions.

To give birth to a child ; to beguile her dreary grandeur by sharing the joys and solitudes of a mother's love ; to become of importance in the eyes of her husband and of his subjects by presenting them with an heir to the throne, appears to have been the one secret but vainly cherished hope of the unfortunate Catherine. Accordingly, during a dangerous illness, by which she was attacked in the month of October, 1663, we find her

thoughts centring in this all-engrossing subject, and her wandering mind impressed with the notion that Heaven at last had listened to her prayers. Among other morbid fancies to which she gave language in her delirium, she expressed her wonder that she should have been delivered without pain, and seemed to have been especially distressed at the imaginary ugliness of her offspring. Charles, who was standing by, insisted, with a view of soothing her, that it was a very pretty boy. "Ah," she replied, "if it were like you it would be a fine boy indeed, and I should be well pleased." The compliments which she had so often heard paid to the extraordinary beauty of the king's natural son, the Duke of Monmouth, had probably made a painful impression on her mind. Charles, who by nature was far from being of an unfeeling disposition, is said to have been deeply affected as she grew worse, and even to have wept over his injured wife. Waller, in his verses to the queen on her recovery, alludes to the unexpected sympathy of her husband in the following pleasing lines :

"He that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reserved for you : more dear,
More prized than all those kingdoms were.
For, when no healing art prevailed,
When cordials and elixirs failed,
On your pale cheek he dropped the shower,
Revived you like a drooping flower."

The Count de Comminges, the French ambassador, in his despatches to his own court, describes Charles as apparently "*fort affligé*," and Pepys observes : "The king is most fondly disconsolate, and weeps by her, which makes her weep."

During her sickness, and in the belief that her days were numbered, the queen affectionately appealed to her husband's feelings, imploring him to give his support to her native country in its contest with Spain, and, when she should be no more, to allow her body to be interred among her own relatives, and in her own land. Charles, at this moment, is said to have fallen on his knees, and, bathing his wife's hands with his tears, to have begged her to "live for his sake." Notwithstanding his affliction, however, he persisted in his course of libertinism, and, during the queen's illness, his toyings with Frances Stewart, and his suppers in the apartments of the Duchess of Cleveland, appear to have been nightly continued.

In 1679, Titus Oates, one of the most consummate scoundrels that ever disgraced humanity, not only endeavoured to implicate the unoffending queen as having been an accessory to the famous Popish Plot, but actually accused her of being engaged in a conspiracy to poison Charles. He even affirmed before the Privy Council that he had overheard her plotting on the subject at Somerset House ; but, subsequently, being conducted thither in order to point out the spot from whence he had

listened to the conversation, his evident ignorance of the locality afforded the clearest proof of the queen's innocence. According to the Stuart Papers, Oates "directed them first to the guard-room, then to the privy-chamber, out of which he said he went up a pair of back stairs into a great room; but, unfortunately for him, there was neither any such stairs thereabout, nor any large room in that story." Many years afterward, when Catherine was on her death-bed at Lisbon, she assured an English physician who attended her that she had on no occasion intrigued for the restoration of popery in England; adding, that she had never desired nor demanded any greater favour for those of her own religion than what was secured by the marriage articles.

Catherine, notwithstanding the neglect and repeated adulteries of her libertine husband, appears to have maintained a strong affection for him to the last. We have evidence that she was deeply affected by his death. She received the addresses of condolence in an apartment lighted with tapers, and covered with black even to the foot-cloth. From this period she resided principally either at Somerset House or Hammersmith. She was fond of music, and in London had regular concerts, though, in other respects, she lived in great privacy.

Catherine was residing in England during the whole of the Revolution of 1688; but, with the

exception of the arrest of her chamberlain, Lord Feversham,¹ for his adherence to the cause of James, she escaped without annoyance or inquiry. William the Third paid her an early visit after his arrival in London, and subsequently treated her with civility, if not with marked kindness. Among other questions, he inquired of her how she employed her time, and whether she continued to play her favourite game of basset. Catherine, very good-naturedly, put in a word for Lord Feversham. "She had not played the game," she said, "since the absence of her chamberlain, who used to keep the bank."² William took the hint, and, assuring her that he would by no means interrupt her Majesty's diversions, ordered Feversham to be released on the following day. In a letter dated 31st July, 1688, "The queen-dowager," says the writer, "begins to be weary of the town, and

¹ Louis Duras, Marquess of Blaquetfort in France, was naturalised in England, by Act of Parliament, in 1665; created Baron Duras of Holdenby 19th January, 1672, and Earl of Feversham 8th April, 1676. He was a nephew of Marshal Turenne, and commanded the royal forces at the battle of Sedgemoor. From his intimacy with the queen-dowager, and having the management of her affairs, he was commonly called the "king-dowager." He died in 1709.

² Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, 14th July, 1748: "I truly and seriously this winter won and was paid a milleleva at pharoah; literally received a thousand and twenty-three sixpences for one: an event that never happened in the annals of pharoah, but to Charles the Second's queen-dowager. Ever since I have treated myself as queen-dowager, and have some thoughts of being drawn so."

would have a good country-house to pass some time of the summer in; her Majesty is said to have a mind to go to Chatsworth, the Earl of Devon's, or else will lay out a sum to build her one of her own." In a letter dated in August following, Knowle is mentioned as the probable scene of her retirement, and again on the 8th of September, 1683, she is spoken of as "thinking of going to live retiredly, and to receive no visits but from the royal family."

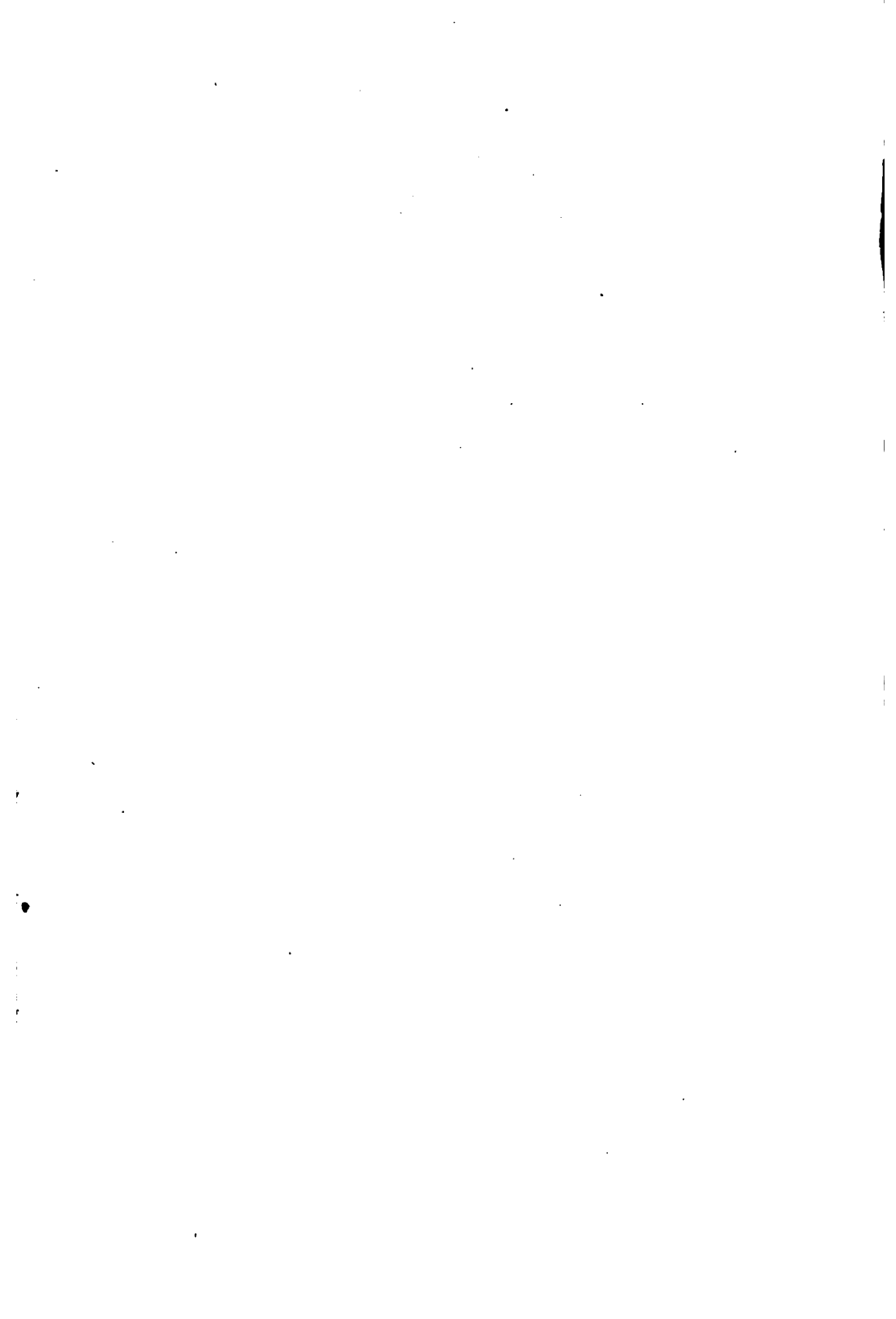
In Oldys's MS. Notes to Langbaine, there is a curious picture of Catherine's person, as she appeared toward the close of her life. "The Lady Viscountess de Longueville (grandmother to the Earl of Sussex), who died in 1763 near one hundred, was a living chronicle, and retained the most perfect memory to the very last. She was daughter of Sir John Talbot, and had been maid of honour to Queen Anne, when Princess of Denmark, before the Revolution. She was wont to tell many anecdotes of Queen Catherine, whom she described as a little ungraceful woman, so short-legged that when she stood upon her feet you would have thought she was on her knees; and yet so long-waisted that when she sat down she appeared a well-sized woman."

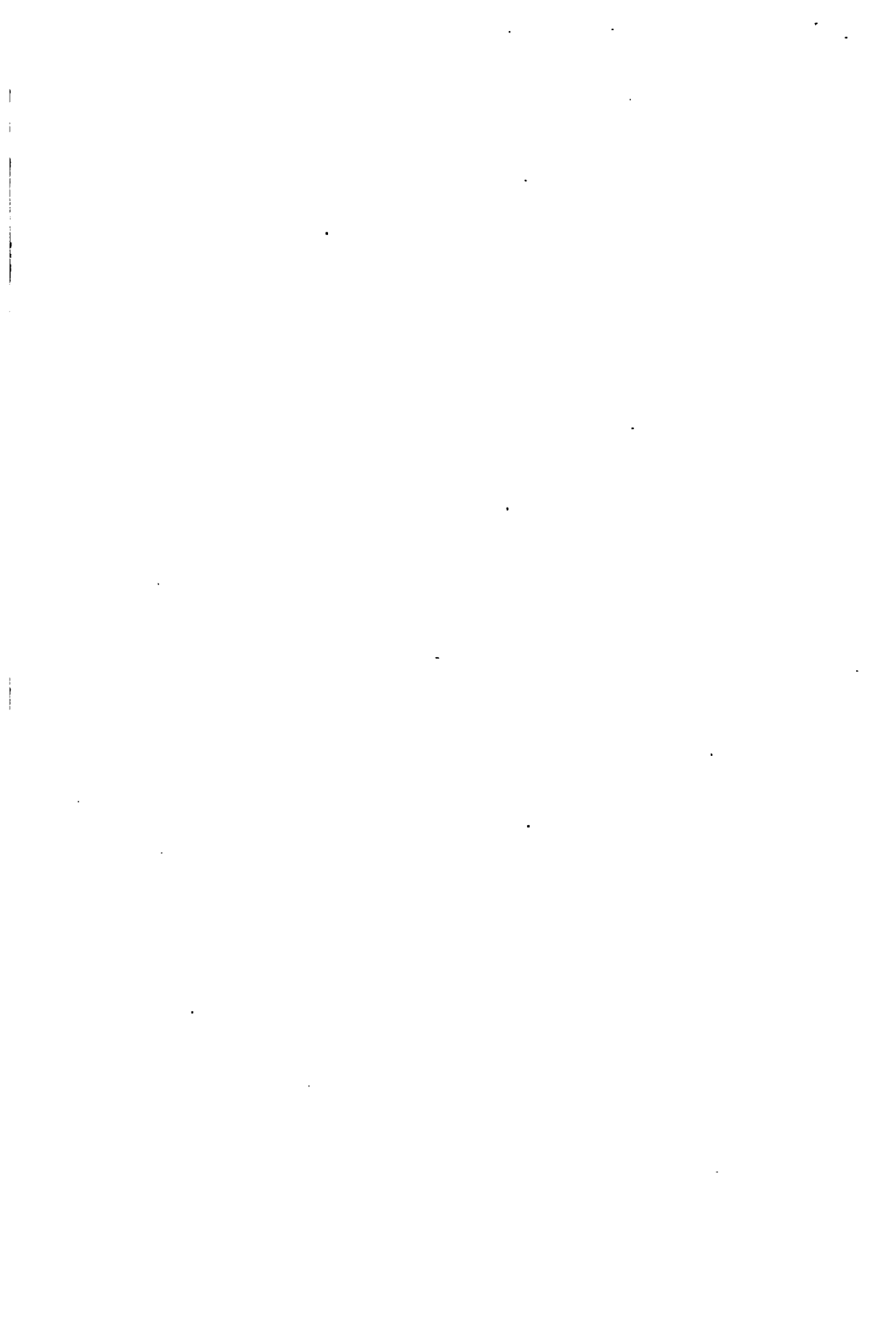
Catherine remained in England till the 30th of March, 1692, when she returned to her native country. Her long habits of economy had enabled her to accumulate a large fortune, which she be-

queathed to her brother, Pedro II. She died at Lisbon, 31st December, 1705, in the sixty-eighth year of her age. She appointed her former chamberlain, Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, her chief executor, — an honour he declined on account of ill health, but which he gratefully acknowledges in a memorandum, in which he records this flattering testimony to his merit.

END OF VOLUME IV.



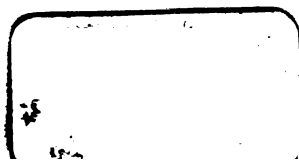




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